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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VAILIMA PAPERS

VOL. XIX

THE SKERRYVORE EDITION

LONDON
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A Footnote to History.

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PREFACE

Stevenson at Forty-three *

by

LLOYD OSBOURNE

The photographs of Vailima show a large, and rather a gaunt, barn-like house, disappointingly lacking in picturesqueness. But the photographs, omitting nearly everything save the house, and often taken before the second half was added, convey a very false impression. Not only was it far more attractive than it looks, but it should be visualised in relation to its site, which was superb.

In front, sparkling above the leafy tree-tops, was the vast horizon of the sea; behind was the primeval forest; on one side, rising almost as sheerly as a wall, and densely wooded to its peak, was Mt. Vaea; on the other, the blue mountains of Atua in the distance. Not another house was visible; not a sign of cultivation except our own; Vailima seemed to stand alone on the island.

Directly in front of the house was a lawn, marked for two tennis-courts, and separated from the green paddock beyond by a long, dry-stone wall, which stretched in either direction for about a quarter of a mile. Both in this paddock, and on the land about the house were—here and there—magnificent trees, a hundred and fifty feet in height, which had been spared in clearing away the original forest and were so enormously buttressed at the base that they were eight or ten yards in circumference. A stream on one side of the clearing splashed musically in a series of cascades, and ended—as far as we were concerned—in a glorious pool, as clear as crystal, in which we bathed.

* This is one of thirteen papers on Stevenson at different ages by Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson and collaborator, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894.

There were mango-trees, round, dense and faultlessly symmetrical; glossy-leafed breadfruits, lemon trees, orange trees and chiramoyas, with their prickly misshapen fruit, the size of a man's head; avocados with their delicious "pears"; cacao, with its bright red pods sprouting out of its trunk; exquisitely scented *moso'oi* trees, peculiar to Samoa, with their yellow, leaf-like flowers that bloomed thrice a year; pandanus, with its big red seeds that strung with a sweet-smelling wild creeper called *laumaile* were the favourite necklaces of the Samoans; and of course in profusion were the cocoanut palms and bananas, which with the breadfruits were in time to supply us with such a large part of our needs.

There were hedges of double-hibiscus, perpetually in bloom, and studded thickly with crimson flowers, three inches across; hedges of fragrant lime trees so luxuriant that we gave away limes by the sackful; hedges of citrons; stately wild orange trees with hard, uneatable fruit, which cut open could be used as soap, especially for the hair which it made soft and silky; fences of living *fao* posts, which took root and sprouted into trees; *vineula*, with its pungent little transparent fruit; guavas; love-apples; papaias; *pasio* on arbours, with a fruit more delicious than strawberries; pine-apples weighing from five to eighteen pounds; sweet potatoes that once planted continued to grow and spread without further care; pumpkins similarly growing like weeds; and below the verandahs plants of jasmine, tube-roses and gardenias of a suffocating sweetness.

But it would be wrong to think of these as all jumbled together. They were not. In Vailima there was always a sense of spaciousness; of a big and lordly house set in a park; of wide vistas open to the sea and the breeze. About it all was a rich, glowing and in-

describable natural beauty, which never failed to cause a stranger to exclaim aloud; and being six hundred feet above the sea it had a delightfully fresh climate for so hot a country. The nights were usually cold, especially in the early hours of the morning, and a blanket was essential. Our simple thermometer—a bottle of cocoanut oil—seldom failed to solidify nightly, which implied fifty-six degrees Fahrenheit.

Within the house the visitor's astonishment grew. Not only was the main hall extremely large, where a hundred people could dance with ease—but as R. L. S. had imported all his Bournemouth furniture, and much from his father's big house in Edinburgh, one might have thought oneself in civilisation, and not thousands of miles away on a remote island of the South Pacific. Pictures, napery, silver—all were in keeping; and except for the rack of rifles and the half-naked servants the illusion was complete; and to realise it to the full it must be remembered that all the other white people, even the highest officials, lived in a rather makeshift way, with the odds and ends they had picked up at auction, and very comfortlessly. Every official term ended in an auction, and often I would mark some attractive glasses or coffee-cups, or whatever it was, and say to myself: "I must buy those in when they are sold."

In contrast, the dignity, solidity and air of permanence of Vailima was impressive. It dominated the country like a castle. Chiefs came from the furthest parts of Samoa just to gaze at it, and to be led in a hushed and awestricken tour of its wonders. When a Samoan said: "Like the house of Tusitala," he had reached the superlative. And in this setting, and soon familiar with the language, Stevenson gradually grew into a great feudal chieftain whose word carried weight in a great part of Samoa. I shall dwell but little on this

animated and picturesque aspect of his life; of this literary Rajah Brooke, reaching out for empire; it is better told in his own letters, which are so vivid and full. But I should like to elucidate them a little—particularly in regard to the cost of it all.

Stevenson made a very large income, and spent it all on Vailima. His letters often show much anxiety about money, and some of his intimate correspondents lectured him severely on his extravagance. Often he lectured himself, as the assiduous Stevensonian well knows; often in moments of depression he called Vailima his Abbotsford, and said he was ruining himself like Scott. But his concern ought not to be taken too seriously. Much of the money spent on Vailima was in the nature of capital investment; and once completed—had he never written another line—he could have lived there comfortably, and in no lessened state, on his income from royalties. Moreover, at his mother's death, he was to come into a very considerable inheritance from his father. While Vailima was undoubtedly a fantastic extravagance, it was at least within his means, and he had nothing really to fear from the future had he lived.

In recent years people have surprised me by asking, usually in a lowered voice: "Wasn't Stevenson very morose? Did he not have violent outbreaks of temper when it was unendurable to live with him? Was there the least truth in that idyllic life in Vailima?"

Like all slanders there is a germ of truth in this. There were times when Stevenson was terribly on edge with nerves; when he would fly into a passion over nothing; when jaded and weary he would give way to fits of irritability that were hard, indeed, to bear. But it must be remembered that he was one of the most unselfish, lofty-minded, and generous of men; there was no pettiness in him; nothing ignoble or

nean. He was no petulant sick man raging at his amily because one of his comforts had been over-ooked. Rather was it the other way. He cared nothing or risk or danger, and went into it with an appalling nconcern. Of all things he hated most were anxious fforts to guard his health or make him comfortable. Once I tried to put a mattress on the almost bare oards he slept on. It was like disturbing a tiger! The nattress nearly went out the window in a fury of oaths. Such passions were not without their humour, and fterwards Stevenson was often as ready to laugh over hem as we.

How could anyone hold the least resentment against uch a sorely tried and heroic man whose repentances vere as impulsive as his outbreaks? No, the sad part f life in Vailima was the consciousness of that physical nartyrdom; of that great, striving heart in so frail a ody; the sight of that wistful face, watching us at ennis, which after but a single game had ended—for im—in a hæmorrhage; the anguish which underlay hat invincible optimism, and which at rare moments vould become tragically apparent; the sense of a errible and unequal struggle; the ineffable pity welling in one's breast until it became almost nsupportable.

That was the shadow of Vailima.

But it would be a mistake to think we were not gay. t was usually a very jolly party that sat round the big able; laughter abounded, and Stevenson in general vas in excellent spirits. It was a point of honour with ny of us going down to Apia to bring back a budget f news, and the merrier the better. And the little own, to anyone with a sense of humour, brimmed ver with the ridiculous. One of its brightest phases vas an old rascal without a penny to his name who used o write under the imposing letter-head of "The South

Sea Trading and Plantation Company," to an endless series of wholesale houses, asking for shipments on credit. Scarcely a ship came in without a consignment from some victimised firm, and the loot—for it was nothing else—was sold at auction under a tree for half nothing. Consignments of ladies' hats; ten thousand ore-sacks in one shipment; tinned rabbit; agricultural machinery; peanut roasters; cutlery; window-shades; garden furniture; school desks—all was grist to the South Sea Trading and Plantation Company, which no storming consul nor outraged municipal president was ever able to curb.

If anyone became hopelessly insolvent in Apia it was often the custom to give him a municipal position, and divide his pay amongst his creditors. There was no prison for whites, and anyone condemned at a stately consular trial, became forthwith a white elephant, and had to have a cottage rented for him, with all its ensuing absurdities. When one man became quite sure he was the rightful Duke of York, " the Beach " could think of no solution except to pass the hat round, and ship him off to Sydney—from which he promptly came back! Of such was our news, varied with a social and political gossip as entrancing as that of a great capital. Strangers would listen amazed at so much vivacious talk, especially were some great chief present and taking part, and wonder how we could find so much entertainment in a place that to them seemed the end of the world.

That Stevenson sometimes chafed against his enforced exile is only too true. There are passages in his letters that read very pathetically. But had his health improved, and had he returned to Europe, would he really have been content in some more pretentious " Skerryvore " or " La Solitude " ? I cannot think so. His life of feudal splendour in Samoa would have

seemed twice as resplendent in the retrospect; and in some French or Italian villa I believe he would have broken his heart to return. Samoa filled his need for the dramatic and the grandiose; he expanded on its teeming stage, where he could hold warriors in leash, and play Richelieu to half-naked kings. He had been touched by that most consuming of all ambitions—statecraft—and there was in him, hardly realised but emerging, the spirit of a great administrator, slowly bringing order out of chaos, and finding immeasurable joy in the task.

Sir George Grey, one of the greatest of English proconsuls, appreciated this, when he said so earnestly at parting with Stevenson: "Go back; fight on: and never lose heart—for your place is in Samoa, and you must never think of leaving it."

Stevenson may not have been always happy in Vailima, but of one thing I am sure, he was happier there than he could have been in any place in the world.

PRAYERS

WRITTEN FOR FAMILY USE AT VAILIMA

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NOTE

by

MRS. R. L. STEVENSON

In every Samoan household the day is closed with prayer and the singing of hymns. The omission of this sacred duty would indicate not only a lack of religious training in the house chief, but a shameless disregard of all that is reputable in Samoan social life. No doubt, to many, the evening service is no more than a duty fulfilled. The child who says his prayer at his mother's knee can have no real conception of the meaning of the words he lisps so readily, yet he goes to his little bed with a sense of heavenly protection that he would miss were the prayer forgotten. The average Samoan is but a larger child in most things, and would lay an uneasy head on his wooden pillow if he had not joined, even perfunctorily, in the evening service. With my husband, prayer, the direct appeal, was a necessity. When he was happy he felt impelled to offer thanks for that undeserved joy; when in sorrow, or pain, to call for strength to bear what must be borne.

Vailima lay up some three miles of continual rise from Apia, and more than half that distance from the nearest village. It was a long way for a tired man to walk down every evening with the sole purpose of joining in family worship; and the road through the bush was dark, and, to the Samoan imagination, beset with supernatural terrors. Wherefore, as soon as our household had fallen into a regular routine, and the bonds of Samoan family life began to draw us more closely together, Tusitala felt the necessity of including our retainers in our evening devotions. I suppose ours was the only white man's family in all Samoa, except those of the missionaries, where the day naturally ended with this homely, patriarchal custom. Not only were the religious scruples of the natives satisfied, but,

what we did not foresee, our own respectability—and incidentally that of our retainers—became assured, and the influence of Tusitala increased tenfold.

After all work and meals were finished, the "pu," or war conch, was sounded from the back veranda and the front, so that it might be heard by all. I don't think it ever occurred to us that there was any incongruity in the use of the war conch for the peaceful invitation to prayers. In response to its summons the white members of the family took their usual places, in one end of the large hall, while the Samoans—men, women, and children—trooped in through all the open doors, some carrying lanterns if the evening were dark, all moving quietly and dropping with Samoan decorum in a wide semicircle on the floor beneath a great lamp that hung from the ceiling. The service began by my son reading a chapter from the Samoan Bible, Tusitala following with a prayer in English, sometimes impromptu, but more often from the notes in this little book, interpolating, or changing with the circumstances of the day. Then came the singing of one or more hymns in the native tongue, and the recitation in concert of the Lord's Prayer, also in Samoan. Many of these hymns were set to ancient tunes very wild and warlike and strangely at variance with the missionary words.

Sometimes a passing band of hostile warriors, with blackened faces, would peer in at us through the open windows, and often we were forced to pause until the strangely savage, monotonous noise of the native drums had ceased; but no Samoan, nor, I trust, white person, changed his reverent attitude. Once, I remember a look of surprised dismay crossing the countenance of Tusitala when my son, contrary to his usual custom of reading the next chapter following that of yesterday, turned back the leaves of his Bible to find a chapter

fiercely denunciatory, and only too applicable to the foreign dictators of distracted Samoa. On another occasion the chief, himself, brought the service to a sudden check. He had just learned of the treacherous conduct of one in whom he had every reason to trust. That evening the prayer seemed unusually short and formal. As the singing stopped he arose abruptly and left the room. I hastened after him, fearing some sudden illness. "What is it?" I asked. "It is this," was the reply; "I am not yet fit to say 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

It is with natural reluctance that I touch upon the last prayer of my husband's life. Many have supposed that he showed, in the wording of his prayer, that he had some premonition of his approaching death. I am sure he had no such premonition. It was I who told the assembled family that I felt an impending disaster approaching nearer and nearer. Any Scot will understand that my statement was received seriously. It could not be, we thought, that danger threatened anyone within the house; but Mr. Graham Balfour, my husband's cousin, very near and dear to us, was away on a perilous cruise. Our fears followed the various vessels, more or less unseaworthy, in which he was making his way from island to island to the atoll where the exiled king, Mataafa, was at that time imprisoned. In my husband's last prayer, the night before his death, he asked that we should be given strength to bear the loss of this dear friend, should such a sorrow befall us.

F. V. DE G. S.

PRAYERS

FOR SUCCESS

LORD, behold our family here assembled. We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies, that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Let peace abound in our small company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another. As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as children of their sire, we beseech of Thee this help and mercy, for Christ's sake.

FOR GRACE

GRANT that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our course without dishonour to ourselves or hurt to others, and, when

the day comes, may die in peace. Deliver us from fear and favour: from mean hopes and cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each in his deficiency; let him be not cast down; support the stumbling on the way, and give at last rest to the weary.

AT MORNING

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

EVENING

WE come before Thee, O Lord, in the end of Thy day with thanksgiving.

Our beloved in the far parts of the earth, those who are now beginning the labours of the day what time we end them, and those with whom the sun now stands at the point of noon, bless, help, console, and prosper them.

Our guard is relieved, the service of the day is over, and the hour come to rest. We resign into Thy hands our sleeping bodies, our cold hearths and open doors. Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our

patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

ANOTHER FOR EVENING

Lord, receive our supplications for this house, family, and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them; prolong our days in peace and honour. Give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavours. Cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered.

Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation. For His sake, in whose words we now conclude.

IN TIME OF RAIN

We thank Thee, Lord, for the glory of the late days and the excellent face of Thy sun. We thank Thee for good news received. We thank Thee for the pleasures we have enjoyed and for those we have been able to confer. And now, when the clouds gather and the rain impends over the forest and our house, permit us not to be cast down; let us not lose the savour of

past mercies and past pleasures; but, like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness. If there be in front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage; if any act of mercy, teach us tenderness and patience.

ANOTHER IN TIME OF RAIN

Lord, Thou sendest down rain upon the uncounted millions of the forest, and givest the trees to drink exceedingly. We are here upon this isle a few handfuls of men, and how many myriads upon myriads of stalwart trees! Teach us the lesson of the trees. The sea around us, which this rain recruits, teems with the race of fish: teach us, Lord, the meaning of the fishes. Let us see ourselves for what we are, one out of the countless number of the clans of Thy handiwork. When we would despair, let us remember that these also please and serve Thee.

BEFORE A TEMPORARY SEPARATION

To-day we go forth separate, some of us to pleasure, some of us to worship, some upon duty. Go with us, our guide and angel; hold Thou before us in our divided paths the mark of our low calling, still to be true to what small best we can attain to. Help us in that, our maker, the dispenser of events—Thou, of the vast designs, in which we blindly labour, suffer us to be so far constant to ourselves and our beloved.

FOR FRIENDS

For our absent loved ones we implore Thy loving-kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honour; and for us, grant that we remain worthy of their love. For Christ's sake, let not our beloved blush for us, nor we for them. Grant us but that, and grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life.

FOR THE FAMILY

Aid us, if it be Thy will, in our concerns. Have mercy on this land and innocent people. Help them who this day contend in disappointment with their frailties. Bless our family, bless our forest house, bless our island helpers. Thou who hast made for us this place of ease and hope, accept and inflame our gratitude; help us to repay, in service one to another, the debt of Thine unmerited benefits and mercies, so that when the period of our stewardship draws to a conclusion, when the windows begin to be darkened, when the bond of the family is to be loosed, there shall be no bitterness of remorse in our farewells.

Help us to look back on the long way that Thou hast brought us, on the long days in which we have been served not according to our deserts but our desires; on the pit and the miry clay, the blackness of despair, the horror of misconduct, from which our feet have been plucked out. For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank Thee, O God. Help us yet again and ever. So

order events, so strengthen our frailty, as that day by day we shall come before Thee with this song of gratitude, and in the end we be dismissed with honour. In their weakness and their fear, the vessels of Thy handiwork so pray to Thee, so praise Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer;—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil, suffer us awhile longer to endure and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

FOR SELF-BLAME

LORD, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's. Let us feel our offences with our hands, make them great and bright before us like the sun, make us eat them and drink them for our diet. Blind us to the offences of our beloved, cleanse them from our memories, take them out of our mouths for ever. Let all here before Thee carry and measure with the false balances of love, and be in their own eyes and in all conjunctures the most guilty. Help us at the same time with the grace of courage, that we be none of us cast down when we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness or our integrity: touch us with fire from the altar, that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city; in the name and by the method of Him in whose words of prayer we now conclude.

FOR SELF-FORGETFULNESS

LORD, the creatures of Thy hand, Thy disinherited children, come before Thee with their incoherent wishes and regrets: Children we are, children we shall be, till our mother the earth hath fed upon our bones. Accept us, correct us, guide us, Thy guilty innocents. Dry our vain tears, wipe out our vain resentments, help our yet vainer efforts. If there be any here, sulking as children will, deal with and enlighten him. Make it day about that person, so that he shall see himself and be ashamed. Make it heaven about him, Lord, by the only way to heaven, forgetfulness of self, and make it day about his neighbours, so that they shall help, not hinder him.

FOR RENEWAL OF JOY

We are evil, O God, and help us to see it and amend. We are good, and help us to be better. Look down upon Thy servants with a patient eye, even as Thou sendest sun and rain; look down, call upon the dry bones, quicken, enliven; recreate in us the soul of service, the spirit of peace; renew in us the sense of joy.

FOR CONTINUED FAVOURS

O God who givest us day by day the support of Thy kindly countenance and hopeful spirit among the manifold temptations and adventures of this life, having brought us thus far, do not, O God, desert us, but with Thy continued favours follow us in our path. Keep us upright and humble, and, O Thou who equally guidest all mankind through sun and rain, give us Thy spirit of great mercy.

FOR MIND AND BODY

Give us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships or opinions nor crucified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before Thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please Thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and honour of body into Thy eternal rest.

FOR FELLOWSHIP

God, who hast given us the love of women and the friendship of men, keep alive in our hearts the sense of old fellowship and tenderness; make offences to be forgotten and services remembered; protect those whom we love in all things and follow them with kindnesses, so that they may lead simple and unsuffering lives, and in the end die easily with quiet minds.

FOR HOME

Lord, behold us come before Thee this night, once more assembled. Help us in our troubles, correct us in our faults, give us to see so far as may be needful, help us to see as far as may be right, and yet not further, in all vicissitudes of our career. For them that are absent, we offer Thee our supplications. Be good to the green and to the ripe. Prepare the child for the arena. To our absent mother, give my armfuls, the last gleanings of the harvest of her life, so that she may go down there where she must go in the beauty of a serene evening, not without its songs. Help us one and all to bear, and to forbear, for Thy name's sake, and let this home of ours endure all strokes of enemies from without and of enemies from within, until we shall be gathered, one by one, into Thy garner of the dead and resting, nevertheless not as we will but as we shall serve in the unknown design.

FOR RENEWED POWER

O God, who throughout life hast pursued us with Thy mercies and Thy judgments, and in love and anger led us daily forward, as Thou hast not been weary in the past, be not weary yet awhile. Pardon our dull spirits, and whether with mercy or with judgment, call us up from slumber.

For as we kneel together, in this cruel state, weak folk, with many weaker depending upon our help, sinful folk, with the whole earth ministering temptations, we would desire to remember equally our need and Thy power. Save us, O Lord, from ourselves. The prayer that we lifelessly repeat, hear, Lord, and make it live, and answer it in mercy.

Let us not judge amiss, let us not speak with cruelty; our kindness to others, suffer it not to weary. May we grow merciful by tribulations, liberal by mercies. Thou who sendest Thy rain upon the just and the unjust, help us to pardon, help us to love, our fellow-sinners.

FOR STRENGTH

O God, who hast brought us to the end of another day, of use or of uselessness, pardon, as is Thy wont, the manifold sins and shortcomings of our practice, the discontent and envy of our thoughts; enable us this night to enjoy the repose of slumber and waken us again to-morrow, with better thoughts and a greater courage, to resume the task of life. Bless to us the pleasures, bless to us the pains of our existence. Suffer us not to forget the bonds of our humanity; give us strength, give us the spirit of mercy, give us the power to endure.

Leave us not indifferent, O God, but pierce our hearts to resolve and enable our hands to perform, as before Thy face in the sight of the eternal. Watch upon our eyes, ears, thoughts, tongues, and hands, that we may neither think unkindly, speak unwisely, nor act unrighteously.

Guide us, Thou who didst guide our fathers; and upon this day more especially set apart for prayer, receive our penitent and grateful thought; and hear us, when we pray for others and ourselves; that they may be blessed and we be helped; and give us, beyond our deserts to receive, beyond our imaginations to expect, the grace to die daily to our evil, and to live ever the more and ever the more wholly to Thee and to our fellow-sufferers.

FATHER DAMIEN

FATHER DAMIEN

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR. HYDE OF HONOLULU

Sydney, February 25, 1890.

SIR,—It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited, and conversed; on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonisation to be aware that, a hundred years after the death of Damien, there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the *devil's advocate*. After that noble brother of mine, and of all frail clay, shall have lain a century at rest, one shall accuse, one defend him. The circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length, in their true colours, to the public eye.

To do this properly, I must begin by quoting you at large: I shall then proceed to criticise your utterance from several points of view, divine and human, in the course of which I shall attempt to draw again and with more specification the character of the dead saint whom it has pleased you to vilify: so much being done, I shall say farewell to you for ever.

"*Honolulu, August* 2, 1889.

"Rev. H. B. Gage.

"Dear Brother,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement (before he became one himself), but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the government physicians, and so forth, but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.—Yours, etc.,

"C. M. Hyde." *

To deal fitly with a letter so extraordinary, I must draw at the outset on my private knowledge of the signatory and his sect. It may offend others; scarcely you, who have been so busy to collect, so bold to pub-

* From the Sydney *Presbyterian*, October 26, 1889.

lish, gossip on your rivals. And this is perhaps the moment when I may best explain to you the character of what you are to read: I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility: with what measure you mete, with that shall it be measured you again; with you, at last I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home. And if in aught that I shall say I should offend others, your colleagues, whom I respect and remember with affection, I can but offer them my regret; I am not free, I am inspired by the consideration of interests far more large; and such pain as can be inflicted by anything from me must be indeed trifling when compared with the pain with which they read your letter. It is not the hangman, but the criminal, that brings dishonour on the house.

You belong, sir, to a sect—I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors laboured—which has enjoyed, and partly failed to utilise, an exceptional advantage in the islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries came; they found the land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians; and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with. In the course of their evangelical calling, they—or too many of them—grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you, that when I returned your civil visit, the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste, and the comfort of your home. It would have been news certainly to myself, had anyone told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such matter

into print. But you see, sir, how you degrade better men to your own level; and it is needful that those who are to judge betwixt you and me, betwixt Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter to have been penned in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours which I admire) it "should be attributed" to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and had recalled it, and looked about your pleasant rooms, even your pen perhaps would have been stayed.

Your sect (and remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done ill in a worldly sense in the Hawaiian Kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners, when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands, a *quid pro quo* was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God had sent at last an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your Church, and the intrusive and decisive heroism of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with yourself; I am persuaded your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due and not rendered. *Time was*, said the voice in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written were base beyond parallel, the rage, I am happy to repeat—it is the only compliment I shall pay you—the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when we have failed, and another has succeeded; when we have stood by, and another has stepped in; when we

sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succours the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honour—the battle cannot be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost for ever. One thing remained to you in your defeat—some rags of common honour; and these you have made haste to cast away.

Common honour; not the honour of having done anything right, but the honour of not having done aught conspicuously foul; the honour of the inert: that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly, he may love his comforts better; and none will cast a stone at him for that. But will a gentleman of your reverend profession allow me an example from the fields of gallantry? When two gentlemen compete for the favour of a lady, and the one succeeds and the other is rejected, and (as will sometimes happen) matter damaging to the successful rival's credit reaches the ear of the defeated, it is held by plain men of no pretensions that his mouth is, in the circumstance, almost necessarily closed. Your Church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon a rivalry to do well: to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having (in one huge instance) failed, and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room—and Damien, crowned with glories and horrors, toiled and rotted in that pigstye of his under the cliffs of Kalawao—you, the elect who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did.

I think I see you—for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences—I think I see you leap at the word pigstye, a hyperbolical expression at the best. "He had no hand in the reforms," he was "a coarse, dirty man"; these were your own words; and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who perhaps had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who perhaps were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for myself—such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy. The world, in your despite, may perhaps owe you something, if your letter be the means of substituting once for all a credible likeness for a wax abstraction. For, if that world at all remember you, on the day when Damien of Molokai shall be named Saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage.

You may ask on what authority I speak. It was my inclement destiny to become acquainted, not with Damien, but with Dr. Hyde. When I visited the Lazaretto Damien was already in his resting grave. But such information as I have, I gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long: some indeed who revered his memory; but others who had sparred and wrangled with him, who beheld him with no halo, who perhaps regarded him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human

features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess; and I learnt it in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood—Kalawao, which you have never visited, about which you have never so much as endeavoured to inform yourself: for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession. "*Less than one-half* of the island," you say, "is devoted to the lepers." Molokai—"*Molokai ahina*," the "grey," lofty, and most desolate island—along all its northern side plunges a front of precipice into a sea of unusual profundity. This range of cliffs is, from east to west, the true end and frontier of the island. Only in one spot there projects into the ocean a certain triangular and rugged down, grassy, stony, windy, and rising in the midst into a hill with a dead crater: the whole bearing to the cliff that overhangs it somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall. With this hint you will now be able to pick out the leper station on a map; you will be able to judge how much of Molokai is thus cut off between the surf and precipice, whether less than a half, or less than a quarter, or a fifth, or a tenth—or say, a twentieth; and the next time you burst into print you will be in a position to share with us the issue of your calculations.

I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wain-ropes could not drag you to behold. You, who do not even know its situation on the map, probably denounce sensational descriptions, stretching your limbs the while in your pleasant parlour on Beretania Street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two sisters, bidding farewell (in humble imitation of Damien) to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had you been

there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare—what a haggard eye you would have rolled over your reluctant shoulder towards the house on Beretania Street! Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognisable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering; you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was (even to-day) a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in. It is not the fear of possible infection. That seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity, and the disgust of the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of affliction, disease, and physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid; but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights), without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as a "grinding experience": I have once jotted in the margin, "*Harrowing* is the word"; and when the *Mokolii* bore me at last towards the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song—

> "'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

And observe: that which I saw and suffered from was a settlement purged, bettered, beautified; the new

village built, the hospital and the Bishop-Home excellently arranged; the sisters, the doctor, and the missionaries, all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren: alone with pestilence; and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps.

You will say, perhaps, I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and in such a matter every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooker is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the doors of that gehenna; they do not say farewell, they need not abandon hope, on its sad threshold; they but go for a time to their high calling, and can look forward as they go to relief, to recreation, and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre.

I shall now extract three passages from my diary at Kalawao.

A. "Damien is dead and already somewhat ungratefully remembered in the field of his labours and sufferings. 'He was a good man, but very officious,' says one. Another tells me he had fallen (as other priests so easily do) into something of the ways and habits of thought of a Kanaka; but he had the wit to recognise the fact, and the good sense to laugh at"

[over] " it. A plain man it seems he was; I cannot find he was a popular."

B. " After Ragsdale's death " [Ragsdale was a famous Luna, or overseer, of the unruly settlement] " there followed a brief term of office by Father Damien which served only to publish the weakness of that noble man. He was rough in his ways, and he had no control. Authority was relaxed; Damien's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign."

C. " Of Damien I begin to have an idea. He seems to have been a man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type: shrewd; ignorant and bigoted, yet with an open mind, and capable of receiving and digesting a reproof if it were bluntly administered; superbly generous in the least thing as well as in the greatest, and as ready to give his last shirt (although not without human grumbling) as he had been to sacrifice his life; essentially indiscreet and officious, which made him a troublesome colleague; domineering in all his ways, which made him incurably unpopular with the Kanakas, but yet destitute of real authority, so that his boys laughed at him and he must carry out his wishes by the means of bribes. He learned to have a mania for doctoring; and set up the Kanakas against the remedies of his regular rivals: perhaps (if anything matter at all in the treatment of such a disease) the worst thing that he did and certainly the easiest. The best and worst of the man appear very plainly in his dealings with Mr. Chapman's money; he had originally laid it out " [intended to lay it out] " entirely for the benefit of Catholics, and even so not wisely; but after a long, plain talk, he admitted his error fully and revised the list. The sad state of the boys' home is in part the result of his lack of control; in part, of his own slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene. Brother officials used to call it ' Damien's Chinatown.' ' Well,' they

would say, 'your Chinatown keeps growing.' And he would laugh with perfect good-nature, and adhere to his errors with perfect obstinacy. So much I have gathered of truth about this plain, noble human brother and father of ours; his imperfections are the traits of his face, by which we know him for our fellow; his martyrdom and his example nothing can lessen or annul; and only a person here on the spot can properly appreciate their greatness."

I have set down these private passages, as you perceive, without correction; thanks to you, the public has them in their bluntness. They are almost a list of the man's faults, for it is rather these that I was seeking: with his virtues, with the heroic profile of his life, I and the world were already sufficiently acquainted. I was besides a little suspicious of Catholic testimony; in no ill sense, but merely because Damien's admirers and disciples were the least likely to be critical. I know you will be more suspicious still; and the facts set down above were one and all collected from the lips of Protestants who had opposed the father in his life. Yet I am strangely deceived, or they build up the image of a man, with all his weaknesses, essentially heroic and alive with rugged honesty, generosity, and mirth.

Take it for what it is, rough private jottings of the worst sides of Damien's character, collected from the lips of those who had laboured with and (in your own phrase) "knew the man";—though I question whether Damien would have said that he knew you. Take it, and observe with wonder how well you were served by your gossips, how ill by your intelligence and sympathy; in how many points of fact we are at one, and how widely our appreciations vary. There is something wrong here; either with you or me. It is possible, for instance, that you, who seem to have so

many ears in Kalawao, had heard of the affair of Mr. Chapman's money, and were singly struck by Damien's intended wrong-doing. I was struck with that also, and set it fairly down; but I was struck much more by the fact that he had the honesty of mind to be convinced. I may here tell you that it was a long business; that one of his colleagues sat with him late into the night, multiplying arguments and accusations; that the father listened as usual with " perfect good-nature and perfect obstinacy "; but at the last, when he was persuaded—" Yes," said he, " I am very much obliged to you; you have done me a service; it would have been a theft." There are many (not Catholics merely) who require their heroes and saints to be infallible; to these the story will be painful; not to the true lovers, patrons, and servants of mankind.

And I take it, this is a type of our division; that you are one of those who have an eye for faults and failures; that you take a pleasure to find and publish them; and that, having found them, you make haste to forget the overvailing virtues and the real success which had alone introduced them to your knowledge. It is a dangerous frame of mind. That you may understand how dangerous, and into what a situation it has already brought you, we will (if you please) go hand-in-hand through the different phrases of your letter, and candidly examine each from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness, and its charity.

Damien was *coarse*.

It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there, to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel; and in the case of

Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all he was a "coarse, headstrong" fisherman! Yet even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called Saint.

Damien was *dirty*.

He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

Damien was *headstrong*.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

Damien was *bigoted*.

I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child; as I would I could suppose that you do. For this, I wonder at him some way off; and had that been his only character, should have avoided him in life. But the point of interest in Damien, which has caused him to be so much talked about and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and narrow faith, wrought potently for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

Damien *was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders*.

Is this a misreading? or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our Church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

Damien *did not stay at the settlement, etc.*

It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the father for profiting by these, or the officers for granting them? In either case, it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania Street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

Damien *had no hand in the reforms, etc.*

I think even you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but before I take you up upon this head, I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's "Chinatown" at Kalawao to the beautiful Bishop-Home at Kalaupapa. At this point, in my desire to make all fair for you, I will break my rule and adduce Catholic testimony. Here is a passage from my diary about my visit to the Chinatown, from which you will see how it is (even now) regarded by its own officials: "We went round all the dormitories, refectories, etc.—dark and dingy enough, with a superficial cleanliness, which he" [Mr. Dutton, the lay brother] "did not seek to defend. 'It is almost decent,' said he; 'the sisters will make that all right when we get them here.'" And yet I gathered it was already better since Damien was dead, and far better than when he was there alone and had his own (not always excellent) way. I have now come far enough to meet you on a common ground of fact; and I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by jealousy, all the reforms of the lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field; Mr.

Meyer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little: there have been many since; and some had more worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion, than our saint. Before his day, even you will confess, they had effected little. It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them all) the sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop-Home, but dirty Damien washed it.

Damien *was not a pure man in his relations with women, etc.*

How do you know that? Is this the nature of the conversation in that house on Beretania Street which the cabman envied, driving past?—racy details of the misconduct of the poor peasant priest, toiling under the cliffs of Molokai?

Many have visited the station before me; they seem not to have heard the rumour. When I was there I heard many shocking tales, for my informants were men speaking with the plainness of the laity; and I heard plenty of complaints of Damien. Why was this never mentioned? and how came it to you in the retirement of your clerical parlour?

But I must not even seem to deceive you. This scandal, when I read it in your letter, was not new to me. I had heard it once before; and I must tell you how. There came to Samoa a man from Honolulu; he, in a public-house on the beach, volunteered the statement

that Damien had "contracted the disease from having connection with the female lepers"; and I find a joy in telling you how the report was welcomed in a public-house. A man sprang to his feet; I am not at liberty to give his name, but from what I heard I doubt if you would care to have him to dinner in Beretania Street. "You miserable little ——" (here is a word I dare not print, it would so shock your ears). "You miserable little ——," he cried, "if the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower —— for daring to repeat it?" I wish it could be told of you that when the report reached you in your house, perhaps after family worship, you had found in your soul enough holy anger to receive it with the same expressions: ay, even with that one which I dare not print; it would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness. But you have deliberately chosen the part of the man from Honolulu, and you have played it with improvements of your own. The man from Honolulu—miserable, leering creature—communicated the tale to a rude knot of beach-combing drinkers in a public-house, where (I will so far agree with your temperance opinions) man is not always at his noblest; and the man from Honolulu had himself been drinking—drinking, we may charitably fancy, to excess. It was to your "Dear Brother, the Reverend H. B. Gage," that you chose to communicate the sickening story; and the blue ribbon which adorns your portly bosom forbids me to allow you the extenuating plea that you were drunk when it was done. Your "dear brother"—a brother indeed—made haste to deliver up your letter (as a means of grace, perhaps) to the religious papers; where, after many months, I found and read and wondered at it; and whence I have now reproduced

it for the wonder of others. And you and your dear brother have, by this cycle of operations, built up a contrast very edifying to examine in detail. The man whom you would not care to have to dinner, on the one side; on the other, the Reverend Dr. Hyde and the Reverend H. B. Gage: the Apia bar-room, the Honolulu manse.

But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men; and to bring it home to you, I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose—and God forgive me for supposing it—that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath—he, who was so much a better man than either you or me, who did what we have never dreamed of daring—he too tasted of our common frailty. "O, Iago, the pity of it!" The least tender should be moved to tears; the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage!

Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try yet once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him, and some informant brought it to you, proof in hand: I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance? that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author of your days? and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did, is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father too, if God had given you grace to see it.

TUTUILA

TUTUILA

THE island at its highest point is nearly severed in two by the long elbowed harbour, about half a mile in width, cased in abrupt mountain-sides. The tongue of water sleeps here in perfect quiet, and laps around its continent with the flapping wavelets of a lake. The wind passes overhead; day and night, the scroll of trade-wind clouds is unrolled across the sky, and now in vast sculptured masses, now in a thin drift of débris, singular shapes of things, protracted and deformed beasts and trees and heads and torsos of old marbles, changing, fainting, and vanishing even as they flee. Below, meanwhile, the harbour lies unshaken, and laps idly on its margin; its colour is green like a forest pool, bright in the shallows, dark in the midst with the reflected sides of woody mountains. At times a flicker of silver breaks the uniformity, miniature white caps flashing and disappearing on the sombre ground; to see it you might think the wind was treading on and tossing the flat water; but not so—the harbour lies unshaken, and the flickering is that of fishes.

Right in the wind's eye and right without the dawn a conspicuous mountain stands, designed like an old fort or castle, with naked, cliffy sides, and a green head. In the peep of the day, the mass is outlined dimly; as the east fires, the sharpness of the silhouette grows definite; and through all the chinks of the high wood, the red looks through like coals through a grate.

From the other end of the harbour and at the other extreme of the day, when the sun is down and the night beginning, and colours and shades at the sea level are already compounded in the greyness of the dusk, the same peak retains for some time a tinge of phantom rose. The so-called hurricane that recently made Samoa famous and bestrewed the coasts of Ufalu with

the bodies of white seamen, although it spared Pago-pago, raged about the summit of Pioa; the woods were stripped in one night of all their foliage, and the summit on the morrow stood as if struck by a sudden autumn. Thus the hill, although not under 1600 feet by measurement, stands like a centre-piece to its surroundings and is the stage and herald of changes in the weather. Upon its top squalls congregate, take strange shapes and seem to linger; thence suddenly descend in the form of a white veil; the surface of the lake is seen to whiten under the verberation of the rain; the whiteness approaches more swiftly than the flight of birds; and in a moment the walls rattle and the roof resounds under the squall. No sooner come than gone; a moment more and the sun smiles again upon the dripping forests.

Last night I was awakened before midnight by the ship rats which infest the shores and invade the houses, incredible for numbers and boldness. I went to the water's edge; the moon was at its zenith; vast fleecy clouds were travelling overhead, their borders frayed and extended as usual in fantastic arms and promontories. The level of their flight is not really high; it only seems so. The trade-wind, although so strong in current, is but a shallow stream, and it is common to see, beyond and above its carry, other clouds faring on other and higher winds. As I looked, the skirt of a cloud touched upon the summit of Pioa and seemed to hang and gather there, and darken as it hung. I knew the climate, fled to shelter, and was scarce laid down again upon the mat, before the squall burst. In its decline I heard the sound of a great bell at a distance; I did not think there had been a bell upon the island. I thought the hour a strange one for the ringing; but I had no doubt it was being rung on the other side at the Catholic mission, and lay there listening, and

thinking, and trying to remember which of the bells of Edinburgh sounded the same note. It stopped almost with the squall. Some half an hour afterwards another squall struck upon the house and spouted a while from the gutters of the corrugated roof; and again, with its decline, the bell began to sound from the same distance. Then I laughed at myself, and this bell resolved into an eavesdrop falling on a tin close by my head. All night the blows continued at brief intervals. Morning came, and showed mists on all the mountain-tops, a grey and yellow dawn, a fresh accumulation of rain imminent on the summit of Pioa, and the whole harbour scene stripped of its tropic colouring, and wearing the appearance of a Scottish loch.

And not long after, as I was writing on this page, sure enough, from the far shore a bell began indeed to ring. It has but just ceased; boats have been passing the harbour in the showers, the congregation is now within, and the mass begun. How many different stories are told by that drum of tempered iron! To the natives, a new, strange, outlandish theory; to us of Europe, redolent of home; in the ears of the priests calling up memories of French and Flemish cities, and perhaps some carved cathedral, and the pomp of celebrations; in mine, talking of the grey metropolis of the north, of a certain village on a stream, of remote churches, rustic congregations, and of vanished faces and silent tongues.

Long ago, say the natives, the houses were continuous around the harbour; they are now shrunk into some half a dozen isolated hamlets; and at night it is only here and there around the shores that a light twinkles. Endemic war, the touch of the white, perhaps some climacteric age has thus reduced the denizens. The main village is at the head of the harbour and looks

straight up the greatest length to Pioa. At the upper end the chief lives, his village commanding a long view of the harbour. Thither we went at evening in the consul's boat. A path girdles the water side, a rude enough causeway, which falls down if you sit upon its margin, yet makes passage easy. The hill ascends abruptly and makes a rough edge of forest in the sky; the path, as it follows on by promontory and recess, now plunges you in breathless heat, now brings you forth in a broad draught of air; from the hottest corner of a sun patch of sugar-cane, you may look but a little way up the hill and see whirling fans of palm; from the bottom of some sandy cove, where the path is overhung with rocks and embowered in overhanging trees, you may look but a little forth and see the leaves toss in the breeze in the next cape. This perpetual out and in, and change of scene and climate, entertains the mind. At times, besides, the mountain opens and you may look up the devious narrow cleft of a stream until it winds from sight; at times on the long flat sands you will see women fishing, or they may wade ashore, their wet raiment clinging to their stalwart figures, and, as you pass on the narrow causeway, stand knee-deep and pass you a salutation; or else a canoe goes by with some gay dresses; or two or three whaleboats, with their lint-white sails, go skimming by upon a race. The last cape of the main harbour is at Goat Island; when you turn it you see the heads, the white surf flying, and the open ocean lying blue between. A long beach runs here from scattered houses; one of them falling in ruins marks the site of a decayed village. Two streams here run into the sea; inconsiderable mounds, easy to be over-leapt, such as can alone grow up in an aisle so narrow, steep, and crooked. Here upon the beach we meet a boy, an old friend and satellite, who loves to sit with us on the balcony; he

joins himself to us and presently he is carrying my wet lava-lava and towel. At the far end of the beach, beyond the houses, we sat on the sand, and (with the common instinct of all ages and races of man) we elderly white folk and an eight-year-old Samoan boy began to dig away the sand. Mana is the boy's name; he is a rather sickly, shrewd, gentlemanly creature whose pleasant manners have engaged us heretofore. The design of a ship is nothing new to us; on the same walk we had already passed an elaborate section of a ship of war showing the screw and the smoke-stack descending to the keel. But Mana's ship is particularly intended to be ours, and his representation is recommended to our notice by portraits of ourselves. Here is the judge, here is the land-surveyor and here is the Writer of Tales—and where is Mana? Mana was immediately added at the masthead—"at work"—the artist added proudly. Such pictures and such talk are common to all races at that age; but now Mana begins to model the human figure in relief, and it was not long before the precocious youth had left us speechless, or leaves me rather without words to tell of what he drew and said. Not so much that he proved himself an indecent designer, is remarkable, but that he had no shame or fear before his elders. I have seen the like done by children little older in what is called God-fearing England; but I cannot remember that they would have exhibited their works with confidence.

The overhanging rock and tree, the strong smell of brine as you turn it, the louder sound not of the wind only, but of the sea. At morning the birds from either hand of the harbour.

The Tanpo Cleopatra, such was the name we gave her, as her face and bearing claimed for her, was not by rights a Tanpo, for she was married, and the leader in the village dance must be a maid. But the Tanpo

elect was young, a church member and not suffered to join in the dances, so that the reason of her election seemed to me far from obvious, and Cleopatra continued to officiate. A nobler woman it is scarce possible to conceive, being shaped like a divinity upon huge lines, and with a countenance of an Egyptian cast and with an expression of dignity and even scorn that well became her head and her strange flattened profile. For the dance, she wore on her head a sort of coronet that gave her the air of a drawing-room at home, and vastly set off her beauty. The rest of her costume, the red necklaces, the kilt of fine mat, the little tabard of transparent net that hung back and front upon her shoulders, her great bare arms and legs, were pure Samoan, and rather contrasted with the effect of the drawing-room coronet. She sat in the midst, two girls on one side of her, three on the other; the six were all trained exquisitely, their movements graceful in themselves and exquisitely timid. The reaching of arms I never saw so happily significant, and the strange trick of Cleopatra to sing with her eyes shut and a curious, arrogant smile upon her face added a note of mystery to the accustomed business. The house was full of Samoan spectators, children of all ages among others, who soon began to join in the singing and beat time. When the indecent part came it was singular to look about on all these shaven heads of children wagging and their little hands clapping the tattoo to such an unsuitable and ugly business. I was sorry to have Cleopatra taking part in such a show, though her part was the more decent, though the principal. No sense of shame in this race is the word of the superficial, but the point of the indecent dance is to trifle with the sense of shame; and that very particularity that the chief actor should be a maid further discloses the corrupt element which has created and so much loves

this diversion; for it is useless to speak, the Samoan loves the business like pie. In such an atmosphere our young companion had grown up.

Thursday about nine on board the *Nukuno*—the judge, Tusitala, Lloyd, Swedish captain, Nova Scotian mate (with Nova Scotian stories), Chinese cook, black French cook from Bourbon, one hireling, one Tangan half-caste, one Samoan half-caste interpreter, one black boy. Hard work to get under way, beating to and fro under Pioa across the great cool languid gush of sea air through the harbour mouth and the vast, oily-backed swells. The surf on the east end made wonderful water-works. As we made one bound just inside it, we made a breach on Whale Rock, the head of it toppled and fell, the green sides of the harbour echoed with the report, and the sea rose all about the rock like the sides of a bowl. When we got outside at last the blow holes along the coast were spouting high, the spray of the surf hung in air and blew up the mountains; the *Nukuno* soared up and down like a sea bird; but the breeze fell dead. Pioa and the harbour had been making a little intricate belt of weather for themselves; half a mile outside, stagnation ruled and deepened. The clouds blackened towards afternoon, and standing round the horizon in long cold rows of pillars, hills, and statues, without motion, the schooner slumbered, and kept the skipper awake by threatening to go on the other tack. Long ere we came out of the harbour the cook, the gallant, diplomatic, admired, lay prostrate like a broken doll; and lifted his face no longer; the interpreter collapsed in turn, not wholly but to a state of genteel silence and muddlement, in which he was useless as a gnome; the judge—but let us respect his ermine. Night fell; Pioa and Mirtie Peak stood crowned with clouds which were lit up at times in the night like fantastic electric bowls; the

moon rose late, a ragged end of a moon brown on one side like burned paper; and presently the day began to follow her, and there was Tutuila blurred with a succession of fine rain showers and the mouth of Pagopago showing like a chamber full of smoke; but the sea being under an unmitigated blaze of day, and surrounded along all the visible horizon with the same long-drawn series of frozen, windless cloud peaks. There is thought to be an easterly set; we saw little of it; steadily we drew westward, the mouth of Pagopago closed, Mirtie Peak moved past us, past us the low shores landmarked with blow holes; we are tossing at last off the cliffy lee end of the isle; and it was near noon when we decided to try back for Pagopago. In the afternoon this too dwindled out of the sphere of practical politics; we tossed overboard the little ship's boat, a couple of men were put into her; by common consent the cook (for whose life we began to entertain fears) was helped after, whence he fell into the stern sheets helpless; and they pulled away for the harbour mouth.

We lay and watched the sun go down, an alleviation anxiously expected. It sank with strange pomp of colour, in a world of peaked cloud. Long after it was down, arrows of blue radiated upward, faded one by one, until at last one only lingered and grew more darkly blue up against a heaven of deeper rose; the sea meanwhile heaved multi-coloured; here flaked with fire and azure, there fallen in a blinding pallor. The sharp peaks of the isle stood out against the fading heavens; they were of a colour deep as black; and rich as crimson, for which we tried vainly to find a name; above them, every here and there, tall, isolated clouds stood and had characters like Punch and Judy puppets, tall, double-faced Januses, dogs begging, bears with ragged perforated minarets—a singular array, de-

signed, it would appear, for mirth, yet, as we beheld them from our heaving ship, rather striking awe. The dusk slowly deepened; we ran a light up in the fore rigging; it was our Maugalai (?) lantern, the schooner (true to the S.S. character) had none. Presently after, the sound of oars was heard; it was a boat going sharking, and from them we had the welcome intelligence that our moribund cook was got ashore alive; and the consular boat was even now upon the way to rescue us. It was black night, there was nothing visible but the stars and the sharp mountains, when the sound of singing sprang up in the midst of the sea. It was not very tuneful, but heralded the approach of the rescue party. We were on board with our goods and had got the boat clear of the dangerous and lively neighbourhood of the schooner; she showed for a moment, looking picturesque, then vanished as by enchantment; and we [*line here is undecipherable*] a long way in; steering for the priest's light by west Pioa; a long while in silence, broken only by one song in which our boatmen in the reiterative native style proclaimed their view that it was a bad thing for whites to lie with Samoans, and vice versa. Then suddenly the voice of the island rose; a sullen clamour of surf sinking again to silence, rising again louder and louder, till it became permanent. This solemn greeting moved us all extremely. Yet a long while before we were fairly in the jaws of the harbour, of a sudden the sweet, clean smell of the sea was gone; there fell upon the boat instead a flat, acrid, and rather stifling odour of damp; it had been raining much of the day, the woods were all quite moist. The starlight was very bright, but it showed not far; the immediate sea seamed plain, the hills and farther waters (somewhere they drenched along the sky) being indecipherable, and the harbour itself yawned before us like the mouth

of a cave. The priest's light which had vanished for a while now reappeared, and we began to strain our eyes and interrogate our memories. Where was the reef? We were speaking low in the dark boat when of a sudden, not two hundred yards away, the reef itself gave tongue, a wave broke, the mountains answered, the silence returned. It was about nine when we got ashore again from the voyage to Mannia to find the cook already much revived, to see the judge return at a bound to his customary affability and gaiety.

Annuu.—The low end of the island, all village and elaborately managed plantations; two hundred souls, sixteen tons of copra a year, abundance of food. The sea breaks low in front, and from the opposite side of the channel the reverberation of the surf about Tutuila comes back. To the seaward end of the isle the theatre of low hills inclines some third part of its surface; the amphitheatre has much the air of an old crater, very wide and low, the bottom occupied by flat green marsh and the midst by a blue mere; crowds of wild duck inhabit this; and the water of the lake is said to be red and to redden bathers. We reached the western summit of this basin by a low place shelved in wood our way was still in the midst of woods, so that we had little idea of the nature of the country, only walked in airless heat among cocoanuts and great ipis dark a ivy and rugged as chestnuts. From a little in fron sudden crepitations of surf began to strike at interval upon our ears, then came a draught of air striking th foliage; and the next moment the trees parted and w stepped forth into the wind and the view of the sea In this place the circuit of the hills is broken, the mars empties itself by a low ditch, the fresh water is sprea in a shallow pool along the top of seaside walks where the splashing of the surf makes it brackish. O

ither hand the broken circuit of the hills impends in liffs. Right in front of the cove, which is full of mighty vhirl and sudden sounds of the surge, looks sixty miles n the wind's eye to where Mannia lies, and on the eft hand two flat stones, like great lizards couchant, e parallel along the top of a flat rock; their mouths to an ardent fancy) might seem open; their eyes are xed upon the distant islands. Taia told us they were vatching the boats; they were left behind, they were rying aloud for that desired destination. When they ound their raft was broken they said, "They would ot die and get rotten; let us turn into stones here o that we may look for ever at Mannia." The two Heads of Families" is what they are called, and from nmemorial times they have been adored with offerings f food. It is perhaps these that give its original anctity to this bold piece of coast; why that should ll be turned to love, why this should be a kind of sland Cyprus—I don't quite see. On the top of the neer opposite cliff a stack of cocoa palms and a single o hang imminent. If a man desired a woman he ecoyed her towards this place; and here, if she were oy, she would refuse to go farther. He ied her to the argin of that cliff and hung her over. "Will you go ith me to the Puatannopo—the Place of Mary uas? If you will not, over you go." Fear would iumph; it seems she then must be true to her word, nd the pair continued their journey. Up the steep owl-like flank of the cliff above the "Heads of amilies," the way lay; presently again it came ear to the margin; a great rampart serves here for balustrade; it is broken here and there by wide emrasures commanding the sea and sky, a giddy stretch f falling rock and the breach of the surf. Across one f these there was a man, Vasa, who used to leap; none her durst attempt the feat, and Vasa has been dead

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these thirty years. Then there was our old friend the Songster's Leap, but the object was quite new, the leap not made to escape pursuit but to amaze and dazzle the lady who was accompanying him, perhaps with half a heart. But the time of her unwillingness was nearly over. A little beyond, on the immediate brow of the cliff, grows a mass of white plumed pua; so soon as man and woman came here together the scent of this random garden overpowered resistance. A little farther forth the path lay among these flowers, the sea bursting close below, a long front of cliff making a giddy foreground, and far off across the flat sea the eastern end of Tutuila shows beyond. It is indeed a giddy piece of path. Vertigo seized upon one of our party, and he was much laughed at and told his mind ran upon Venus. (Perhaps this is the reason?)

Below unseen there is somewhere the mouth of a cave full of birds, and here was the next station of this pilgrimage of love. The lover standing close on the edge utters high musical cries, and immediately from beneath float up and up, and wheel a while below, and float higher and wheel overhead, a flock of broad-winged sea-birds, black and white. The path turns direct over the top of the hill, a grove of cocoanuts grows close, and we drink of their nuts. All these bear the names of former visitors, two for each party, the man and the woman. Yet a little farther, skirting the inner glacis of the bowl of hills, the green marsh and the blue pool underneath, and the sea shining through the opposite brush, and the palms and the tarc painted on the sky, they reach the last stage anc veritable temple of the goddess. Huge old ipis stand ir a grove; beneath them a ring of stones upon the ground; once there was a house which has been sufferec to fall down, but the ring of stones is maintained, the ground cleared, the sacred ipis watched and I believe

he long path kept open by two old men at two dollars er mensem. *Sic itur ad.* The whole practice is now nuch declined and thought of as disgraceful. What nakes it the more strange, no excuse flows from this ain pilgrimage; the guilty couple are more blamed han if they had remained at home, and I could eceive no explanation—but it was a custom from f old.

The Dutch low lands, ditches, dykes, fields of small aro interlaid with straw, palms, playing poplars, no ush anywhere, all the bowl of the hills weeded and leansed and planted. You are out on the cove through thicket of grey; on the rocks dragon flies, red as acquer, flitted; in the rockside pools some active ttle fish kept up a perpetual bustle, leaping from one o another and (solemn-like) making them a ladder o and from the sea.

Thursday.—Set out about 3.30 in the Fangatanga oat, Laila steering. All the way we passed one cove fter another, where a man might have gone ashore lid the surf permit) and settled down for life. The astern end of the island runs sharp as a wedge into the ea; you turn it and the north side is suddenly visible unning out in tall cliffy islets, with the back of Pioa verhead. The sun was down long ago and the dusk nickening in the bay where we were bound. I think was still day on the high seas. Groves of cocoanut run igh on the hills, stand thick along the sandy shore. n the midst of the swamp of beach, a single black ock breaks the sound and partly dams the mouth of little shallow river coming slantwise smooth and lent through the palms, and when the tide is low, reaking into song and making the least possible cas-ade about the rock. Here the hamlet lies, presenting he usual appearance of a ruined church, a little open pace among the palms where the chief's houses are—

a few scattering bread-fruits, and about and behind the depth of mountain forests. A crew of children followed us with shouts of laughter from the beach, the Writer of Tales whom they declared to be a woman and to lack the essential bones of the human frame. The house of the avatar to whom we were directed was already dark, but there was light enough to show us a plague of flies and a woman in a rosary (wreath of flowers), hastily laying out mats.

The avatar Alomoa was at work in the bush, and his absence and the presence of the flies decided us (in an ill hour) to try the great house of the village. Thither we returned, still followed by the laughing children. It was lighter here, for the house stood in the midst of the open place of the village, stood besides on a raised, round, flat frame of stones, and its pillars were extremely high. This in particular pleased us and we began to think we were in good quarters. A woman received us, not with much alacrity, and word was sent for the chief. As we sat waiting him, the house was gradually filled and surrounded by the curious of the village, and a curious scene they were certainly destined to enjoy. The chief was seen at last to issue from a closed house some distance back,—a tall, sickly, solemn figure of a man, attired in green and with a rosary; slowly he approached, bade us a stiff welcome, sat down, and the palaver commenced. He began by saying we might stay the night, and our boys who were only waiting for the signal set out at once for the beach to bring up our possessions. Next he asked why we had passed his house by, and gone to another. He was told we had an introduction from a friend. Then he told us he was sorry he could give us no food, as it was night. We responded that we had plenty of food of our own and a man to cook it. Thereupon (as by an interlude) we were offered kava; which we never saw

then he annoyed us by inquiring if we had any money, and offering to sell fowls. This was the last blow; Laila being by, we consulted him if there was another village we could still reach. The village was distant, the landing dangerous, the night falling, the boys longing for kava, food, and a talk with the girls; but Laila, having heard something of our usage, offered to try it on. Thereupon Sewall began; he told our host that we had travelled all over Samoa, and had nowhere had such a reception; that it was un-Samoan, and that he desired to know why we were so used. The host made some excuses, and repeated that we had passed his house. Sewall took up the wondrous tale once more, told him what big chiefs we were, how we had come here glowing with alofa and laden with presents; how he, Sewall, had to do with warships and the malo, and what a bad day's work the chief had done for himself. The chief once more made many excuses, vowed he had been a "fool," in so many words, and begged us to stay. Sewall turned to me. I said I had not been received by this person as a gentleman should, that I did not regard him as a gentleman, should not treat him as a gentleman (if I stayed), but as the landlord of a dirty inn; which being the case I thought it neither for his soul's health nor mine that we should stop longer in that house, and for my part I preferred to spend the night at sea. This was translated (like all the rest, in a very emasculated form, by the timid Charlie); and Sewall gave our boys the order to begin returning the goods, and the chief began once more his "low apioga's." Already those in the house and around it were much stirred, but now came the cream. The great man was yet talking, when we three arose. Sewall bade him hold his tongue, I made him a scornful gesture of farewell, and we passed out. The village of Ana boiled like a kettle. Our boys with an excellent affectation of

alacrity (for they approved our attitude, though they disliked the business) were running to the boat with all our truck, and the public place was black with the entire inhabitants, whispering and nodding to each other. The disgrace was public, and so felt. Sewall was great as he stood on the terrace of the house we had just left, his back to the man in green, and directed his boys for the removal. In the midst up came Alomoa, now returned from the bush; up came a Hawaiian who keeps a store in the village; up came the chief, and all three offered us accommodations. We decided, after some discussion, to accept the offer of Alomoa; and to the huge joy of our boys returned to the house of flies. It was a reward for all these sorrows, when I strolled to the beach at night and looked forward over the pale river and pale sea, to where the northern sky was still pallid with the evening, or back to the pillared houses of the village, lit up from within by the red glow of the cooking fire and the brighter star of the paraffine lamp. After a long discussion of the isles our boys set off to a pali tele; not long after the clapping of hands told us the kava was ready for their entertainment, and presently the strong sound of their singing ran in the night.

I may say I was asleep from the moment I lay down; woke in the night but twice, and once was when a shower came and the blinds had to be lowered. The first streaks of day called me; I was awake before the village; nothing stirred but multitudes of pigs, black and grey, who trotted to and fro and grunted to each other as they went; and as I bathed in the river in the thin twilight a grey sow watched me, jealously grunting. Some little fishes, no bigger than minnows, leaped the while on the surface of the water and actually struck me as they leaped. A little after the life woke. Alomoa and his wife strummed their rainamu and set

forth from the house. On all sides people wrapped in their unfolded lava-lavas, like eastern mantles, were to be seen making their way to the beach. Four tall young men set off together, robed in white, in blue, and in blue with a pattern of white; presently they returned and sitting in a row in the open gallery of their house, chanted a brief song. A drum was beat, like last night —not the pati, but the war drum. Women began to go around the houses with a basket, playing scavenger. And here came Ah Sin with a cup of tea, and I must turn to my diary with what appetite I might. Hard is the lot of the Tusitala.

The population of Ana used to be 200; it is now ninety-odd. War and sickness were named among the causes; and this, also, that the men took wives from Mannia, and the children went afterwards to their mothers' houses—why?

Eight oarsmen, a cox, Laila, Ah Sin, Charlie, Sewall, Lloyd, and me: fifteen souls in all.

Wednesday.—Sailed a little before high water, and came skirting for some while along a coast of classical landscapes, cliffy promontories, long sandy coves divided by semi-independent islets, and the far-withdrawing sides of the mountain, rich with every shade and shape of verdure. Nothing lacked but temples and galleys, and our own long whaleboat sped to the sound of singing by eight oarsmen figured a piece of antiquity better perhaps than we thought. No road leads along this coast. We scarce saw a house; these delectable islets lay quite deserted, inviting seizure; and there was none, like Keats's Endymion, to hear our snow-like cadence. The harbour opened suddenly like a Scots loch; the bay of Oa, to whose rear we had now worked round, filling it at the end; and to this by a pardonable tongapiti, our boatmen sought to bend the course. The far isle to which we were bound they

assured us was unscalable, waterless, nutless; we but insisted the more, and after the usual Samoan period of opposition, the coxswain smilingly gave way, and we pursued our ascent of the coast,—not very far. Upon a sudden we began to enter the bay of Oa. At the first sight, my mind was made up; the bay of Oa was the place for me. We could not enter it, we had been assured; and having entered we could not land:—both statements plainly fiction, both easily resolved into the fact that here was no guest house and no girls to make the kava for our boatmen and admire their singing. A little gentle insistence once again produced a smiling acquiescence, and the eight oars began to urge us slowly into a bay of the *Æneid*. Right overhead a conical hill arises; its top is all sheer cliff of a rosy pallor, stained with orange and purple, bristled and ivied with individual climbing trees; lower down the woods are massed, huge individual trees standing to the neck in forest. Lower again the rock crops out in a steep buttress which divides the arc of beach. The western arc was the smaller; on the eastern, in the fore-point of the beach, I spied to my sorrow figures moving, and a little smoke. The boat was eased in, we landed and turned this way and that, like fools, in a perplexity of pleasures; now some way into the wood towards the spire, but the woods had soon strangled the path; in the Samoan phrase, the way was dead, and we began to flounder in impenetrable brush, still far from the foot of the ascent, although already the greater trees began to throw out arms dripping with lianas and to accept us in the margin of their shadows. Now along the beach,—it was grown up with crooked, thick-leaved trees down to the water's edge. Immediately behind, there had once been a clearing; it was all choked up with the mummy-apple, which in this country springs up at once at the heels of the axeman, and among this

was intermingled the cocoa palm and the banana. Our landing and the bay itself had nearly turned my head. "Here are the works of all the poets *passim*," I said. And just then my companion stopped. "Behold an omen," said he, and pointed. It was a sight I had heard of before in the islands, but not seen; a little tree such as grows sometimes on infinitesimal islets on the reef, almost stripped of its leaves and covered instead with feasting butterflies. These, as we drew near, arose and hovered in a cloud of blue and silver grey. Later on I found the scene repeated in another place; but here the butterflies were of a different species, glossy brown and black, with arabesques of white.

The figures we had seen were those of an old woman, her daughter and two little boys; they came from the village under the other side of Vamanga, and in the coals at their feet a cuttlefish was cooking. Our boys, with the two knives and the hatchet, strolled up, sat down, forgot their errand, and without any invitation that I could hear, divided among themselves the cuttlefish; they may have left an arrow; and the old lady, highly delighted, invited them over to her house that night to sleep with her daughter. Doubtless a high-spirited pleasantry in the island fashion.

The sun was still shining, on the eastern hill, and the birds were still piping in all the bushy sides of our inlet, when I was able to sit down to my diary in the open front of our new house; the smoke of the re-kindled fire drifting before me, the smell of roasting pig strong in my nostrils; the boat pulled up, the crew seated about smoking their banana-leaf cigarettes; our boxes piled in disorder on the shore; and right in front of me (where our Chinaman had placed it out of the way of harm) our brass lantern glittering in the niche of a shore-side tree. As I wrote, the snails of the beach climbed upon my ink-pot.

As we came in, high above us in the honeycombed woods, flying foxes and snow-white gulls were flying.

We ate in the front of our shed. Pig, miki, and roasted taro, were native food, washed down with a historic wine—white California from the wreck of Admiral Kimberley's ship, the *Trenton*. It appeared that even in the lot of Admirals there was a crook. It was curious, meanwhile, as the boys sat about on a big futu tree before us, to see them upon their sides, eating tinned salmon from home; but how often it is so, that the common food of one race should be the delicacy of the other; and the consul's excellent tea, which Ah Sin brews for me at sunrise and which I was one day so unworldly as to praise, the travelled Chinaman identified as "poor man's tea." A little while after, our boys began suddenly to sing. They sat all about the tree, some in their sheds, some on the far side by the sea; in the dusk, and by the light of the dying fire, it was just possible to see the nearest, their bare shoulders polished in the glow. One raised the song; the rest from different sides and distances joined in. It was a fine grave measure. I thought it had some European base, but the Samoans so transfuse their borrowed music that I had no guess it was a hymn, and applauded in the usual pause. I was still applauding when I was aware of the sustained sound of a voice from the far side of the tree; and by the subdued tones, and the recurrence of the exclusive plural, knew it was a prayer, and that I had burst with music-hall applause into the midst of the evening worship. A sharp, file-firing "Amen" from the scattered worshippers marked the conclusion of the exercises. By that time it was fully night. The lantern was set before us in front of our tent. Four of the boys sat in a row on their hams. Behind them in a turban of parti-coloured towelling, the cook beat the measure on a biscuit case; the lantern

threw them out brightly; behind, it sparkled on the fat leaves and crooked branches of the futu, and behind again, but for an occasional glimmer of the sea, mere night enclosed us. At such an hour, by such a light, in this desert and romantic cove, I saw for the first time the male dancers of Tutuila; they gave us their songs; about voyage, with paddling and looking out from under the hand; a song of exercise and skirmishing with the Winchester rifle; and another of the same with the old Samoan war club. Change of tempo; huge effect; when the dances were over they lay on the ground and sang the lament for the deportation of Mannga; and then the concert degenerated into a long talk in which we discussed Mannga's exile, and the Malietoa and the Tamasese feuds, and the case of the dancers whom Cunningarne had taken to Europe, and the story of the two who had escaped from him and by the help of a kind German lady had returned to their beloved island; and we gave them excellent advice and the consul chaffed them and was chaffed handsomely in return, for he who spars with Samoans must look to receive counters; and then came the word of dissolution, Fiamoa. It was Topa here, and Topa there. Our boys scattered to their roosting places; their nets were triced up in the shed, we took our places, and the lantern was turned out. It was like the removal of a cataract; in the twinkling of an eye the walls of darkness that contained us burst, and there was the heaven bright with stars, and there were the sea and the hillside clear in the starlight.

All night the crickets sang with a clear trill of silver; all night the sea filled the hollow of the bay with varying utterance; now sounding continuous like a millweir; now (perhaps from farther off) with pointed swells and silences. In the morning I went wandering on the beach when the tide was low. I went round the

tree before our boys had stirred; it was the first clear grey of the morning; and I could see them lie, each in his place, enmeshed from head to foot in his unfolded kilt. The Highlander with his belted plaid, the Samoan with his lava-lava, each sleep in their one vesture unfolded. One boy, who slept in the open under the trees, had made his pillow of a smouldering brand, doubtless for the convenience of a midnight cigarette; all night the flame had crept nearer, and as he lay there wrapped like an Oriental woman and still plunged in sleep, the redness was within two hands'-breadth of his frizzled hair. I had scarce bathed, had scarce begun to enjoy the fairness and precious colours of the morning, the golden glow along the edge of the high eastern woods, the clear light on the sugar leaf of mangalai, the woven blue and emerald of the cove, the chuckle of morning bird song that filled the valley of the woods, when, upon a sudden, a draught of wind came from the leeward and the highlands of the isle, rain rattled on the tossing woods; the pride of the morning had come early and from an unlooked-for side. I fled for refuge in the shed; but such of our boys as were awake, stirred not in the least; they sat where they were, perched on the scattered boxes of our camp, and puffed at their stubborn cigarettes, and crouched a little in the slanting shower. So good a thing it is to wear few clothes. I who was largely unclad—a pair of serge trousers, a singlet, woollen socks, and canvas shoes—think of it!—envied them their light array.

Thursday.—Snaese (?) and Laila withdrew to the village, which they found in the nick of the next day, an exceptionally wind-swept, cheery, and bemedalled place of dwelling. Pioa clear overhead, and a thin, hen's path across the narrow isle to go to Pagopago and return. Meanwhile I had Virgil's bay all morning to myself, and feasted on solitude and the overhanging

woods, and the retiring sea. The quiet was only broken by the hoarse cooing of wild pigeons up the valley, and certain inroads of capricious winds that find a way hence and thence down the hillside and set the palms clattering; my enjoyment only disturbed by clouds of dull, voracious, spotted and not particularly welcomed mosquitoes. When I was still I kept buhac powder burning by me on a stone under the shed, and read Livy, and compared to-day and two thousand years ago, and wondered in which of these epochs I was flourishing that moment; and then I would stroll out and see the rocks and the woods, and the arcs of beaches, curved like a whorl in a fair woman's ear, and huge ancient trees jutting high overhead out of the hanging forest, great as mountains, and feel the place at least belonged to the age of fable, and awaited Æneas and his battered fleets. All day the snow-white birds wheeled above and settled on our Futu; snow-white as those in Poe's hyperbolical story, the tail split like a swallow's, the courage certainly high, for I saw (far across the bay) two of these shining fowl perched in the top of our Futu, while the business, smoke, and laughter of our camp rose all about them.

Some time in the afternoon—two for a guess—we have no watch in our party and rudely compute by the rising and setting of the sun—we were aware of a bustle and the boys running here and there with our effects. "What is it? A great rain?" No sooner said than realised; down came the rain in a brief water-spout; the boys clustered sadly under the Futu, the roof of our shed became transpierced through joint and crevice with fine drills of cold water, and we sat dripping amid our drenched possessions. "Evil is this house that you have built us," we cried to our boys. "Evil are the trees in this place," was the reply from the clustered herd under the Futu. But the evil

was in our own neglect, for the Samoan must be watched and managed, and the night before we had been too much pleased with our fine bay to mind the builders. By good luck the shower was as short as it was sharp, and we made a busy job of it to draw our books and clothes and bedding on the coral gravel in the returning sun.

Thursday.—The new house held water. Showers fell often in the night; some sounding from afar off like a cataract, some striking the house; but not a drop came in. The flowers of the Futu lie scattered about it, tassels of fine sprays, snow-white, warming through rose to crimson, and each tipped with a golden star. This drawing-room finery looks strangely out of place on the rude shingle. At night a cry of a wild catlike creature in the brush. Far up on the hill, one golden tree—they say it is a wild cocoanut. I know it is not; they must know so too; and this leaves me free to think it sprang from the golden bough of Proserpine.

The morning was all in blue; the sea blue—blue in shore upon the shallows—only the blue was nameless; and the horizon clouds a blue, like a fine pale porcelain; the sky behind them a pale lemon faintly warmed with orange. Much that one sees in the tropics is in water-colours; but this sunrise was in water-colours by a young lady.

All our camp still slept—the cox and the interpreter in their separate shed, the crew in the three others, and the lame man in his usual chamber, the hollow of the tree. None stirred; and behold, the tide was full, the moment counted. I shook up the cox, and he with a long pole beat on the green roofs of the sheds and called his crew together. It was still early when we stole out of the bay. Pola, when we came there, was but a wall of rock, divided from the mainland by a bubbling channel about two boats' length; trees clustered on its

narrow top, a few clung on its side which was in one place buttressed with a natural arch. Thousands of sea birds wheeled silently above or sat close in crannies, or besnowed the clinging trees. To look at the place was to understand the irony of our boat's crew when they smilingly consented to come there and camp. Again they proposed it. Through the gate we skirted a precipitous shore with some nut stacks, here green with climbing woods, here bursting forth in naked crags striped with cinnabar, here wet with falling streams—the devil's taro, the sea birds following.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

EIGHT YEARS OF TROUBLE IN SAMOA

—arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ,
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

PREFACE

by

R. L. S.

An affair which might be deemed worthy of a note of a ew lines in any general history has been here expanded o the size of a volume or large pamphlet. The small- ıess of the scale and the singularity of the manners and vents and many of the characters, considered, it is ıoped that, in spite of its outlandish subject, the sketch nay find readers. It has been a task of difficulty. Speed vas essential, or it might come too late to be of any ervice to a distracted country. Truth, in the midst of onflicting rumours and in the dearth of printed ıaterial, was often hard to ascertain, and since most f those engaged were of my personal acquaintance, was often more than delicate to express. I must ertainly have erred often and much; it is not for want f trouble taken nor of an impartial temper. And if my lain speaking shall cost me any of the friends that I ill count, I shall be sorry, but I need not be ashamed.

In one particular the spelling of Samoan words has een altered; and the characteristic nasal *n* of the lan- uage written throughout *ng* instead of *g*. Thus I put 'ango-Pango, instead of Pago-Pago: the sound being ıat of soft *ng* in English; as in *singer*, not as in *finger*.

R. L. S.

VAILIMA,
UPOLU,
SAMOA.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

CHAPTER I

THE ELEMENTS OF DISCORD: NATIVE

THE story I have to tell is still going on as I write; the characters are alive and active; it is a piece of contemporary history in the most exact sense. And yet, for all its actuality and the part played in it by mails and telegraphs and iron war-ships, the ideas and the manners of the native actors date back before the Roman Empire. They are Christians, church-goers, singers of hymns at family worship, hardy cricketers; their books are printed in London by Spottiswoode, Trübner, or the Tract Society; but in most other points they are the contemporaries of our tattooed ancestors who drove their chariots on the wrong side of the Roman wall. We have passed the feudal system; they are not yet clear of the patriarchal. We are in the thick of the age of finance; they are in a period of communism. And this makes them hard to understand.

To us, with our feudal ideas, Samoa has the first appearance of a land of despotism. An elaborate courtliness marks the race alone among Polynesians; terms of ceremony fly thick as oaths on board a ship; commoners my-lord each other when they meet—and urchins as they play marbles. And for the real noble a whole private dialect is set apart. The common names for an axe, for blood, for bamboo, a bamboo knife, a pig, food, entrails, and an oven are taboo in his presence, as the common names for a bug and for many offices and members of the body are taboo in the drawing-rooms of English ladies. Special words are set apart for his leg, his face, his hair, his belly, his eyelids, his son, his daughter, his wife, his wife's pregnancy, his

wife's adultery, adultery with his wife, his dwelling, his spear, his comb, his sleep, his dreams, his anger, the mutual anger of several chiefs, his food, his pleasure in eating, the food and eating of his pigeons, his ulcers, his cough, his sickness, his recovery, his death, his being carried on a bier, the exhumation of his bones and his skull after death. To address these demigods is quite a branch of knowledge, and he who goes to visit a high chief does well to make sure of the competence of his interpreter. To complete the picture, the same word signifies the watching of a virgin and the warding of a chief; and the same word means to cherish a chief and to fondle a favourite child.

Men like us, full of memories of feudalism, hear of a man so addressed, so flattered, and we leap at once to the conclusion that he is hereditary and absolute. Hereditary he is; born of a great family, he must always be a man of mark; but yet his office is elective and (in a weak sense) is held on good behaviour. Compare the case of a Highland chief: born one of the great ones of his clan, he was sometimes appointed its chief officer and conventional father; was loved and respected and served and fed and died for implicitly, if he gave loyalty a chance; and yet, if he sufficiently outraged clan sentiment, was liable to deposition. As to authority, the parallel is not so close. Doubtless the Samoan chief, if he be popular, wields a great influence; but it is limited. Important matters are debated in a fono, or native parliament, with its feasting and parade, its endless speeches and polite genealogical allusions. Debated, I say—not decided; for even a small minority will often strike a clan or a province impotent. In the midst of these ineffective councils the chief sits usually silent: a kind of a gagged audience for village orators. And the deliverance of the fono seems (for the moment) to be final. The absolute chiefs of Tahiti and Hawaii

were addressed as plain John and Thomas; the chiefs of Samoa are surfeited with lip-honour, but the seat and extent of their actual authority is hard to find.

It is so in the members of the state, and worse in the belly. The idea of a sovereign pervades the air. The name we have; the thing we are not so sure of. And the process of election to the chief power is a mystery. Certain provinces have in their gift certain high titles, or *names* as they are called. These can only be attributed to the descendants of particular lines. Once granted, each *name* conveys at once the principality (whatever that be worth) of the province which bestows it, and counts as one suffrage towards the general sovereignty of Samoa. To be indubitable king, they say—or some of them say, I find few in perfect harmony—a man should resume five of these names in his own person. But the case is purely hypothetical; local jealousy forbids its occurrence. There are rival provinces, far more concerned in the prosecution of their rivalry than in the choice of a right man for king. If one of these shall have bestowed its name on competitor A, it will be the signal and the sufficient reason for the other to bestow its name on competitor B or C. The majority of Savaii and that of Aana are thus in perennial opposition. Nor is this all. In 1881, Laupepa, the present king, held the three names of Malietoa, Natoaitele, and Tamasoalii; Tamasese held that of Tuiaana; and Mataafa that of Tuiatua. Laupepa had thus a majority of suffrages; he held perhaps as high a proportion as can be hoped in these distracted islands; and he counted among the number the preponderant name of Malietoa. Here, if ever, was an election. Here, if a king were at all possible, was the king. And yet the natives were not satisfied. Laupepa was crowned, March 19th; and next month, the provinces of Aana and Atua met in joint parliament,

and elected their own two princes, Tamasese and Mataafa, to an alternate monarchy, Tamasese taking the first trick of two years. War was imminent when the consuls interfered, and any war were preferable to the terms of the peace which they procured. By the Lackawanna treaty, Laupepa was confirmed king and Tamasese set by his side in the nondescript office of vice-king. The compromise was not, I am told, without precedent; but it lacked all appearance of success. To the constitution of Samoa, which was already all wheels and no horses, the consuls had added a fifth wheel. In addition to the old conundrum, "Who is the king?" they had supplied a new one, "What is the vice-king?"

Two royal lines; some cloudy idea of alternation between the two; an electorate in which the vote of each province is immediately effectual, as regards itself, so that every candidate who attains one *name* becomes a perpetual and dangerous competitor for the other four; such are a few of the more trenchant absurdities. Many argue that the whole idea of sovereignty is modern and imported; but it seems impossible that anything so foolish should have been suddenly devised, and the constitution bears on its front the marks of dotage.

But the king, once elected and nominated, what does he become? It may be said he remains precisely as he was. Election to one of the five names is significant; it brings not only dignity but power, and the holder is secure, from that moment, of a certain following in war. But I cannot find that the further step of election to the kingship implies anything worth mention. The successful candidate is now the *Tupu o Samoa*, much good may it do him! He can so sign himself on proclamations, which it does not follow that any one will heed. He can summon parliaments; it does not follow they will assemble. If he be too flagrantly dis-

obeyed, he can go to war. But so he could before, when he was only the chief of certain provinces. His own provinces will support him, the provinces of his rivals will take the field upon the other part; just as before. In so far as he is the holder of any of the five *names*, in short, he is a man to be reckoned with; in so far as he is king of Samoa, I cannot find but what the president of a college debating society is a far more formidable officer. And unfortunately, although the credit side of the account proves thus imaginary, the debit side is actual and heavy. For he is now set up to be the mark of consuls; he will be badgered to raise taxes, to make roads, to punish crime, to quell rebellion: and how he is to do it is not asked.

If I am in the least right in my presentation of this obscure matter, no one need be surprised to hear that the land is full of war and rumours of war. Scarce a year goes by but what some province is in arms, or sits sulky and menacing, holding parliaments, disregarding the king's proclamations and planting food in the bush, the first step of military preparation. The religious sentiment of the people is indeed for peace at any price; no pastor can bear arms; and even the layman who does so is denied the sacraments. In the last war the college of Mālua, where the picked youth are prepared for the ministry, lost but a single student; the rest, in the bosom of a bleeding country and deaf to the voices of vanity and honour, peacefully pursued their studies. But if the church looks askance on war, the warrior in no extremity of need or passion forgets his consideration for the church. The houses and gardens of her ministers stand safe in the midst of armies; a way is reserved for themselves along the beach, where they may be seen in their white kilts and jackets openly passing the lines, while not a hundred yards behind the skirmishers will be ex-

changing the useless volleys of barbaric warfare. Women are also respected; they are not fired upon; and they are suffered to pass between the hostile camps, exchanging gossip, spreading rumour, and divulging to either army the secret councils of the other. This is plainly no savage war; it has all the punctilio of the barbarian, and all his parade; feasts precede battles, fine dresses and songs decorate and enliven the field; and the young soldier comes to camp burning (on the one hand) to distinguish himself by acts of valour, and (on the other) to display his acquaintance with field etiquette. Thus after Mataafa became involved in hostilities against the Germans, and had another code to observe besides his own, he was always asking his white advisers if "things were done correctly." Let us try to be as wise as Mataafa, and to conceive that etiquette and morals differ in one country and another. We shall be the less surprised to find Samoan war defaced with some unpalatable customs. The childish destruction of fruit trees in an enemy's country cripples the resources of Samoa; and the habit of head hunting not only revolts foreigners, but has begun to exercise the minds of the natives themselves. Soon after the German heads were taken, Mr. Carne, Wesleyan missionary, had occasion to visit Mataafa's camp, and spoke of the practice with abhorrence. "Misi Kāne," said one chief, "we have just been puzzling ourselves to guess where that custom came from. But, Misi, is it not so that when David killed Goliath, he cut off his head and carried it before the king?"

With the civil life of the inhabitants we have far less to do; and yet even here a word of preparation is inevitable. They are easy, merry, and pleasure loving; the gayest, though by far from either the most capable or the most beautiful of Polynesians. Fine dress is a passion, and makes a Samoan festival a thing of beauty.

Song is almost ceaseless. The boatman sings at the oar, the family at evening worship, the girls at night in the guest house, sometimes the workman at his toil. No occasion is too small for the poets and musicians; a death, a visit, the day's news, the day's pleasantry, will be set to rhyme and harmony. Even half-grown girls, the occasion arising, fashion words and train choruses of children for its celebration. Song, as with all Pacific islanders, goes hand in hand with the dance, and both shade into the drama. Some of the performances are indecent and ugly, some only dull; others are pretty, funny, and attractive. Games are popular. Cricket matches, where a hundred played upon a side, endured at times for weeks, and ate up the country like the presence of an army. Fishing, the daily bath, flirtation; courtship, which is gone upon by proxy; conversation, which is largely political; and the delights of public oratory; fill in the long hours.

But the special delight of the Samoan is the *malanga*. When people form a party and go from village to village, junketing and gossiping, they are said to go on a *malanga*. Their songs have announced their approach ere they arrive; the guest house is prepared for their reception; the virgins of the village attend to prepare the kava bowl and entertain them with the dance; time flies in the enjoyment of every pleasure which an islander conceives; and when the *malanga* sets forth, the same welcome and the same joys expect them beyond the next cape, where the nearest village nestles in its grove of palms. To the visitors it is all golden; for the hosts, it has another side. In one or two words of the language the fact peeps slyly out. The same word (*afemoeima*) expresses "a long call" and "to come as a calamity"; the same word (*lesolosolou*) signifies "to have no intermission of pain" and "to have no cessation, as in the arrival of visitors"; and

soua, used of epidemics, bears the sense of being overcome as with "fire, flood, or visitors." But the gem of the dictionary is the verb *alovao*, which illustrates its pages like a humorous wood-cut. It is used in the sense of "to avoid visitors," but it means literally "hide in the wood." So, by the sure hand of popular speech, we have the picture of the house deserted, the *malanga* disappointed, and the host that should have been, quaking in the bush.

We are thus brought to the beginning of a series of traits of manners, highly curious in themselves and essential to an understanding of the war. In Samoa authority sits on the one hand entranced; on the other, property stands bound in the midst of chartered marauders. What property exists is vested in the family, not in the individual; and of the loose communism in which a family dwells, the dictionary may yet again help us to some idea. I find a string of verbs with the following senses: to deal leniently with, as in helping oneself from a family plantation; to give away without consulting other members of the family; to go to strangers for help instead of to relatives; to take from relatives without permission; to steal from relatives; to have plantations robbed by relatives. The ideal of conduct in the family, and some of its depravations, appear here very plainly. The man who (in a native word of praise) is *mata-ainga*, a race-regarder, has his hand always open to his kindred; the man who is not (in a native term of contempt) *noa*, knows always where to turn in any pinch of want or extremity of laziness. Beggary within the family—and by the less self-respecting, without it—has thus grown into a custom and a scourge, and the dictionary teems with evidence of its abuse. Special words signify the begging of food, of uncooked food, of fish, of pigs, of pigs for travellers, of pigs for stock, of taro, of taro-

tops, of taro-tops for planting, of tools, of flyhooks, of implements for netting pigeons, and of mats. It is true the beggar was supposed in time to make a return, somewhat as by the Roman contract of *mutuum*. But the obligation was only moral; it could not be, or was not, enforced; as a matter of fact, it was disregarded. The language had recently to borrow from the Tahitians a word for debt; while by a significant excidence, it possessed a native expression for the failure to pay—" to omit to make a return for property begged." Conceive now the position of the householder besieged by harpies, and all defence denied him by the laws of honour. The sacramental gesture of refusal, his last and single resource, was supposed to signify " my house is destitute." Until that point was reached, in other words, the conduct prescribed for a Samoan was to give and to continue giving. But it does not appear he was at all expected to give with a good grace. The dictionary is well stocked with expressions standing ready, like missiles, to be discharged upon the locusts—" troop of shame-faced ones," " you draw in your head like a tern," " you make your voice small like a whistle pipe," " you beg like one delirious "; and the verb *pongitai*, " to look cross," is equipped with the pregnant rider, " as at the sight of beggars."

This insolence of beggars and the weakness of proprietors can only be illustrated by examples. We have a girl in our service to whom we had given some finery, that she might wait at table, and (at her own request) some warm clothing against the cold mornings of the bush. She went on a visit to her family, and returned in an old table-cloth, her whole wardrobe having been divided out among relatives in the course of twenty-four hours. A pastor in the province of Atua, being a handy, busy man, bought a boat for a hundred dollars, fifty of which he paid down. Presently after,

relatives came to him upon a visit and took a fancy to his new possession. "We have long been wanting a boat," said they. "Give us this one." So, when the visit was done, they departed in the boat. The pastor, meanwhile, travelled into Savaii the best way he could, sold a parcel of land, and begged mats among his other relatives, to pay the remainder of the price of the boat, which was no longer his. You might think this was enough, but some months later, the harpies, having broken a thwart brought back the boat to be repaired and repainted by the original owner.

Such customs, it might be argued, being double-edged, will ultimately right themselves. But it is otherwise in practice. Such folk as the pastor's harpy relatives will generally have a boat, and will never have paid for it; such men as the pastor may have sometimes paid for a boat, but they will never have one. It is there as it is with us at home; the measure of the abuse of either system is the blackness of the individual heart. The same man, who would drive his poor relatives from his own door in England, would besiege in Samoa the doors of the rich; and the essence of the dishonesty in either case is to pursue one's own advantage and to be indifferent to the losses of one's neighbour. But the particular drawback of the Polynesian system is to depress and stagger industry. To work more is there only to be more pillaged; to save is impossible. The family has then made a good day of it when all are filled and nothing remains over for the crew of free-booters; and the injustice of the system begins to be recognised even in Samoa. One native is said to have amassed a certain fortune; two clever lads have individually expressed to us their discontent with a system which taxes industry to pamper idleness; and I hear that in one village of Savaii a law has been passed forbidding gifts under the penalty of a sharp fine.

Under this economic regimen, the unpopularity of axes, which strike all at the same time, which expose he industrious to a perfect siege of mendicancy, and he lazy to be actually condemned to a day's labour, nay be imagined without words. It is more important o note the concurrent relaxation of all sense of property. From applying for help to kinsmen who are scarce permitted to refuse, it is but a step to taking from them in the dictionary phrase) " without permission "; from hat to theft at large is but a hair's-breadth.

CHAPTER II

THE ELEMENTS OF DISCORD: FOREIGN

The huge majority of Samoans, like other God-fearing folk in other countries, are perfectly content with their own manners. And upon one condition, it is plain they might enjoy themselves far beyond the average of man. Seated in islands very rich in food, the idleness of the many idle would scarce matter; and the provinces might continue to bestow their names among rival pretenders, and fall into war and enjoy that a while, and drop into peace and enjoy that, in a manner highly to be envied. But the condition—that they should be let alone—is now no longer possible. More than a hundred years ago, and following closely on the heels of Cook, an irregular invasion of adventurers began to swarm about the isles of the Pacific. The seven sleepers of Polynesia stand, still but half aroused, in the midst of the century of competition. And the island races, comparable to a shopful of crockery launched upon the stream of time, now fall to make their desperate voyage among pots of brass and adamant.

Apia, the port and mart, is the seat of the political sickness of Samoa. At the foot of a peaked woody mountain, the coast makes a deep indent, roughly semi-circular. In front the barrier reef is broken by the fresh water of the streams; if the swell be from the north, it enters almost without diminution; and the war-ships roll dizzily at their moorings, and along the fringing coral which follows the configuration of the beach, the surf breaks with a continuous uproar. In wild weather, as the world knows, the roads are untenable. Along the whole shore, which is everywhere green and level and overlooked by inland mountain tops, the town lies drawn out in strings and clusters. The western horn is Mulinuu, the eastern, Matautu

and from one to the other of these extremes, I ask the reader to walk. He will find more of the history of Samoa spread before his eyes in that excursion, than has yet been collected in the blue-books or the white-books of the world. Mulinuu (where the walk is to begin) is a flat, wind-swept promontory, planted with palms, backed against a swamp of mangroves, and occupied by a rather miserable village. The reader is informed that this is the proper residence of the Samoan kings; he will be the more surprised to observe a board set up, and to read that this historic village is the property of the German firm. But these boards, which are among the commonest features of the landscape, may be rather taken to imply that the claim has been disputed. A little farther east he skirts the stores, offices, and barracks of the firm itself. Thence he will pass through Matafele, the one really town-like portion of this long string of villages, by German bars and stores and the German consulate; and reach the Catholic mission and cathedral standing by the mouth of a small river. The bridge which crosses here (bridge of Mulivai) is a frontier; behind is Matafele; beyond, Apia proper; behind, Germans are supreme; beyond, with but few exceptions, all is Anglo-Saxon. Here the reader will go forward past the stores of Mr. Moors (American) and Messrs. MacArthur (English); past the English mission, the office of the English newspaper, the English church, and the old American consulate, till he reaches the mouth of a larger river, the Vaisingano. Beyond, in Matautu, his way takes him in the shade of many trees and by scattered dwellings, and presently brings him beside a great range of offices, the place and the monument of a German who fought the German firm during his life. His house (now he is dead) remains pointed like a discharged cannon at the citadel of his old enemies. Fitly enough, it is at present

leased and occupied by Englishmen. A little farther, and the reader gains the eastern flanking angle of the bay, where stands the pilot-house and signal post, and whence he can see, on the line of the main coast of the island, the British and the new American consulates.

The course of his walk will have been enlivened by a considerable to and fro of pleasure and business. He will have encountered many varieties of whites—sailors, merchants, clerks, priests, Protestant missionaries in their pith helmets, and the nondescript hangers-on of any island beach. And the sailors are sometimes in considerable force; but not the residents. He will think at times there are more signboards than men to own them. It may chance it is a full day in the harbour; he will then have seen all manner of ships, from men-of-war and deep-sea packets to the labour-vessels of the German firm and the cockboat island schooner; and if he be of an arithmetical turn, he may calculate that there are more whites afloat in Apia bay than whites ashore in the whole Archipelago. On the other hand, he will have encountered all ranks of natives, chiefs and pastors in their scrupulous white clothes; perhaps the king himself, attended by guards in uniform; smiling policemen with their pewter stars; girls, women, crowds of cheerful children. And he will have asked himself with some surprise where these reside. Here and there, in the back yards of European establishments, he may have had a glimpse of a native house elbowed in a corner; but since he left Mulinuu, none on the beach where islanders prefer to live, scarce one on the line of street. The handful of whites have everything; the natives walk in a foreign town. A year ago, on a knoll behind a bar-room, he might have observed a native house guarded by sentries and flown over by the standard of Samoa. He

would then have been told it was the seat of government, driven (as I have to relate) over the Mulivai and from beyond the German town into the Anglo-Saxon. To-day, he will learn it has been carted back again to its old quarters. And he will think it significant that the king of the islands should be thus shuttled to and fro in his chief city at the nod of aliens. And then he will observe a feature more significant still: a house with some concourse of affairs, policemen and idlers hanging by, a man at a bank-counter overhauling manifests, perhaps a trial proceeding in the front verandah, or perhaps the council breaking up in knots after a stormy sitting. And he will remember that he is in the *Eleele Sa*, the "Forbidden Soil" or Neutral Territory of the treaties; that the magistrate whom he has just seen trying native criminals is no officer of the native king's; and that this, the only port and place of business in the kingdom, collects and administers its own revenue for its own behoof by the hands of white councillors and under the supervision of white consuls. Let him go farther afield. He will find the roads almost everywhere to cease or to be made impassable by native pig-fences, bridges to be quite unknown, and houses of the whites to become at once a rare exception. Set aside the German plantations, and the frontier is sharp. At the boundary of the *Eleele Sa*, Europe ends, Samoa begins. Here, then, is a singular state of affairs: all the money, luxury, and business of kingdom centred in one place; that place excepted from the native government and administered by whites for whites; and the whites themselves holding it not in common but in hostile camps, so that it lies between them like a bone between two dogs, each growling, each clutching his own end.

Should Apia ever choose a coat of arms, I have a motto ready: "Enter Rumour painted full of tongues."

The majority of the natives do extremely little; the majority of the whites are merchants with some four mails in the month, shopkeepers with some ten or twenty customers a day, and gossip is the common resource of all. The town hums to the day's news, and the bars are crowded with amateur politicians. Some are office-seekers, and earwig king and consul, and compass the fall of officials, with an eye to salary. Some are humorists, delighted with the pleasure of faction for itself. "I never saw so good a place as this Apia," said one of these; "you can be in a new conspiracy every day!" Many, on the other hand, are sincerely concerned for the future of the country. The quarters are so close and the scale is so small, that perhaps not any one can be trusted always to preserve his temper. Every one tells everything he knows; that is our country sickness. Nearly every one has been betrayed at times, and told a trifle more; the way our sickness takes the predisposed. And the news flies, and the tongues wag, and fists are shaken. Pot boil and cauldron bubble!

Within the memory of man, the white people of Apia lay in the worst squalor of degradation. They are now unspeakably improved, both men and women. To-day they must be called a more than fairly respectable population, and a much more than fairly intelligent. The whole would probably not fill the ranks of even an English half-battalion, yet there are a surprising number above the average in sense, knowledge, and manners. The trouble (for Samoa) is that they are all here after a livelihood. Some are sharp practitioners, some are famous (justly or not) for foul play in business. Tales fly. One merchant warns you against his neighbour; the neighbour on the first occasion is found to return the compliment: each with a good circumstantial story to the proof. There is so much copra in the

islands, and no more; a man's share of it is his share of bread; and commerce, like politics, is here narrowed to a focus, shows its ugly side, and becomes as personal as fisticuffs. Close at their elbows, in all this contention, stands the native looking on. Like a child, his true analogue, he observes, apprehends, misapprehends, and is usually silent. As in a child, a considerable intemperance of speech is accompanied by some power of secrecy. News he publishes; his thoughts have often to be dug for. He looks on at the rude career of the dollar hunt, and wonders. He sees these men rolling in a luxury beyond the ambition of native kings; he hears them accused by each other of the meanest trickery; he knows some of them to be guilty; and what is he to think? He is strongly conscious of his own position as the common milk-cow; and what is he to do? "Surely these white men on the beach are not great chiefs?" is a common question, perhaps asked with some design of flattering the person questioned. And one, stung by the last incident into an unusual flow of English, remarked to me: "I begin to be weary of white men on the beach."

But the true centre of trouble, the head of the boil of which Samoa languishes, is the German firm. From the conditions of business, a great island house must ever be an inheritance of care: and it chances that the greatest still afoot has its chief seat in Apia bay, and has sunk the main part of its capital in the island of Upolu. When its founder, John Cæsar Godeffroy, went bankrupt over Russian paper and Westphalian iron, his most considerable asset was found to be the South Sea business. This passed (I understand) through the hands of Baring Brothers in London, and is now run by a company rejoicing in the Gargantuan name of the *Deutsche Handels und Plantagen Gesellschaft für Sud-See Inseln zu Hamburg*. This piece

of literature is (in practice) shortened to the D. H. and P. G., the Old Firm, the German Firm, the Firm, and (among humorists) the Long Handle Firm. Even from the deck of an approaching ship, the island is seen to bear its signature—zones of cultivation showing in a more vivid tint of green on the dark vest of forest. The total area in use is near ten thousand acres. Hedges of fragrant lime enclose, broad avenues intersect them. You shall walk for hours in parks of palm-tree alleys, regular, like soldiers on parade; in the recesses of the hills you may stumble on a mill-house, toiling and trembling there, fathoms deep in superincumbent forest. On the carpet of clean sward, troops of horses and herds of handsome cattle may be seen to browse; and to one accustomed to the rough luxuriance of the tropics, the appearance is of fairyland. The managers, many of them German sea-captains, are enthusiastic in their new employment. Experiment is continually afoot: coffee and cacao, both of excellent quality, are among the more recent outputs; and from one plantation quantities of pineapples are sent at a particular season to the Sydney markets. A hundred and fifty thousand pounds of English money, perhaps two hundred thousand, lie sunk in these magnificent estates. In estimating the expense of maintenance, quite a fleet of ships must be remembered, and a strong staff of captains, supercargoes, overseers, and clerks. These last mess together at a liberal board; the wages are high, and the staff is inspired with a strong and pleasing sentiment of loyalty to their employers.

Seven or eight hundred imported men and women toil for the company on contracts of three or of five years, and at a hypothetical wage of a few dollars in the month. I am now on a burning question: the labour traffic; and I shall ask permission in this place only to

touch it with the tongs. Suffice it to say that in Queensland, Fiji, New Caledonia, and Hawaii it has been either suppressed or placed under close public supervision. In Samoa, where it still flourishes, there is no regulation of which the public receives any evidence; and the dirty linen of the firm, if there be any dirty, and if it be ever washed at all, is washed in private. This is unfortunate, if Germans would believe it. But they have no idea of publicity, keep their business to themselves, rather affect to "move in a mysterious way," and are naturally incensed by criticisms, which they consider hypocritical, from men who would import "labour" for themselves if they could afford it, and would probably maltreat them if they dared. It is said the whip is very busy on some of the plantations; it is said that punitive extra-labour, by which the thrall's term of service is extended, has grown to be an abuse; and it is complained that, even where that term is out, much irregularity occurs in the repatriation of the discharged. To all this I can say nothing, good or bad. A certain number of the thralls, many of them wild negritos from the west, have taken to the bush, harbour there in a state partly bestial, or creep into the back quarters of the town to do a day's stealthy labour under the nose of their proprietors. Twelve were arrested one morning in my own boys' kitchen. Farther in the bush, huts, small patches of cultivation, and smoking ovens, have been found by hunters. There are still three runaways in the woods of Tutuila, whither they escaped upon a raft. And the Samoans regard these dark-skinned rangers with extreme alarm; the fourth refugee in Tutuila was shot down (as I was told in that island) while carrying off the virgin of a village; and tales of cannibalism run round the country, and the natives shudder about the evening fire. For the Samoans are not cannibals, do not seem to remember any period

when they were, and regard the practice with a disfavour equal to our own.

The firm is Gulliver among the Lilliputs; and it must not be forgotten that, while the small, independent traders are fighting for their own hand and inflamed with the usual jealousy against corporations, the Germans are inspired with a sense of the greatness of their affairs and interests. The thought of the money sunk, the sight of these costly and beautiful plantations menaced yearly by the returning forest, and the responsibility of administering with one hand so many conjunct fortunes, might well nerve the manager of such a company for desperate and questionable deeds. Upon this scale, commercial sharpness has an air of patriotism; and I can imagine the man, so far from higgling over the scourge for a few Solomon islanders, prepared to oppress rival firms, overthrow inconvenient monarchs, and let loose the dogs of war. Whatever he may decide, he will not want for backing. Every clerk will be eager to be up and strike a blow; and most Germans in the group, whatever they may babble of the firm over the walnuts and the wine, will rally round the national concern at the approach of difficulty. They are so few—I am ashamed to give their number, it were to challenge contradiction—they are so few, and the amount of national capital buried at their feet is so vast, that we must not wonder if they seem oppressed with greatness and the sense of empire. Other whites take part in our babbles, while temper holds out, with a certain schoolboy entertainment. In the Germans alone, no trace of humour is to be observed, and their solemnity is accompanied by a touchiness often beyond belief. Patriotism flies in arms about a hen; and if you comment upon the colour of a Dutch umbrella, you have cast a stone against the German emperor. I give one instance, typical although

extreme. One who had returned from Tutuila on the mail cutter complained of the vermin with which she is infested. He was suddenly and sharply brought to a stand. The ship of which he spoke, he was reminded, was a German ship.

John Cæsar Godeffroy himself had never visited the islands; his sons and nephews came, indeed, but scarcely to reap laurels; and the mainspring and head-piece of this great concern, until death took him, was a certain remarkable man of the name of Theodor Weber. He was of an artful and commanding character; in the smallest thing or the greatest, without fear or scruple; equally able to affect, equally ready to adopt, the most engaging politeness or the most imperious airs of domination. It was he who did most damage to rival traders; it was he who most harried the Samoans; and yet I never met any one, white or native, who did not respect his memory. All felt it was a gallant battle, and the man a great fighter; and now when he is dead, and the war seems to have gone against him, many can scarce remember, without a kind of regret, how much devotion and audacity have been spent in vain. His name still lives in the songs of Samoa. One, that I have heard, tells of *Misi Ueba* and a biscuit box—the suggesting incident being long since forgotten. Another sings plaintively how all things, land and food and property, pass progressively, as by a law of nature, into the hands of *Misi Ueba*, and soon nothing will be left for Samoans. This is an epitaph the man would have enjoyed.

At one period of his career, Weber combined the offices of director of the firm and consul for the City of Hamburg. No question but he then drove very hard. Germans admit that the combination was unfortunate; and it was a German who procured its overthrow. Captain Zembsch superseded him with an imperial

appointment, one still remembered in Samoa as "the gentleman who acted justly." There was no house to be found, and the new consul must take up his quarters at first under the same roof with Weber. On several questions, in which the firm was vitally interested, Zembsch embraced the contrary opinion. Riding one day with an Englishman in Vailele plantation, he was startled by a burst of screaming, leaped from the saddle, ran round a house, and found an overseer beating one of the thralls. He punished the overseer, and, being a kindly and perhaps not a very diplomatic man, talked high of what he felt and what he might consider it his duty to forbid or to enforce. The firm began to look askance at such a consul; and worse was behind. A number of deeds being brought to the consulate for registration, Zembsch detected certain transfers of land in which the date, the boundaries, the measure, and the consideration were all blank. He refused them with an indignation which he does not seem to have been able to keep to himself; and whether or not by his fault, some of these unfortunate documents became public. It was plain that the relations between the two flanks of the German invasion, the diplomatic and the commercial, were strained to bursting. But Weber was a man ill to conquer. Zembsch was recalled; and from that time forth, whether through influence at home, or by the solicitations of Weber on the spot, the German consulate has shown itself very apt to play the game of the German firm. That game, we may say, was twofold—the first part even praiseworthy, the second at least natural. On the one part, they desired an efficient native administration, to open up the country and punish crime; they wished, on the other, to extend their own provinces and to curtail the dealings of their rivals. In the first, they had the jealous and

diffident sympathy of all whites; in the second, they had all whites banded together against them for their lives and livelihoods. It was thus a game of *Beggar my Neighbour* between a large merchant and some small ones. Had it so remained, it would still have been a cut-throat quarrel. But when the consulate appeared to be concerned, when the warships of the German Empire were thought to fetch and carry for the firm, the rage of the independent traders broke beyond restraint. And, largely from the national touchiness and the intemperate speech of German clerks, this scramble among dollar hunters assumed the appearance of an inter-racial war.

The firm, with the indomitable Weber at its head and the consulate at its back—there has been the chief enemy of Samoa. No English reader can fail to be reminded of John Company; and if the Germans appear to have been not so successful, we can only wonder that our own blunders and brutalities were less severely punished. Even on the field of Samoa, though German faults and aggressions make up the burthen of my story, they have been nowise alone. Three nations were engaged in this infinitesimal affray, and not one appears with credit. They figure but as the three ruffians, of the elder playwrights. The States have the cleanest hands, and even theirs are not immaculate. It was an ambiguous business when a private American adventurer was landed with his pieces of artillery from an American war-ship, and became prime minister to the king. It is true (even if he were ever really supported) that he was soon dropped and had soon sold himself for money to the German firm. I will leave it to the reader whether this trait dignifies or not the wretched story. And the end of it spattered the credit alike of England and the States, when this man (the premier of a friendly sovereign) was kidnapped and

deported, on the requisition of an American consul, by the captain of an English war-ship. I shall have to tell, as I proceed, of villages shelled on very trifling grounds by Germans; the like has been done of late years, though in a better quarrel, by ourselves of England. I shall have to tell how the Germans landed and shed blood at Fangalii; it was only in 1876 that we British had our own misconceived little massacre at Mulinuu. I shall have to tell how the Germans bludgeoned Malietoa with a sudden call for money; it was something of the suddenest that Sir Arthur Gordon himself, smarting under a sensible public affront, made and enforced a somewhat similar demand.

CHAPTER III

THE SORROWS OF LAUPEPA

1883 to 1887

You ride in a German plantation and see no bush, no soul stirring; only acres of empty sward, miles of cocoa-nut alley: a desert of food. In the eyes of a Samoan the place has the attraction of a park for the holiday schoolboy, of a granary for mice. We must add the yet more lively allurement of a haunted house, for over these empty and silent miles there broods the fear of the negrito cannibal. For the Samoan besides, there is something barbaric, unhandsome, and absurd in the idea of thus growing food only to send it from the land and sell it. A man at home who should turn all Yorkshire into one wheatfield, and annually burn his harvest on the altar of Mumbo-Jumbo, might impress ourselves not much otherwise. And the firm which does these things is quite extraneous, a wen that might be excised to-morrow without loss but to itself: few natives drawing so much as day's wages; and the rest beholding in it only the occupier of their acres. The nearest villages have suffered most; they see over the hedge the lands of their ancestors waving with useless coco-palms; and the sales were often questionable, and must still more often appear so to regretful natives, spinning and improving yarns about the evening lamp. At the worst, then, to help oneself from the plantation will seem to a Samoan very like orchard-breaking to the British schoolboy; at the best, it will be thought a gallant Robin-Hoodish readjustment of a public wrong.

And there is more behind. Not only is theft from the plantations regarded rather as a lark and peccadillo, the idea of theft in itself is not very clearly present to these communists; and as to the punishment of crime

in general, a great gulph of opinion divides the natives from ourselves. Indigenous punishments were short and sharp. Death, deportation by the primitive method of setting the criminal to sea in a canoe, fines, and in Samoa itself the penalty of publicly biting a hot, ill-smelling root, comparable to a rough forfeit in a children's game—these are approved. The offender is killed, or punished and forgiven. We, on the other hand, harbour malice for a period of years: continuous shame attaches to the criminal; even when he is doing his best—even when he is submitting to the worst form of torture, regular work—he is to stand aside from life and from his family in dreadful isolation. These ideas most Polynesians have accepted in appearance, as they accept other ideas of the whites; in practice, they reduce it to a farce. I have heard the French resident in the Marquesas in talk with the French jailer of Tai-o-hae: "*Eh bien, où sont vos prisonnières?—Je crois, mon commandant, qu'elles sont allées quelque part faire une visite.*" And the ladies would be welcome. This is to take the most savage of Polynesians; take some of the most civilised. In Honolulu, convicts labour on the highways in piebald clothing, gruesome and ridiculous; and it is a common sight to see the family of such an one troop out, about the dinner hour, wreathed with flowers and in their holiday best, to picnic with their kinsman on the public wayside. The application of these outlandish penalties, in fact, transfers the sympathy to the offender. Remember, besides, that the clan system, and that imperfect idea of justice which is its worst feature, are still lively in Samoa; that it is held the duty of a judge to favour kinsmen, of a king to protect his vassals: and the difficulty of getting a plantation thief first caught, then convicted, and last of all punished, will appear.

During the early eighties, the Germans looked upon

this system with growing irritation. They might see their convict thrust in jail by the front door; they could never tell how soon he was enfranchised by the back; and they need not be the least surprised if they met him, a few days after, enjoying the delights of a *malanga*. It was a banded conspiracy, from the king and the vice-king downward, to evade the law and deprive the Germans of their profits. In 1883, accordingly, the consul, Dr. Stuebel, extorted a convention on the subject, in terms of which Samoans convicted of offences against German subjects were to be confined in a private jail belonging to the German firm. To Dr. Stuebel it seemed simple enough: the offenders were to be effectually punished, the sufferers partially indemnified. To the Samoans, the thing appeared no less simple, but quite different: "Malietoa was selling Samoans to Misi Ueba." What else could be expected? Here was a private corporation engaged in making money; to it was delegated, upon a question of profit and loss, one of the functions of the Samoan crown; and those who make anomalies must look for comments. Public feeling ran unanimous and high. Prisoners who escaped from the private jail were not recaptured or not returned, and Malietoa hastened to build a new prison of his own, whither he conveyed, or pretended to convey, the fugitives. In October, 1885, a trenchant state paper issued from the German consulate. Twenty prisoners, the consul wrote, had now been at large for eight months from Weber's prison. It was pretended they had since then completed their term of punishment elsewhere. Dr. Stuebel did not seek to conceal his incredulity; but he took ground beyond; he declared the point irrelevant. The law was to be enforced. The men were condemned to a certain period in Weber's prison; they had run away; they must now be brought back and (whatever had become of them

in the interval) work out the sentence. Doubtless Dr. Stuebel's demands were substantially just; but doubtless also they bore from the outside a great appearance of harshness; and when the king submitted, the murmurs of the people increased.

But Weber was not yet content. The law had to be enforced; property, or at least the property of the firm, must be respected. And during an absence of the consul's, he seems to have drawn up with his own hand, and certainly first showed to the king in his own house, a new convention. Weber here and Weber there. As an able man, he was perhaps in the right to prepare and propose conventions. As the head of a trading company, he seems far out of his part to be communicating state papers to a sovereign. The administration of justice was the colour, and I am willing to believe the purpose, of the new paper; but its effect was to depose the existing government. A council of two Germans and two Samoans were to be invested with the right to make laws and impose taxes as might be "desirable for the common interest of the Samoan government and the German residents." The provisions of this council the king and vice-king were to sign blindfold. And by a last hardship, the Germans, who received all the benefit, reserved a right to recede from the agreement on six months' notice; the Samoans, who suffered all the loss, were bound by it in perpetuity. I can never believe that my friend Dr. Stuebel had a hand in drafting these proposals; I am only surprised he should have been a party to enforcing them, perhaps the chief error in these islands of a man who has made few. And they were enforced with a rigour that seems injudicious. The Samoans (according to their own account) were denied a copy of the document; they were certainly rated and threatened; their deliberation was treated as contumacy; two German war-ships lay

in port, and it was hinted that these would shortly intervene.

Succeed in frightening a child, and he takes refuge in duplicity. "Malietoa," one of the chiefs had written, "we know well we are in bondage to the great governments." It was now thought one tyrant might be better than three, and any one preferable to Germany. On the 5th November, 1885, accordingly, Laupepa, Tamasese, and forty-eight high chiefs met in secret, and the supremacy of Samoa was secretly offered to Great Britain for the second time in history. Laupepa and Tamasese still figured as king and vice-king in the eyes of Dr. Stuebel; in their own they had secretly abdicated, were become private persons, and might do what they pleased without binding or dishonouring their country. On the morrow, accordingly, they did public humiliation in the dust before the consulate, and five days later signed the convention. The last was done, it is claimed, upon an impulse. The humiliation, which it appeared to the Samoans so great a thing to offer, to the practical mind of Dr. Stuebel seemed a trifle to receive; and the pressure was continued and increased. Laupepa and Tamasese were both heavy, well-meaning, inconclusive men. Laupepa, educated for the ministry, still bears some marks of it in character and appearance; Tamasese was in private of an amorous and sentimental turn, but no one would have guessed it from his solemn and dull countenance. Impossible to conceive two less dashing champions for a threatened race; and there is no doubt they were reduced to the extremity of muddlement and childish fear. It was drawing towards night on the 10th, when this luckless pair and a chief of the name of Tuiatafu set out for the German consulate, still minded to temporise. As they went, they discussed their case with agitation. They could see the lights of the German war-ships as

they walked—an eloquent reminder. And it was then that Tamasese proposed to sign the convention. "It will give us peace for the day," said Laupepa, "and afterwards Great Britain must decide."—"Better fight Germany than that!" cried Tuiatafu, speaking words of wisdom, and departed in anger. But the two others proceeded on their fatal errand; signed the convention, writing themselves king and vice-king, as they now believed themselves to be no longer; and with childish perfidy took part in a scene of "reconciliation" at the German consulate.

Malietoa supposed himself betrayed by Tamasese. Consul Churchward states with precision that the document was sold by a scribe for thirty-six dollars. Twelve days later at least, November 22nd, the text of the address to Great Britain came into the hands of Dr. Stuebel. The Germans may have been wrong before; they were now in the right to be angry. They had been publicly, solemnly, and elaborately fooled; the treaty and the reconciliation were both fraudulent, with the broad, farcical fraudulency of children and barbarians. This history is much from the outside; it is the digested report of eyewitnesses; it can be rarely corrected from state papers; and as to what consuls felt and thought, or what instructions they acted under, I must still be silent or proceed by guess. It is my guess that Stuebel now decided Malietoa Laupepa to be a man impossible to trust and unworthy to be dealt with. And it is certain that the business of his deposition was put in hand at once. The position of Weber, with his knowledge of things native, his prestige, and his enterprising intellect, must have always made him influential with the consul: at this juncture he was indispensable. Here was the deed to be done; here the man of action. "Mr. Weber rested not," says Laupepa. It was "like the old days of his own con-

sulate," writes Churchward. His messengers filled the isle; his house was thronged with chiefs and orators; he sat close over his loom, delightedly weaving the future. There was one thing requisite to the intrigue—a native pretender; and the very man, you would have said, stood waiting: Mataafa, titular of Atua, descended from both the royal lines, late joint king with Tamasese, fobbed off with nothing in the time of the Lackawanna treaty, probably mortified by the circumstance, a chief with a strong following, and in character and capacity high above the native average. Yet when Weber's spiriting was done, and the curtain rose on the set scene of the coronation, Mataafa was absent, and Tamasese stood in his place. Malietoa was to be deposed for a piece of solemn and offensive trickery, and the man selected to replace him was his sole partner and accomplice in the act. For so strange a choice, good ground must have existed; but it remains conjectural: some supposing Mataafa scratched as too independent: others that Tamasese had indeed betrayed Laupepa, and his new advancement was the price of his treachery.

So these two chiefs began to change places like the scales of a balance, one down, the other up. Tamasese raised his flag (Jan. 28th, 1886) in Leulumoenga, chief place of his own province of Aana, usurped the style of king, and began to collect and arm a force. Weber, by the admission of Stuebel, was in the market supplying him with weapons; so were the Americans; so, but for our salutary British law, would have been the British; for wherever there is a sound of battle, there will the traders be gathered together selling arms. A little longer, and we find Tamasese visited and addressed as king and majesty by a German commodore. Meanwhile, for the unhappy Malietoa, the road led downward. He was refused a bodyguard.

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He was turned out of Mulinuu, the seat of his royalty, on a land claim of Weber's, fled across the Mulivai, and "had the coolness" (German expression) to hoist his flag in Apia. He was asked "in the most polite manner," says the same account—"in the most delicate manner in the world," a reader of Marryat might be tempted to amend the phrase—to strike his flag in his own capital; and on his "refusal to accede to this request," Dr. Stuebel appeared himself with ten men and an officer from the cruiser *Albatross;* a sailor climbed into the tree and brought down the flag of Samoa, which was carefully folded and sent, "in the most polite manner," to its owner. The consuls of England and the States were there (the excellent gentlemen!) to protest. Last, and yet more explicit, the German commodore who visited and be-titled Tamasese, addressed the king—we may surely say the late king—as "the High Chief Malietoa."

Had he no party, then? At that time, it is probable, he might have called some five-sevenths of Samoa to his standard. And yet he sat there, helpless monarch, like a fowl trussed for roasting. The blame lies with himself, because he was a helpless creature; it lies also with England and the States. Their agents on the spot preached peace (where there was no peace, and no pretence of it) with eloquence and iteration. Secretary Bayard seems to have felt a call to join personally in the solemn farce, and was at the expense of a telegram in which he assured the sinking monarch it was "for the higher interests of Samoa" he should do nothing. There was no man better at doing that; the advice came straight home, and was devoutly followed. And to be just to the great powers, something was done in Europe; a conference was called, it was agreed to send commissioners to Samoa, and the decks had to be hastily cleared against their visit. Dr. Stuebel had

attached the municipality of Apia and hoisted the German war-flag over Mulinuu; the American consul (in a sudden access of good service) had flown the stars and stripes over Samoan colours; on either side these steps were solemnly retracted. The Germans expressly disowned Tamasese; and the islands fell into a period of suspense, of some twelve months' duration, during which the seat of the history was transferred to other countries and escapes my purview. Here on the spot, I select three incidents: the arrival on the scene of a new actor, the visit of the Hawaiian embassy, and the riot on the emperor's birthday. The rest shall be silence; only it must be borne in view that Tamasese all the while continued to strengthen himself in Leulumoenga, and Laupepa sat inactive listening to the song of consuls.

Captain Brandeis. The new actor was Brandeis, a Bavarian captain of artillery, of a romantic and adventurous character. He had served with credit in war; but soon wearied of garrison life, resigned his battery, came to the States, found employment as a civil engineer, visited Cuba, took a sub-contract on the Panama Canal, caught the fever, and came (for the sake of the sea-voyage) to Australia. He had that natural love for the tropics which lies so often latent in persons of a northern birth; difficulty and danger attracted him; and when he was picked out for secret duty, to be the hand of Germany in Samoa, there is no doubt but he accepted the post with exhilaration. It is doubtful if a better choice could have been made. He had courage, integrity, ideas of his own, and loved the employment, the people, and the place. Yet there was a fly in the ointment. The double error of unnecessary stealth and of the immixture of a trading company in political affairs, has vitiated and in the end

defeated, much German policy. And Brandeis was introduced to the islands as a clerk, and sent down to Leulumoenga (where he was soon drilling the troops and fortifying the position of the rebel king) as an agent of the German firm. What this mystification cost in the end I shall tell in another place; and even in the beginning, it deceived no one. Brandeis is a man of notable personal appearance; he looks the part allotted him; and the military clerk was soon the centre of observation and rumour. Malietoa wrote and complained of his presence to Becker, who had succeeded Dr. Stuebel in the consulate. Becker replied, "I have nothing to do with the gentleman Brandeis. Be it well known that the gentleman Brandeis has no appointment in a military character, but resides peaceably assisting the government of Leulumoenga in their work, for Brandeis is a quiet, sensible gentleman." And then he promised to send the vice-consul to "get information of the captain's doings": surely supererogation of deceit.

The Hawaiian Embassy. The prime minister of the Hawaiian kingdom was, at this period, an adventurer of the name of Gibson. He claimed, on the strength of a romantic story, to be the heir of a great English house. He had played a part in a revolt in Java, had languished in Dutch fetters, and had risen to be a trusted agent of Brigham Young, the Utah president. It was in this character of a Mormon emissary that he first came to the islands of Hawaii, where he collected a large sum of money for the Church of the Latter Day Saints. At a given moment, he dropped his saintship and appeared as a Christian and the owner of a part of the island of Lanai. The steps of the transformation are obscure; they seem, at least, to have been ill-received at Salt Lake; and there is evidence to the effect

that he was followed to the island by Mormon assassins. His first attempt on politics was made under the auspices of what is called the missionary party, and the canvass conducted largely (it is said with tears) on the platform at prayer meetings. It resulted in defeat. Without any decency of delay he changed his colours, abjured the errors of reform, and, with the support of the Catholics, rose to the chief power. In a very brief interval he had thus run through the gamut of religions in the South Seas. It does not appear that he was any more particular in politics, but he was careful to consult the character and prejudices of the late king, Kalakaua. That amiable, far from unaccomplished, but too convivial sovereign, had a continued use for money: Gibson was observant to keep him well supplied. Kalakaua (one of the most theoretical of men) was filled with visionary schemes for the protection and development of the Polynesian race: Gibson fell in step with him; it is even thought he may have shared in his illusions. The king and minister at least conceived between them a scheme of island confederation—the most obvious fault of which was that it came too late—and armed and fitted out the cruiser *Kaimiloa*, nest-egg of the future navy of Hawaii. Samoa, the most important group still independent and one immediately threatened with aggression, was chosen for the scene of action. The Hon. John E. Bush, a half-caste Hawaiian, sailed (December, 1887) for Apia as minister plenipotentiary, accompanied by a secretary of legation, Henry F. Poor; and, as soon as she was ready for sea, the war-ship followed in support. The expedition was futile in its course, almost tragic in result. The *Kaimiloa* was from the first a scene of disaster and dilapidation: the stores were sold; the crew revolted; for a great part of a night, she was in the hands of mutineers, and the secretary lay bound upon the deck.

The mission, installing itself at first with extravagance in Matautu, was helped at last out of the island by the advances of a private citizen. And they returned from dreams of Polynesian independence to find their own city in the hands of a clique of white shopkeepers, and the great Gibson once again in jail. Yet the farce had not been quite without effect. It had encouraged the natives for the moment, and it seems to have ruffled permanently the temper of the Germans. So might a fly irritate Cæsar.

The arrival of a mission from Hawaii would scarce affect the composure of the courts of Europe. But in the eyes of Polynesians the little kingdom occupies a place apart. It is there alone that men of their race enjoy most of the advantages and all the pomp of independence; news of Hawaii and descriptions of Honolulu are grateful topics in all parts of the South Seas; and there is no better introduction than a photograph in which the bearer shall be represented in company with Kalakaua. Laupepa was, besides, sunk to the point at which an unfortunate begins to clutch at straws, and he received the mission with delight. Letters were exchanged between him and Kalakaua; a deed of confederation was signed, 17th February, 1887, and the signature celebrated in the new house of the Hawaiian embassy with some original ceremonies. Malietoa came, attended by his ministry, several hundred chiefs, two guards, and six policemen. Laupepa, always decent, withdrew at an early hour; by those that remained, all decency appears to have been forgotten; high chiefs were seen to dance; and day found the house carpeted with slumbering grandees, who must be roused, doctored with coffee, and sent home. As a first chapter in the history of Polynesian Confederation, it was hardly cheering, and Laupepa remarked to one of the embassy, with equal

dignity and sense: "If you have come here to teach my people to drink, I wish you had stayed away."

The Germans looked on from the first with natural irritation that a power of the powerlessness of Hawaii should thus profit by its undeniable footing in the family of nations, and send embassies, and make believe to have a navy, and bark and snap at the heels of the great German Empire. But Becker could not prevent the hunted Laupepa from taking refuge in any hole that offered, and he could afford to smile at the fantastic orgy in the embassy. It was another matter when the Hawaiians approached the intractable Mataafa, sitting still in his Atua government like Achilles in his tent, helping neither side, and (as the Germans suspected) keeping the eggs warm for himself. When the *Kaimiloa* steamed out of Apia on this visit, the German war-ship *Adler* followed at her heels; and Mataafa was no sooner set down with the embassy than he was summoned and ordered on board by two German officers. The step is one of those triumphs of temper which can only be admired. Mataafa is entertaining the plenipotentiary of a sovereign power in treaty with his own king, and the captain of a German corvette orders him to quit his guests.

But there was worse to come. I gather that Tamasese was at the time in the sulks. He had doubtless been promised prompt aid and prompt success; he had seen himself surreptitiously helped, privately ordered about, and publicly disowned; and he was still the king of nothing more than his own province and already the second in command of Captain Brandeis. With the adhesion of some part of his native cabinet and behind the back of his white minister, he found means to communicate with the Hawaiians. A passage on the *Kaimiloa*, a pension, and a home in Honolulu were the bribes proposed; and he seems to have been tempted. A

day was set for a secret interview. Poor, the Hawaiian secretary, and J. D. Strong, an American painter attached to the embassy in the surprising quality of "Government Artist," landed with a Samoan boat's-crew in Aana; and while the secretary hid himself, according to agreement, in the outlying home of an English settler, the artist (ostensibly bent on photography) entered the headquarters of the rebel king. It was a great day in Leulumoenga; three hundred recruits had come in, a feast was cooking; and the photographer, in view of the native love of being photographed, was made entirely welcome. But beneath the friendly surface all were on the alert. The secret had leaked out: Weber beheld his plans threatened in the root; Brandeis trembled for the possession of his slave and sovereign; and the German vice-consul, Mr. Sonnenschein, had been sent or summoned to the scene of danger.

It was after dark, prayers had been said and the hymns sung through all the village, and Strong and the Germans sat together on the mats in the house of Tamasese, when the events began. Strong speaks German freely, a fact which he had not disclosed, and he was scarce more amused than embarrassed to be able to follow all the evening the dissension and the changing counsels of his neighbours. First, the king himself was missing, and there was a false alarm that he had escaped and was already closeted with Poor. Next came certain intelligence that some of the ministry had run the blockade, and were on their way to the house of the English settler. Thereupon, in spite of some protests from Tamasese, who tried to defend the independence of his cabinet, Brandeis gathered a posse of warriors, marched out of the village, brought back the fugitives, and clapped them in the corrugated iron shanty which served as jail. Along with these he

seems to have seized Billy Coe, interpreter to the Hawaiians; and Poor, seeing his conspiracy public, burst with his boat's-crew into the town, made his way to the house of the native prime minister, and demanded Coe's release. Brandeis hastened to the spot, with Strong at his heels; and the two principals being both incensed, and Strong seriously alarmed for his friend's safety, there began among them a scene of great intemperance. At one point, when Strong suddenly disclosed his acquaintance with German, it attained a high style of comedy; at another, when a pistol was most foolishly drawn, it bordered on drama; and it may be said to have ended in a mixed genus, when Poor was finally packed into the corrugated iron jail along with the forfeited ministers. Meanwhile the captain of his boat, Siteoni, of whom I shall have to tell again, had cleverly withdrawn the boat's-crew at an early stage of the quarrel. Among the population beyond Tamasese's marches, he collected a body of armed men, returned before dawn to Leulumoenga, demolished the corrugated iron jail, and liberated the Hawaiian secretary and the rump of the rebel cabinet. No opposition was shown; and doubtless the rescue was connived at by Brandeis, who had gained his point. Poor had the face to complain the next day to Becker; but to compete with Becker in effrontery was labour lost. "You have been repeatedly warned, Mr. Poor, not to expose yourself among these savages," said he.

Not long after, the presence of the *Kaimiloa* was made a *casus belli* by the Germans; and the rough-and-tumble embassy withdrew, on borrowed money, to find their own government in hot water to the neck.

The Emperor's Birthday. It is possible, and it is alleged, that the Germans entered into the conference with hope. But it is certain they were resolved to remain prepared for either fate. And I take the liberty

of believing that Laupepa was not forgiven his duplicity; that, during this interval, he stood marked like a tree for felling and that his conduct was daily scrutinised for further pretexts of offence. On the evening of the emperor's birthday, March 22, 1887, certain Germans were congregated in a public bar. The season and the place considered, it is scarce cynical to assume they had been drinking; nor, so much being granted, can it be thought exorbitant to suppose them possibly in fault for the squabble that took place. A squabble, I say; but I am willing to call it a riot. And this was the new fault of Laupepa; this it is that was described by a German commodore as "the trampling upon by Malietoa of the German emperor." I pass the rhetoric by to examine the point of liability. Four natives were brought to trial for this horrid fact: not before a native judge, but the German magistrate of the tripartite municipality of Apia. One was acquitted, one condemned for theft, and two for assault. On appeal, not to Malietoa, but the three consuls, the case was by a majority of two to one returned to the magistrate and (as far as I can learn) was then allowed to drop. Consul Becker himself laid the chief blame on one of the policemen of the municipality, a half-white of the name of Scanlon. Him he sought to have discharged, but was again baffled by his brother consuls. Where, in all this, are we to find a corner of responsibility for the king of Samoa? Scanlon, the alleged author of the outrage, was a half-white; as Becker was to learn to his cost, he claimed to be an American subject; and he was not even in the king's employment. Apia, the scene of the outrage, was outside the king's jurisdiction by treaty; by the choice of Germany, he was not so much as allowed to fly his flag there. And the denial of justice (if justice were denied) rested with the consuls of Britain and the States.

But when a dog is to be beaten, any stick will serve. In the meanwhile, on the proposition of Mr. Bayard, the Washington conference on Samoan affairs was adjourned till autumn, so that "the ministers of Germany and Great Britain might submit the protocols to their respective governments."—"You propose that the conference is to adjourn and not be broken up?" asked Sir Lionel West.—"To adjourn for the reasons stated," replied Bayard. This was on July 26th; and, twenty-nine days later, by Wednesday the 24th of August, Germany had practically seized Samoa. For this flagrant breach of faith one excuse is openly alleged; another whispered. It is openly alleged that Bayard had shown himself impracticable; it is whispered that the Hawaiian embassy was an expression of American intrigue, and that the Germans only did as they were done by. The sufficiency of these excuses may be left to the discretion of the reader. But however excused, the breach of faith was public and express; it must have been deliberately predetermined; and it was resented in the States as a deliberate insult.

By the middle of August, 1887, there were five sail of German war-ships in Apia bay; the *Bismarck* of 3000 tons displacement; the *Carola*, the *Sophie*, and the *Olga*, all considerable ships; and the beautiful *Adler*, which lies there to this day, canted on her beam, dismantled, scarlet with rust, the day showing through her ribs. They waited inactive, as a burglar waits till the patrol goes by. And on the 23rd, when the mail had left for Sydney, when the eyes of the world were withdrawn, and Samoa plunged again for a period of weeks into her original island obscurity, Becker opened his guns. The policy was too cunning to seem dignified; it gave to conduct which would otherwise have seemed bold and even brutally straightforward, the appearance of a timid ambuscade; and helped to shake

men's reliance on the word of Germany. On the day named, an ultimatum reached Malietoa at Afenga, whither he had retired months before to avoid friction. A fine of one thousand dollars and an *ifo*, or public humiliation, were demanded for the affair of the emperor's birthday. Twelve thousand dollars were to be "paid quickly" for thefts from German plantations in the course of the last four years. "It is my opinion that there is nothing just or correct in Samoa while you are at the head of the government," concluded Becker. "I shall be at Afenga in the morning of to-morrow, Wednesday, at 11 A.M." The blow fell on Laupepa (in his own expression) "out of the bush"; the dilatory fellow had seen things hang over so long, he had perhaps begun to suppose they might hang over for ever; and here was ruin at the door. He rode at once to Apia, and summoned his chiefs. The council lasted all night long. Many voices were for defiance. But Laupepa had grown inured to a policy of procrastination; and the answer ultimately drawn only begged for delay till Saturday, the 27th. So soon as it was signed, the king took horse and fled in the early morning to Afenga; the council hastily dispersed; and only three chiefs, Selu, Seumanu, and Le Mamea, remained by the government building, tremulously expectant of the result.

By seven, the letter was received. By 7.30, Becker arrived in person, inquired for Laupepa, was evasively answered, and declared war on the spot. Before eight, the Germans (seven hundred men and six guns) came ashore and seized and hoisted German colours on the government building. The three chiefs had made good haste to escape; but a considerable booty was made of government papers, firearms, and some seventeen thousand cartridges. Then followed a scene which long rankled in the minds of the white in-

habitants, when the German marines raided the town in search of Malietoa, burst into private houses, and were accused (I am willing to believe on slender grounds) of violence to private persons.

On the morrow, the 25th, one of the German war-ships, which had been despatched to Leulumoenga over-night, re-entered the bay, flying the Tamasese colours at the fore. The new king was given a royal salute of twenty-one guns, marched through the town by the commodore and a German guard of honour, and established on Mulinuu with two or three hundred warriors. Becker announced his recognition to the other consuls. These replied by proclaiming Malietoa, and in the usual mealy-mouthed manner advised Samoans to do nothing. On the 27th, martial law was declared; and on the 1st September, the German squadron dispersed about the group, bearing along with them the proclamations of the new king. Tamasese was now a great man, to have five iron war-ships for his post-runners. But the moment was critical. The revolution had to be explained, the chiefs persuaded to assemble at a fono summoned for the 15th; and the ships carried not only a store of printed documents, but a squad of Tamasese orators upon their round.

Such was the German *coup d'état*. They had declared war with a squadron of five ships upon a single man; that man, late king of the group, was in hiding on the mountains; and their own nominee, backed by German guns and bayonets, sat in his stead on Mulinuu.

One of the first acts of Malietoa, on fleeing to the bush, was to send for Mataafa twice: "I am alone in the bush; if you do not come quickly, you will find me found." It is to be understood the men were near kinsmen, and had (if they had nothing else) a common jealousy. At the urgent cry, Mataafa set forth from

Falesá, and came to Mulinuu to Tamasese. "Wha is this that you and the German commodore hav decided on doing?" he inquired.—"I am going t obey the German consul," replied Tamasese, "whos wish it is that I should be the king and that all Samo should assemble here."—"Do not pursue in wrat against Malietoa," said Mataafa; "but try to brin about a compromise, and form a united government. —"Very well," said Tamasese, "leave it to me, and will try." From Mulinuu, Mataafa went on board th *Bismarck*, and was graciously received. "Probably, said the commodore, "we shall bring about a re conciliation of all Samoa through you"; and the asked his visitor if he bore any affection to Malietoa "Yes," said Mataafa.—"And to Tamasese?"—"T him also and if you desire the weal of Samoa, you wi allow either him or me to bring about a reconcilia tion."—"If it were my will," said the commodore "I would do as you say. But I have no will in th matter. I have instructions from the Kaiser, and cannot go back again from what I have been sent t do."—"I thought you would be commended," sai Mataafa, "if you brought about the weal of Samoa."— "I will tell you," said the commodore. "All shall g quietly. But there is one thing that must be done Malietoa must be deposed. I will do nothing to hir beyond; he will only be kept on board for a coupl of months and be well treated, just as we Germar did to the French chief [Napoleon III.] some time ag whom we kept a while and cared for well." Becke was no less explicit: war, he told Sewall, should no cease till the Germans had custody of Malietoa an Tamasese should be recognised.

Meantime, in the Malietoa provinces, a profoun impression was received. People trooped to the fugitive sovereign in the bush. Many natives in Api

brought their treasures, and stored them in the houses of white friends. The Tamasese orators were sometimes ill received. Over in Savaii, they found the village of Satupaitea deserted, save for a few lads at cricket. These they harangued, and were rewarded with ironical applause; and the proclamation, as soon as they had departed, was torn down. For this offence the village was ultimately burned by German sailors, in a very decent and orderly style, on the 3rd September. This was the dinner-bell of the fono on the 15th. The threat conveyed in the terms of the summons—"If any government district does not quickly obey this direction, I will make war on that government district"—was thus commented on and reinforced. And the meeting was in consequence well attended by chiefs of all parties. They found themselves unarmed among the armed warriors of Tamasese and the marines of the German squadron, and under the guns of five strong ships. Brandeis rose; it was his first open appearance, the German firm signing its revolutionary work. His words were few and uncompromising: 'Great are my thanks that the chiefs and heads of families of the whole of Samoa are assembled here this day. It is strictly forbidden that any discussion should take place as to whether it is good or not that Tamasese is king of Samoa, whether at this fono or at any future fono. I place for your signature the following: '*We inform all the people of Samoa of what follows:* (1) *The government of Samoa has been assumed by King Tuiaana Tamasese.* (2) *By order of the king, it was directed that a fono should take place to-day, composed of the chiefs and heads of families, and we have obeyed the summons. We have signed our names under this, 5th September*, 1887.'" Needs must under all these guns; and the paper was signed, but not without open sullenness. The bearing of Mataafa in particular was

long remembered against him by the Germans. "D you not see the king?" said the commodore, reprov ingly. "His father was no king," was the bold answe A bolder still has been printed, but this is Mataafa' own recollection of the passage. On the next day, th chiefs were all ordered back to shake hands wit Tamasese. Again they obeyed; but again their attitud was menacing, and some, it is said, audibly murmure as they gave their hands.

It is time to follow the poor Sheet of Paper (litera meaning of *Laupepa*), who was now to be blown so broadl over the face of earth. As soon as news reached him c the declaration of war, he fled from Afenga to Tanunga manono, a hamlet in the bush, about a mile and a ha behind Apia, where he lurked some days. On the 24th Selu, his secretary, despatched to the American Consu an anxious appeal, his majesty's "cry and prayer in behalf of "this weak people." By August 30th, th Germans had word of his lurking-place, surrounded th hamlet under cloud of night, and in the early mornin burst with a force of sailors on the houses. The peopl fled on all sides, and were fired upon. One boy was sho in the hand, the first blood of the war. But the kin was nowhere to be found; he had wandered farthe over the woody mountains, the backbone of the lanc towards Siumu and Safata. Here, in a safe place, h built himself a town in the forest, where he receive a continual stream of visitors and messengers. Da after day the German blue-jackets were employed i the hopeless enterprise of beating the forests for th fugitive; day after day they were suffered to pass unhur under the guns of ambushed Samoans; day after da they returned, exhausted and disappointed, to Apia Seumanu Tafa, high chief of Apia, was known to be i the forest with the king; his wife, Fatulia, was seize imprisoned in the German hospital, and when it wa

thought her spirit was sufficiently reduced, brought up for cross-examination. The wise lady confined herself in answer to a single word. "Is your husband near Apia?"—"Yes."—"Is he far from Apia?"—"Yes."—"Is he with king?"—"Yes."—"Are he and the king in different places?"—"Yes." Whereupon the witness was discharged. About the 10th of September, Laupepa was secretly in Apia at the American consulate with two companions. The German pickets were close set and visited by a strong patrol; and on his return, his party was observed and hailed and fired on by a sentry. They ran away on all fours in the dark, and so doing plumped upon another sentry, whom Laupepa grappled and flung in a ditch; for the Sheet of Paper, although infirm of character, is like most Samoans, of an able body. The second sentry (like the first) fired after his assailants at random in the dark; and the two shots awoke the curiosity of Apia. On the afternoon of the 16th, the day of the hand-shakings, Suatele, a high chief, despatched two boys across the island with a letter. They were most of the night upon the road; it was near three in the morning before the sentries in the camp of Malietoa beheld their lantern drawing near out of the wood; but the king was at once awakened. The news was decisive and the letter peremptory: if Malietoa did not give himself up before ten on the morrow, he was told that great sorrows must befall his country. I have not been able to draw Laupepa as a hero; but he is a man of certain virtues, which the Germans had now given him an occasion to display. Without hesitation he sacrificed himself, penned his touching farewell to Samoa, and making more expedition than the messengers, passed early behind Apia to the banks of the Vaisingano. As he passed, he detached a messenger to Mataafa at the Catholic mission. Mataafa followed by the same road, and the pair met

at the riverside and went and sat together in a house All present were in tears. "Do not let us weep," sai the talking man, Lauati. "We have no cause fo shame. We do not yield to Tamasese, but to th invincible strangers." The departing king bequeathe the care of his country to Mataafa; and when the latte sought to console him with the commodore's promises he shook his head, and declared his assurance that h was going to a life of exile and perhaps to death About two o'clock the meeting broke up; Mataaf returned to the Catholic mission by the back of th town; and Malietoa proceeded by the beach road t the German naval hospital, where he was received (a he owns, with perfect civility) by Brandeis. Abou three, Becker brought him forth again. As they went t the wharf, the people wept and clung to their departin monarch. A boat carried him on board the *Bismarck* and he vanished from his countrymen. Yet it was lon rumoured that he still lay in the harbour; and so lat as October 7th, a boy, who had been paddling roun the *Carola*, professed to have seen and spoken wit him. Here again the needless mystery affected by th Germans bitterly disserved them. The uncertaint which thus hung over Laupepa's fate, kept his nam continually in men's mouths. The words of his farewe rang in their ears: "To all Samoa: On account of m great love to my country and my great affection to a Samoa, this is the reason that I deliver up my body t the German government. That government may d as they wish to me. The reason of this is, because I d not desire that the blood of Samoa shall be spilt for m again. But I do not know what is my offence whic has caused their anger to me and to my country. And then, apostrophising the different provinces "Tuamasanga, farewell! Manono and family, far well! So, also, Salafai, Tutuila, Aana, and Atu

farewell! If we do not again see one another in this world, pray that we may be again together above." So the sheep departed with the halo of a saint, and men thought of him as of some King Arthur snatched into Avillion.

On board the *Bismarck*, the commodore shook hands with him, told him he was to be "taken away from all the chiefs with whom he had been accustomed," and had him taken to the ward-room under guard. The next day he was sent to sea in the *Adler*. There went with him his brother Moli, one Meisake, and one Alualu, half-caste German, to interpret. He was respectfully used; he dined in the stern with the officers, but the boys dined "near where the fire was." They came to a "newly-formed place" in Australia, where the *Albatross* was lying and a British ship, which he knew to be a man-of-war "because the officers were nicely dressed and wore epaulettes." Here he was transhipped, "in a boat with a screen," which he supposed was to conceal him from the British ship; and on board the *Albatross* was sent below and told he must stay there till they had sailed. Later, however, he was allowed to come on deck, where he found they had rigged a screen (perhaps an awning) under which he walked, looking at "the newly-formed settlement," and admiring a big house "where he was sure the governor lived." From Australia, they sailed some time, and reached an anchorage where a consul-general came on board, and where Laupepa was only allowed on deck at night. He could then see the lights of a town with wharves; he supposes Cape Town. Off the Cameroons they anchored or lay-to, far at sea, and sent a boat ashore to see (he supposes) that there was no British man-of-war. It was the next morning before the boat returned, when the *Albatross* stood in and came to anchor near another German ship. Here

Alualu came to him on deck and told him this was the place. "That is an astonishing thing," said he. "I thought I was to go to Germany. I do not know what this means; I do not know what will be the end of it; my heart is troubled." Whereupon Alualu burst into tears. A little after, Laupepa was called below to the captain and the governor. The last addressed him: "This is my own place, a good place, a warm place. My house is not yet finished, but when it is, you shall live in one of my rooms until I can make a house for you." Then he was taken ashore and brought to a tall, iron house. "This house is regulated," said the governor; "there is no fire allowed to burn in it." In one part of this house, weapons of the government were hung up; there was a passage, and on the other side of the passage, fifty criminals were chained together, two and two, by the ankles. The windows were out of reach; and there was only one door, which was opened at six in the morning and shut again at six at night. All day he had his liberty, went to the Baptist Mission, and walked about viewing the negroes, who were "like the sand on the seashore" for number. At six they were called into the house and shut in for the night without beds or lights. "Although they gave me no light," said he, with a smile, "I could see I was in a prison." Good food was given him: biscuits, "tea made with warm water," beef, etc.; all excellent. Once, in their walks, they spied a breadfruit tree bearing in the garden of an English merchant, ran back to the prison to get a shilling, and came and offered to purchase. "I am not going to sell breadfruit to you people," said the merchant; "come and take what you like." Here Malietoa interrupted himself to say it was the only tree bearing in the Cameroons. "The governor had none, or he would have given it to me." On the passage from the Cameroons to Germany

he had great delight to see the cliffs of England. He saw "the rocks shining in the sun, and three hours later was surprised to find them sunk in the heavens." He saw also wharves and immense buildings; perhaps Dover and its castle. In Hamburg, after breakfast, Mr. Weber, who had now finally "ceased from troubling" Samoa, came on board, and carried him ashore "suitably" in a steam launch to "a large house of the government," where he stayed till noon. At noon Weber told him he was going to "the place where ships are anchored that go to Samoa," and led him to "a very magnificent house, with carriages inside and a wonderful roof of glass"; to wit, the railway station. They were benighted on the train, and then went in "something with a house, drawn by horses, which had windows and many decks"; plainly an omnibus. Here (at Bremen or Bremerhaven, I believe) they stayed some while in "a house of five hundred rooms"; then were got on board the *Nürnberg* (as they understood) for Samoa, anchored in England on a Sunday, were joined *en route* by the famous Dr. Knappe, passed through "a narrow passage where they went very slow and which was just like a river," and beheld with exhilarated curiosity that Red Sea of which they had learned so much in their Bibles. At last, "at the hour when the fires burn red," they came to a place where was a German man-of-war. Laupepa was called, with one of the boys, on deck, when he found a German officer awaiting him, and a steam launch alongside, and was told he must now leave his brother and go elsewhere. "I cannot go like this," he cried. "You must let me see my brother and the other old men"—a term of courtesy. Knappe, who seems always to have been good-natured, revised his orders, and consented not only to an interview, but to allow Moli to continue to accompany the king. So

these two were carried to the man-of-war, and sailed many a day, still supposing themselves bound for Samoa; and lo! she came to a country the like of which they had never dreamed of, and cast anchor in the great lagoon of Jaluit; and upon that narrow land the exiles were set on shore. This was the part of his captivity on which he looked back with the most bitterness. It was the last, for one thing, and he was worn down with the long suspense, and terror, and deception. He could not bear the brackish water; and though "the Germans were still good to him, and gave him beef and biscuit and tea," he suffered from the lack of vegetable food.

Such is the narrative of this simple exile. I have not sought to correct it by extraneous testimony. It is not so much the facts that are historical, as the man's attitude. No one could hear this tale as he originally told it in my hearing—I think none can read it as here condensed and unadorned—without admiring the fairness and simplicity of the Samoan; and wondering at the want of heart—or want of humour—in so many successive civilised Germans, that they should have continued to surround this infant with the secrecy of state.

CHAPTER IV

BRANDEIS

September, '87 to August, '88

So Tamasese was on the throne, and Brandeis behind it; and I have now to deal with their brief and luckless reign. That it was the reign of Brandeis needs not to be argued: the policy is throughout that of an able, over-hasty white, with eyes and ideas. But it should be borne in mind that he had a double task, and must first lead his sovereign, before he could begin to drive their common subjects. Meanwhile, he himself was exposed (if all tales be true) to much dictation and interference and to some "cumbrous aid," from the consulate and the firm. And to one of these aids, the suppression of the municipality, I am inclined to attribute his ultimate failure.

The white enemies of the new regimen were of two classes. In the first stood Moors and the employés of MacArthur, the two chief rivals of the firm, who saw with jealousy a clerk (or a so-called clerk) of their competitors advanced to the chief power. The second class, that of the officials, numbered at first exactly one. Wilson, the English acting consul, is understood to have held strict orders to help Germany. Commander Leary of the *Adams*, the American captain, when he arrived, on the 16th October, and for some time after, seemed devoted to the German interest, and spent his days with a German officer, Captain Von Widersheim, who was deservedly beloved by all who knew him. There remains the American consul-general, Harold Marsh Sewall, a young man of high spirit and a generous disposition. He had obeyed the orders of his government with a grudge; and looked back on his past action with regret almost to be called repentance. From the moment of the declaration of war

against Laupepa, we find him standing forth in bold, consistent, and sometimes rather captious opposition, stirring up his government at home with clear and forcible despatches, and on the spot grasping at every opportunity to thrust a stick into the German wheels. For some while, he and Moors fought their difficult battle in conjunction; in the course of which, first one, and then the other, paid a visit home to reason with the authorities at Washington; and during the consul's absence, there was found an American clerk in Apia, William Blacklock, to perform the duties of the office with remarkable ability and courage. The three names just brought together, Sewall, Moors, and Blacklock, make the head and front of the opposition; if Tamasese fell, if Brandeis was driven forth, if the treaty of Berlin was signed, theirs is the blame or the credit.

To understand the feelings of self-reproach and bitterness with which Sewall took the field, the reader must see Laupepa's letter of farewell to the consuls of England and America. It is singular that this far from brilliant or dignified monarch, writing in the forest, in heaviness of spirit and under pressure for time, should have left behind him not only one, but two remarkable and most effective documents. The farewell to his people was touching; the farewell to the consuls, for a man of the character of Sewall, must have cut like a whip. "When the chief Tamasese and others first moved the present troubles," he wrote, "it was my wish to punish them and put an end to the rebellion; but I yielded to the advice of the British and American consuls. Assistance and protection was repeatedly promised to me and my government, if I abstained from bringing war upon my country. Relying upon these promises, I did not put down the rebellion. Now I find that war has been made upon me by the Emperor of Germany, and Tamasese has

been proclaimed king of Samoa. I desire to remind you of the promises so frequently made by your government, and trust that you will so far redeem them as to cause the lives and liberties of my chiefs and people to be respected."

Sewall's immediate adversary was, of course, Becker. I have formed an opinion of this gentleman, largely from his printed despatches, which I am at a loss to put in words. Astute, ingenious, capable, at moments almost witty with a kind of glacial wit in action, he displayed in the course of this affair every description of capacity but that which is alone useful and which springs from a knowledge of men's natures. It chanced that one of Sewall's early moves played into his hands, and he was swift to seize and to improve the advantage. The neutral territory and the tripartite municipality of Apia were eyesores to the German consulate and Brandeis. By landing Tamasese's two or three hundred warriors at Mulinuu, as Becker himself owns, they had infringed the treaties, and Sewall entered protest twice. There were two ways of escaping this dilemma: one was to withdraw the warriors; the other, by some hocus-pocus, to abrogate the neutrality. And the second had subsidiary advantages: it would restore the taxes of the richest district in the islands to the Samoan king; and it would enable them to substitute over the royal seat the flag of Germany for the new flag of Tamasese. It is true (and it was the subject of much remark) that these two could hardly be distinguished by the naked eye; but their effects were different. To seat the puppet king on German land and under German colours, so that any rebellion was constructive war on Germany, was a trick apparently invented by Becker, and which we shall find was repeated and persevered in till the end.

Otto Martin was at this time magistrate in the muni-

cipality. The post was held in turn by the three nationalities; Martin had served far beyond his term, and should have been succeeded months before by an American. To make the change it was necessary to hold a meeting of the municipal board, consisting of the three consuls, each backed by an assessor. And for some time these meetings had been evaded or refused by the German consul. As long as it was agreed to continue Martin, Becker had attended regularly; as soon as Sewall indicated a wish for his removal, Becker tacitly suspended the municipality by refusing to appear. This policy was now the more necessary; for if the whole existence of the municipality were a check on the freedom of the new government, it was plainly less so when the power to enforce and punish lay in German hands. For some while back the Malietoa flag had been flown on the municipal building: Becker denies this; I am sorry; my information obliges me to suppose he is in error. Sewall, with post-mortem loyalty to the past, insisted that this flag should be continued. And Becker immediately made his point. He declared, justly enough, that the proposal was hostile, and argued it was impossible he should attend a meeting under a flag with which his sovereign was at war. Upon one occasion of urgency, he was invited to meet the two other consuls at the British consulate; even this he refused; and for four months the municipality slumbered, Martin still in office. In the month of October, in consequence, the British and American ratepayers announced they would refuse to pay. Becker doubtless rubbed his hands. On Saturday, the 10th, the chief Tamaseu, a Malietoa man of substance and good character, was arrested on a charge of theft believed to be vexatious, and cast by Martin into the municipal prison. He sent to Moors, who was his tenant and owed him money at the time,

for bail. Moors applied to Sewall, ranking consul. After some search, Martin was found and refused to consider bail before Monday morning. Whereupon Sewall demanded the keys from the jailer, accepted Moors's verbal recognisances, and set Tamaseu free.

Things were now at a deadlock; and Becker astonished every one by agreeing to a meeting on the 14th. It seems he knew what to expect. Writing on the 13th at least, he prophesies that the meeting will be held in vain, that the municipality must lapse, and the government of Tamasese step in. On the 14th, Sewall left his consulate in time, and walked some part of the way to the place of meeting in company with Wilson, the English pro-consul. But he had forgotten a paper and in an evil hour returned for it alone. Wilson arrived without him, and Becker broke up the meeting for want of a quorum. There was some unedifying disputation as to whether he had waited ten or twenty minutes, whether he had been officially or unofficially informed by Wilson that Sewall was on the way, whether the statement had been made to himself or to Weber * in answer to a question, and whether he had heard Wilson's answer or only Weber's question: all otiose; if he heard the question, he was bound to have waited for the answer; if he heard it not, he should have put it himself; and it was the manifest truth that he rejoiced in his occasion. "Sir," he wrote to Sewall, "I have the honour to inform you that, to my regret, I am obliged to consider the municipal government to be provisionally in abeyance since you have withdrawn your consent to the continuation of Mr. Martin in his position as magistrate, and since you have refused to take part in the meeting of the municipal board agreed to for the purpose of electing a magistrate. The government of the town and muni-

* Brother and successor of Theodor.

cipality rests, as long as the municipality is in abeyance, with the Samoan government. The Samoan government has taken over the administration, and has applied to the commander of the imperial German squadron for assistance in the preservation of good order." This letter was not delivered until 4 P.M. By three, sailors had been landed. Already German colours flew over Tamasese's headquarters at Mulinuu, and German guards had occupied the hospital, the German consulate, and the municipal jail and court-house, where they stood to arms under the flag of Tamasese. The same day Sewall wrote to protest. Receiving no reply, he issued on the morrow a proclamation bidding all Americans look to himself alone. On the 26th, he wrote again to Becker, and on the 27th received this genial reply: "Sir, your high favour of the 26th of this month, I give myself the honour of acknowledging. At the same time I acknowledge the receipt of your high favour of the 14th October in reply to my communication of the same date, which contained the information of the suspension of the arrangements for the municipal government." There the correspondence ceased. And on the 18th January came the last step of this irritating intrigue, when Tamasese appointed a judge—and the judge proved to be Martin.

Thus was the adventure of the Castle Municipal achieved by Sir Becker the chivalrous. The taxes of Apia, the jail, the police, all passed into the hands of Tamasese-Brandeis; a German was secured upon the bench; and the German flag might wave over her puppet unquestioned. But there is a law of human nature which diplomatists should be taught at school, and it seems they are not: that men can tolerate bare injustice, but not the combination of injustice and subterfuge. Hence the chequered career of the thimble-

rigger. Had the municipality been seized by open force, there might have been complaint, it would not have aroused the same lasting grudge.

This grudge was an ill gift to bring to Brandeis, who had trouble enough in front of him without. He was an alien, he was supported by the guns of alien warships, and he had come to do an alien's work, highly needful for Samoa, but essentially unpopular with all Samoans. The law to be enforced, causes of dispute between white and brown to be eliminated, taxes to be raised, a central power created, the country opened up, the native race taught industry; all these were detestable to the natives, and to all of these he must set his hand. The more I learn of his brief term of rule, the more I learn to admire him, and to wish we had his like.

In the face of bitter native opposition he got some roads accomplished. He set up beacons. The taxes he enforced with necessary vigour. By the 6th of January, Aua and Fangatonga districts in Tutuila, having made a difficulty, Brandeis is down at the island in a schooner, with the *Adler* at his heels, seizes the chief Maunga, fines the recalcitrant districts in three hundred dollars for expenses, and orders all to be in by April 20th, which if it is not, "not one thing will be done," he proclaimed, "but war declared against you, and the principal chiefs taken to a distant island." He forbade mortgages of copra, a frequent source of trickery and quarrel; and to clear off those already contracted, passed a severe but salutary law. Each individual or family was first to pay off its own obligation; that settled, the free man was to pay for the indebted village, the free village for the indebted province, and one island for another. Samoa, he declared, should be free of debt within a year. Had he given it three years, and gone more gently, I believe it might have been accomplished. To make it the more

possible, he sought to interdict the natives from buying cotton stuffs and to oblige them to dress (at least for the time) in their own tapa. He laid the beginnings of a royal territorial army. The first draft was in his hands drilling. But it was not so much on drill that he depended; it was his hope to kindle in these men an *esprit de corps*, which should weaken the old local jealousies and bonds, and found a central or national party in the islands. Looking far before, and with a wisdom beyond that of many merchants, he had condemned the single dependence placed on copra for the national livelihood. His recruits, even as they drilled, were taught to plant cacao. Each, his term of active service finished, should return to his own land and plant and cultivate a stipulated area. Thus, as the young men continued to pass through the army, habits of discipline and industry, a central sentiment, the principles of the new culture, and actual gardens of cacao, should be concurrently spread over the face of the islands.

Tamasese received, including his household expenses, 1,960 dollars a year; Brandeis, 2,400. All such disproportions are regrettable, but this is not extreme: we have seen horses of a different colour since then. And the Tamaseseites, with true Samoan ostentation, offered to increase the salary of their white premier: an offer he had the wisdom and good feeling to refuse. A European chief of police received twelve hundred. There were eight head judges, one to each province, and appeal lay from the district judge to the provincial, thence to Mulinuu. From all salaries (I gather) a small monthly guarantee was withheld. The army was to cost from three to four thousand, Apia (many whites refusing to pay taxes since the suppression of the municipality) might cost three thousand more: Sir Becker's high feat of arms coming expensive (it will

be noticed) even in money. The whole outlay was estimated at twenty-seven thousand; and the revenue forty thousand: a sum Samoa is well able to pay.

Such were the arrangements and some of the ideas of this strong, ardent, and sanguine man. Of criticisms upon his conduct, beyond the general consent that he was rather harsh and in too great a hurry, few are articulate. The native paper of complaints was particularly childish. Out of twenty-three counts, the first two refer to the private character of Brandeis and Tamasese. Three complain that Samoan officials were kept in the dark as to the finances; one, of the tapa law; one, of the direct appointment of chiefs by Tamasese-Brandeis, the sort of mistake into which Europeans in the South Seas fall so readily; one, of the enforced labour of chiefs; one, of the taxes; and one, of the roads. This I may give in full from the very lame translation in the American white book. "The roads that were made were called the Government Roads; they were six fathoms wide. Their making caused much damage to Samoa's lands and what was planted on it. The Samoans cried on account of their lands which were taken high-handedly and abused. They again cried on account of the loss of what they had planted, which was now thrown away in a high-handed way, without any regard being shown or question asked of the owner of the land, or any compensation offered for the damage done. This was different with foreigners' land; in their case permission was first asked to make the roads; the foreigners were paid for any destruction made." The sting of this count was, I fancy, in the last clause. No less than six articles complain of the administration of the law; and I believe that was never satisfactory. Brandeis told me himself he was never yet satisfied with any native judge. And men say (and it seems to fit in well with his hasty and eager character) that he

would legislate by word of mouth; sometimes forget what he had said; and on the same question arising in another province, decide it perhaps otherwise. I gather, on the whole, our artillery captain was not great in law. Two articles refer to a matter I must deal with more at length, and rather from the point of view of the white residents.

The common charge against Brandeis was that of favouring the German firm. Coming as he did, this was inevitable. Weber had bought Steinberger with hard cash; that was matter of history. The present government he did not even require to buy, having founded it by his intrigues, and introduced the premier to Samoa through the doors of his own office. And the effect of the initial blunder was kept alive by the chatter of the clerks in bar-rooms, boasting themselves of the new government and prophesying annihilation to all rivals. The time of raising a tax is the harvest of the merchant; it is the time when copra will be made, and must be sold; and the intention of the German firm, first in the time of Steinberger, and again in April and May, 1888, with Brandeis, was to seize and handle the whole operation. Their chief rivals were the Messrs. MacArthur; and it seems beyond question that provincial governors more than once issued orders forbidding Samoans to take money from "the New Zealand firm." These, when they were brought to his notice, Brandeis disowned, and he is entitled to be heard. No man can live long in Samoa and not have his honesty impugned. But the accusations against Brandeis's veracity are both few and obscure. I believe he was as straight as his sword. The governors doubtless issued these orders, but there were plenty besides Brandeis to suggest them. Every wandering clerk from the firm's office, every plantation manager would be dinning the same story in the native ear

And here again the initial blunder hung about the neck of Brandeis, a ton's weight. The natives, as well as the whites, had seen their premier masquerading on a stool in the office; in the eyes of the natives, as well as in those of the whites, he must always have retained the mark of servitude from that ill-judged passage; and they would be inclined to look behind and above him, to the great house of *Misi Ueba*. The government was like a vista of puppets. People did not trouble with Tamasese, if they got speech with Brandeis; in the same way, they might not always trouble to ask Brandeis, if they had a hint direct from *Misi Ueba*. In only one case, though it seems to have had many developments, do I find the premier personally committed. The MacArthurs claimed the copra of Fasitotai on a district mortgage of three hundred dollars. The German firm accepted a mortgage of the whole province of Aana, claimed the copra of Fasitotai as that of a part of Aana, and were supported by the government. Here Brandeis was false to his own principle, that personal and village debts should come before provincial. But the case occurred before the promulgation of the law, and was as a matter of fact the cause of it; so the most we can say is that he changed his mind, and changed it for the better. If the history of his government be considered—how it originated in an intrigue between the firm and the consulate, and was (for the firm's sake alone) supported by the consulate with foreign bayonets—the existence of the least doubt on the man's action must seem marvellous. We should have looked to find him playing openly and wholly into their hands; that he did not, implies great independence and much secret friction; and I believe (if the truth were known) the firm would be found to have been disgusted with the stubbornness of its intended tool, and Brandeis often impatient of the demands of his creators.

But I may seem to exaggerate the degree of white opposition. And it is true that before fate overtook the Brandeis government, it appeared to enjoy the fruits of victory in Apia; and one dissident, the unconquerable Moors, stood out alone to refuse his taxes. But the victory was in appearance only; the opposition was latent; it found vent in talk, and thus reacted on the natives; upon the least excuse, it was ready to flame forth again. And this is the more singular because some were far from out of sympathy with the native policy pursued. When I met Captain Brandeis, he was amazed at my attitude. "Whom did you find in Apia to tell you so much good of me?" he asked. I named one of my informants. "He?" he cried. "If he thought all that, why did he not help me?" I told him as well as I was able. The man was a merchant. He beheld in the government of Brandeis a government created by and for the firm who were his rivals. If Brandeis were minded to deal fairly, where was the probability that he would be allowed? If Brandeis insisted and were strong enough to prevail, what guarantee that, as soon as the government were fairly accepted, Brandeis might not be removed? Here was the attitude of the hour; and I am glad to find it clearly set forth in a despatch of Sewall's, June 18th, 1888, when he commends the law against mortgages, and goes on: "Whether the author of this law will carry out the good intentions which he professes—whether he will be allowed to do so, if he desires, against the opposition of those who placed him in power and protect him in the possession of it—may well be doubted." Brandeis had come to Apia in the firm's livery. Even while he promised neutrality in commerce, the clerks were prating a different story in the bar-rooms; and the late high feat of the knight-errant, Becker, had killed all confidence in Germans at the root. By these three

impolicies, the German adventure in Samoa was defeated.

I imply that the handful of whites were the true obstacle, not the thousands of malcontent Samoans; for had the whites frankly accepted Brandeis, the path of Germany was clear, and the end of their policy, however troublesome might be its course, was obvious. But this is not to say that the natives were content. In a sense, indeed, their opposition was continuous. There will always be opposition in Samoa when taxes are imposed; and the deportation of Malietoa stuck in men's throats. Tuiatua Mataafa refused to act under the new government from the beginning, and Tamasese usurped his place and title. As early as February, I find him signing himself "Tuiaana *Tuiatua* Tamasese," the first step on a dangerous path. Asi, like Mataafa, disclaimed his chiefship and declared himself a private person; but he was more rudely dealt with. German sailors surrounded his house in the night, burst in, and dragged the women out of the mosquito nets—an offence against Samoan manners. No Asi was to be found; but at last they were shown his fishing-lights on the reef, rowed out, took him as he was, and carried him on board a man-of-war, where he was detained some while between-decks. At last, January 16th, after a farewell interview over the ship's side with his wife, he was discharged into a ketch, and, along with two other chiefs, Maunga and Tuiletufunga, deported to the Marshalls. The blow struck fear upon all sides. Le Màmea (a very able chief) was secretly among the malcontents. His family and followers murmured at his weakness; but he continued, throughout the duration of the government, to serve Brandeis with trembling. A circus coming to Apia, he seized at the pretext for escape, and asked leave to accept an engagement in the company. "I will not allow you to make a

monkey of yourself," said Brandeis; and the phrase had a success throughout the islands, pungent expressions being so much admired by the natives that they cannot refrain from repeating them, even when they have been levelled at themselves. The assumption of the Atua *name* spread discontent in that province; many chiefs from thence were convicted of disaffection, and condemned to labour with their hands upon the roads—a great shock to the Samoan sense of the becoming, which was rendered the more sensible by the death of one of the number at his task. Mataafa was involved in the same trouble. His disaffected speech at a meeting of Atua chiefs was betrayed by the girls that made the kava, and the man of the future was called to Apia on safe-conduct, but, after an interview, suffered to return to his lair. The peculiarly tender treatment of Mataafa must be explained by his relationship to Tamasese. Laupepa was of Malietoa blood. The hereditary retainers of the Tupua would see him exiled even with some complacency. But Mataafa was Tupua himself; and Tupua men would probably have murmured, and would perhaps have mutinied, had he been harshly dealt with.

The native opposition, I say, was in a sense continuous. And it kept continuously growing. The sphere of Brandeis was limited to Mulinuu and the north central quarters of Opulu. There the taxes were expended; in the out-districts, men paid their money and saw no return. Here the eye and hand of the dictator were ready to correct the scales of justice; in the out-districts, all things lay at the mercy of the native magistrates, and their oppressions increased with the course of time and the experience of impunity. In the spring of the year, a very intelligent observer had occasion to visit many places in the island of Savaii. "Our lives are not worth living," was the burthen of

the popular complaint. "We are groaning under the oppression of these men. We would rather die than continue to endure it." On his return to Apia, he made haste to communicate his impressions to Brandeis. Brandeis replied in an epigram: "Where there has been anarchy in a country, there must be oppression for a time." But unfortunately the terms of the epigram may be reversed; and personal supervision would have been more in season than wit. The same observer who conveyed to him this warning thinks that, if Brandeis had himself visited the districts and inquired into complaints, the blow might yet have been averted and the government saved. At last, upon a certain unconstitutional act of Tamasese, the discontent took life and fire. The act was of his own conception; the dull dog was ambitious. Brandeis declares he would not be dissuaded; perhaps his adviser did not seriously try, perhaps did not dream that in that welter of contradictions, the Samoan constitution, any one point would be considered sacred. I have told how Tamasese assumed the title of Tuiatua. In August, 1888, a year after his installation, he took a more formidable step and assumed that of Malietoa. This name, as I have said, is of peculiar honour; it had been given to, it had never been taken from, the exiled Laupepa; those in whose grant it lay, stood punctilious upon their rights; and Tamasese, as the representative of their natural opponents, the Tupua line, was the last who should have had it. And there was yet more, though I almost despair to make it thinkable by Europeans. Certain old mats are handed down, and set huge store by; they may be compared to coats of arms or heirlooms among ourselves; and to the horror of more than one-half of Samoa, Tamasese, the head of the Tupua, began collecting Malietoa mats. It was felt that the cup was full, and men began to prepare secretly for rebellion. The

history of the month of August is unknown to whites; it passed altogether in the covert of the woods or in the stealthy councils of Samoans. One ominous sign was to be noted: arms and ammunition began to be purchased or inquired about; and the more wary traders ordered fresh consignments of material of war. But the rest was silence; the government slept in security; and Brandeis was summoned at last from a public dinner, to find rebellion organised, the woods behind Apia full of insurgents, and a plan prepared, and in the very article of execution, to surprise and seize Mulinuu. The timely discovery averted all; and the leaders hastily withdrew towards the south side of the island, leaving in the bush a rear-guard under a young man of the name of Saifaleupolu. According to some accounts, it scarce numbered forty; the leader was no great chief, but a handsome, industrious lad who seems to have been much beloved. And upon this obstacle Brandeis fell. It is the man's fault to be too impatient of results; his public intention to free Samoa of all debt within the year, depicts him; and instead of continuing to temporise and let his enemies weary and disperse, he judged it politic to strike a blow. He struck it, with what seemed to be success, and the sound of it roused Samoa to rebellion.

About two in the morning of August 31st, Apia was wakened by men marching. Day came, and Brandeis and his war-party were already long disappeared in the woods. All morning belated Tamaseseites were still to be seen running with their guns. All morning shots were listened for in vain; but over the top of the forest, far up the mountain, smoke was for some time observed to hang. About ten a dead man was carried in, lashed under a pole like a dead pig, his rosary (for he was a Catholic) hanging nearly to the ground. Next came a young fellow wounded, sitting in a rope swung from

a pole; two fellows bearing him, two running behind for a relief. At last about eleven, three or four heavy volleys and a great shouting were heard from the bush town Tanungamanono; the affair was over, the victorious force, on the march back, was there celebrating its victory by the way. Presently after it marched through Apia, five or six hundred strong, in tolerable order and strutting with the ludicrous assumption of the triumphant islander. Women who had been buying bread ran and gave them loaves. At the tail end came Brandeis himself, smoking a cigar, deadly pale, and with perhaps an increase of his usual nervous manner. One spoke to him by the way. He expressed his sorrow the action had been forced on him. "Poor people, it's all the worse for them!" he said. "It'll have to be done another way now." And it was supposed by his hearer that he referred to intervention from the German war-ships. He meant, he said, to put a stop to head-hunting; his men had taken two that day, he added, but he had not suffered them to bring them in, and they had been left in Tanungamanono. Thither my informant rode, was attracted by the sound of wailing, and saw in a house the two heads washed and combed, and the sister of one of the dead lamenting in the island fashion and kissing the cold face. Soon after, a small grave was dug, the heads were buried in a beef box, and the pastor read the service. The body of Saifaleupolo himself was recovered unmutilated, brought down from the forest, and buried behind Apia.

The same afternoon, the men of Vaimaunga were ordered to report in Mulinuu, where Tamasese's flag was half-masted for the death of a chief in the skirmish. Vaimaunga is that district of Tuamasanga which includes the bay and the foothills behind Apia; and both province and district are strong Malietoa. Not one man, it is said, obeyed the summons. Night came,

and the town lay in unusual silence; no one abroad; the blinds down around the native houses, the men within sleeping on their arms; the old women keeping watch in pairs. And in the course of the two following days all Vaimaunga was gone into the bush, the very jailer setting free his prisoners and joining them in their escape. Hear the words of the chiefs in the 23rd article of their complaint: "Some of the chiefs fled to the bush from fear of being reported, fear of German men-of-war, constantly being accused, etc., and Brandeis commanded that they were to be shot on sight. This act was carried out by Brandeis on the 31st day of August, 1888. After this we evaded these laws; we could not stand them; our patience was worn out with the constant wickedness of Tamasese and Brandeis. We were tired out and could stand no longer the acts of these two men."

So through an ill-timed skirmish, two severed heads, and a dead body, the rule of Brandeis came to a sudden end. We shall see him a while longer fighting for existence in a losing battle; but his government, take it for all in all, the most promising that has ever been in these unlucky islands, was from that hour a piece of history.

CHAPTER V

THE BATTLE OF MATAUTU

September, 1888

The revolution had all the character of a popular movement. Many of the high chiefs were detained in Mulinuu; the commons trooped to the bush under inferior leaders. A camp was chosen near Faleula, threatening Mulinuu, well placed for the arrival of recruits and close to a German plantation from which the force could be subsisted. Manono came, all Tuamasanga, much of Savaii, and part of Aana, Tamasese's own government and titular seat. Both sides were arming. It was a brave day for the trader, though not so brave as some that followed, when a single cartridge is said to have been sold for twelve cents currency—between nine and ten cents gold. Yet even among the traders a strong party feeling reigned, and it was the common practice to ask a purchaser upon which side he meant to fight.

On September 5th, Brandeis published a letter: "To the chiefs of Tuamasanga, Manono, and Faasaleleanga in the Bush: Chiefs, by authority of his majesty Tamasese, the king of Samoa, I make known to you all that the German man-of-war is about to go together with a Samoan fleet for the purpose of burning Manono. After this island is all burnt, 'tis good if the people return to Manono and live quiet. To the people of Faasaleleanga I say, return to your houses and stop there. The same to those belonging to Tuamasanga. If you obey this instruction, then you will all be forgiven; if you do not obey, then all your villages will be burnt like Manono. These instructions are made in truth in the sight of God in the Heaven." The same morning, accordingly, the *Adler* steamed out of the bay with a force of Tamasese warriors and some

native boats in tow, the Samoan fleet in question. Manono was shelled; the Tamasese warriors, under the conduct of a Manono traitor, who paid before many days the forfeit of his blood, landed and did some damage, but were driven away by the sight of a force returning from the mainland; no one was hurt, for the women and children, who alone remained on the island, found a refuge in the bush; and the *Adler* and her acolytes returned the same evening. The letter had been energetic; the performance fell below the programme. The demonstration annoyed and yet reassured the insurgents, and it fully disclosed to the Germans a new enemy.

Captain Von Widersheim had been relieved. His successor, Captain Fritze, was an officer of a different stamp. I have nothing to say of him but good; he seems to have obeyed the consul's requisitions with secret distaste; his despatches were of admirable candour; but his habits were retired, he spoke little English, and was far indeed from inheriting Von Widersheim's close relations with Commander Leary. It is believed by Germans that the American officer resented what he took to be neglect. I mention this, not because I believe it to depict Commander Leary, but because it is typical of a prevailing infirmity among Germans in Samoa. Touchy themselves, they read all history in the light of personal affronts and tiffs; and I find this weakness indicated by the big thumb of Bismarck, when he places "sensitiveness to small disrespects—*empfindlichkeit ueber mangel an respect*," among the causes of the wild career of Knappe. Whatever the cause, at least, the natives had no sooner taken arms than Leary appeared with violence upon that side. As early as the 3rd, he had sent an obscure but menacing despatch to Brandeis. On the 6th, he fell on Fritze in the matter of the Manono bombard-

ment. "The revolutionists," he wrote, "had an armed force in the field within a few miles of this harbour, when the vessels under your command transported the Tamasese troops to a neighbouring island with the avowed intention of making war on the isolated homes of the women and children of the enemy. Being the only other representative of a naval power now present in this harbour, for the sake of humanity I hereby respectfully and solemnly protest in the name of the United States of America and of the civilised world in general against the use of a national war-vessel for such services as were yesterday rendered by the German corvette *Adler*." Fritze's reply, to the effect that he is under the orders of the consul and has no right of choice, reads even humble; perhaps he was not himself vain of the exploit, perhaps not prepared to see it thus described in words. From that moment Leary was in the front of the row. His name is diagnostic, but it was not required; on every step of his subsequent action in Samoa, Irishman is writ large; over all his doings a malign spirit of humour presided. No malice was too small for him, if it were only funny. When night signals were made from Mulinuu, he would sit on his own poop and confound them with gratuitous rockets. He was at the pains to write a letter and address it to "the High Chief Tamasese"—a device as old at least as the wars of Robert Bruce—in order to bother the officials of the German post-office, in whose hands he persisted in leaving it, although the address was death to them and the distribution of letters in Samoa formed no part of their profession. His great masterwork of pleasantry, the Scanlon affair, must be narrated in its place. And he was no less bold than comical. The *Adams* was not supposed to be a match for the *Adler*; there was no glory to be gained in beating her; and yet I have heard

naval officers maintain she might have proved a dangerous antagonist in narrow waters and at short range. Doubtless Leary thought so. He was continually daring Fritze to come on; and already, in a despatch of the 9th, I find Becker complaining of his language in the hearing of German officials, and how he had declared that, on the *Adler* again interfering, he would interfere himself, "if he went to the bottom for it—*und wenn sein Schiff dabei zu Grunde ginge*." Here is a style of opposition which has the merit of being frank, not that of being agreeable. Becker was annoying Leary infuriating; there is no doubt that the temper in the German consulate were highly ulcerated; and if war between the two countries did not follow, we must set down the praise to the forbearance of the German navy. This is not the last time that I shall have to salute the merits of that service.

The defeat and death of Saifaleupolu and the burning of Manono had thus passed off without the least advantage to Tamasese. But he still held the significant position of Mulinuu, and Brandeis was strenuous to make it good. The whole peninsula was surrounded with a breastwork; across the isthmus it was six feet high and strengthened with a ditch; and the beach was staked against landing. Weber's land claim—the same that now broods over the village in the form of a signboard—then appeared in a more military guise; the German flag was hoisted, and German sailors manned the breastwork at the isthmus—"to protect German property" and its trifling parenthesis, the king of Samoa. Much vigilance reigned and, in the island fashion, much wild firing. And in spite of all desertion was for a long time daily. The detained high chiefs would go to the beach on the pretext of a natural occasion, plunge in the sea, and swimming across the broad, shallow bay of the lagoon, join the rebels on the

Faleula side. Whole bodies of warriors, sometimes hundreds strong, departed with their arms and ammunition. On the 7th of September, for instance, the day after Leary's letter, Too and Mataia left with their contingents, and the whole Aana people returned home in a body to hold a parliament. Ten days later, it is true, a part of them returned to their duty; but another part branched off by the way and carried their services, and Tamasese's dear-bought guns, to Faleula. On the 8th, there was a defection of a different kind, but yet sensible. The High Chief Seumanu had been still detained in Mulinuu under anxious observation. His people murmured at his absence, threatened to "take away his name," and had already attempted a rescue. The adventure was now taken in hand by his wife Faatulia, a woman of much sense and spirit and a strong partisan; and by her contrivance, Seumanu gave his guardians the slip and rejoined his clan at Faleula. This process of winnowing was of course counterbalanced by another of recruitment. But the harshness of European and military rule had made Brandeis detested and Tamasese unpopular with many; and the force on Mulinuu is thought to have done little more than hold its own. Mataafa sympathisers set it down at about two or three thousand. I have no estimate from the other side; but Becker admits they were not strong enough to keep the field in the open.

The political significance of Mulinuu was great, but in a military sense the position had defects. If it was difficult to carry, it was easy to blockade: and to be hemmed in on that narrow finger of land were an inglorious posture for the monarch of Samoa. The peninsula, besides, was scant of food and destitute of water. Pressed by these considerations, Brandeis extended his lines till he had occupied the whole foreshore of Apia bay and the opposite point, Matautu.

His men were thus drawn out along some thre nautical miles of irregular beach, everywhere wit their backs to the sea, and without means of com munication or mutual support except by water. Th extension led to fresh sorrows. The Tamasese me quartered themselves in the houses of the abser men of the Vaimaunga. Disputes arose with Englis and Americans. Leary interposed in a loud voice menace. It was said the firm profited by the confusio to buttress up imperfect land claims; I am sure th other whites would not be far behind the firm. Pr perties were fenced in, fences and houses were tor down, scuffles ensued. The German example Mulinuu was followed with laughable unanimity wherever an Englishman or an American conceive himself to have a claim, he set up the emblem of h country; and the beach twinkled with the flags nations.

All this, it will be observed, was going forward that neutral territory sanctified by treaty against t presence of armed Samoans. The insurgents ther selves looked on in wonder: on the 4th, trembling transgress against the great powers, they had writt for a delimitation of the *Eleele Sa;* and Becker, conversation with the British consul, replied that recognised none. So long as Tamasese held the groun this was expedient. But suppose Tamasese worsted, might prove awkward for the stores, mills, and offic of a great German firm, thus bared of shelter by t act of their own consul.

On the morning of the 9th September, just ten da after the death of Saifaleupolu, Mataafa, under t name of Malietoa To'oa Mataafa, was crowned king Faleula. On the 11th he wrote to the British a American consuls: " Gentlemen, I write this letter you two very humbly and entreatingly, on account

this difficulty that has come before me. I desire to know from you two gentlemen the truth where the boundaries of the neutral territory are. You will observe that I am now at Vaimoso [a step nearer the enemy], and I have stopped here until I knew what you say regarding the neutral territory. I wish to know where I can go and where the forbidden ground is, for I do not wish to go on any neutral territory, or on any foreigner's property. I do not want to offend any of the great powers. Another thing I would like. Would it be possible for you three consuls to make Tamasese remove from German property? for I am in awe of going on German land." He must have received a reply embodying Becker's renunciation of the principle at once; for he broke camp the same day and marched eastward through the bush behind Apia.

Brandeis, expecting attack, sought to improve his indefensible position. He reformed his centre by the simple expedient of suppressing it. Apia was evacuated. The two flanks, Mulinuu and Matautu, were still held and fortified, Mulinuu (as I have said) to the isthmus, Matautu on a line from the bayside to the little river Fuisá. The centre was represented by the trajectory of a boat across the bay from one flank to another, and was held (we may say) by the German war-ship. Mataafa decided (I am assured) to make a feint on Matautu, induce Brandeis to deplete Mulinuu in support, and then fall upon and carry that. And there is no doubt in my mind that such a plan was bruited abroad, for nothing but a belief in it could explain the behaviour of Brandeis on the 12th. That it was seriously entertained by Mataafa I stoutly disbelieve; the German flag and sailors forbidding the enterprise in Mulinuu. So that we may call this false intelligence the beginning and the end of Mataafa's strategy.

The whites who sympathised with the revolt were

uneasy and impatient. They will still tell you, though the dates are there to show them wrong, that Mataafa even after his coronation, delayed extremely: a proof o how long two days may seem to last when men antici pate events. On the evening of the 11th, while the new king was already on the march, one of these walked into Matautu. The moon was bright. By the way he observed the native houses dark and silent; the men had been about a fortnight in the bush, but now the women and children were gone also; at which he wondered. On the sea-beach, in the camp of the Tamaseses, the solitude was near as great; he saw three or four men smoking before the British consulate perhaps a dozen in all; the rest were behind in the bush upon their line of forts. About the midst he sat down and here a woman drew near to him. The moon shone in her face, and he knew her for a householder near by and a partisan of Mataafa's. She looked about her as she came, and asked him, trembling, what he did in the camp of Tamasese. He was there after news, he told her. She took him by the hand. "You must not stay here, you will get killed," she said. "The bush full of our people, the others are watching them fighting may begin at any moment, and we are both here too long." So they set off together; and she told him by the way that she had come to the hostile camp with a present of bananas, so that the Tamasese men might spare her house. By the Vaisingano they met an old man, a woman, and a child; and these also she warned and turned back. Such is the strange part played by women among the scenes of Samoan warfare; such were the liberties then permitted to the white; that these two could pass the lines, talk together in Tamasese's camp on the eve of an engagement, and pass forth again bearing intelligence, like privileged spies. And before a few hours the white man was

direct communication with the opposing general. The next morning he was accosted "about breakfast time" by two natives who stood leaning against the pickets of a public house, where the Siumu road strikes in at right angles to the main street of Apia. They told him battle was imminent, and begged him to pass a little way inland and speak with Mataafa. The road is at this point broad and fairly good, running between thick groves of coco-palm and breadfruit. A few hundred yards along this, the white man passed a picket of four armed warriors, with red handkerchiefs and their faces blacked in the form of a full beard, the Mataafa rallying signs for the day; a little farther on, some fifty; farther still, a hundred; and at last a quarter of a mile of them sitting by the wayside armed and blacked. Near by, in the verandah of a house on a knoll, he found Mataafa seated in white clothes, a Winchester across his knees. His men, he said, were still arriving from behind, and there was a turning movement in operation beyond the Fuisá, so that the Tamaseses should be assailed at the same moment from the south and east. And this is another indication that the attack on Matautu was the true attack; had any design on Mulinuu been in the wind, not even a Samoan general would have detached these troops upon the other side. While they still spoke, five Tamasese women were brought in with their hands bound; they had been stealing "our" bananas.

All morning the town was strangely deserted, the very children gone. A sense of expectation reigned, and sympathy for the attack was expressed publicly. Some men with unblacked faces came to Moors's store for biscuit. A native woman, who was there marketing, inquired after the news, and, hearing that the battle was now near at hand, "Give them two more tins," said she; "and don't put them down to my husband—

he would growl; put them down to me." Between twelve and one, two white men walked toward Matautu, finding as they went no sign of war until they had passed the Vaisingano and come to the corner of a by-path leading to the bush. Here were four blackened warriors on guard—the extreme left wing of the Mataafa force, where it touched the waters of the bay. Thence the line (which the white men followed) stretched inland among bush and marsh, facing the forts of the Tamaseses. The warriors lay as yet inactive behind trees; but all the young boys and harlots of Apia toiled in the front upon a trench, digging with knives and coco-shells; and a continuous stream of children brought them water. The young sappers worked crouching: from the outside only an occasional head or a hand emptying a shell of earth was visible; and their enemies looked on inert from the line of the opposing forts. The lists were not yet prepared, the tournament not yet open; and the attacking force was suffered to throw up works under the silent guns of the defence. But there is an end even to the delay of islanders. As the white men stood and looked, the Tamasese line thundered into a volley; it was answered; the crowd of silent workers broke forth in laughter and cheers; and the battle had begun.

Thenceforward, all day and most of the next night volley followed volley; and pounds of lead and pounds sterling of money continued to be blown into the air without cessation and almost without result. Colonel de Coetlogon, an old soldier, described the noise as deafening. The harbour was all struck with shots; a man was knocked over on the German war-ship; half Apia was under fire; and a house was pierced beyond the Mulivai. All along the two lines of breastwork the entrenched enemies exchanged this hail of balls; and away on the east of the battle the fusillade was

maintained, with equal spirit, across the narrow barrier of the Fuisá. The whole rear of the Tamaseses was enfiladed by this flank fire; and I have seen a house there by the river brink, that was riddled with bullets like a piece of worm-eaten wreck-wood. At this point of the field befell a trait of Samoan warfare worth recording. Taiese (brother to Sitione already mentioned) shot a Tamasese man. He saw him fall, and, inflamed with the lust of glory, passed the river single-handed in that storm of missiles to secure the head. On the farther bank, as was but natural, he fell himself, he who had gone to take a trophy remained to afford one; and the Mataafas, who had looked on exulting in the prospect of a triumph, saw themselves exposed instead to a disgrace. Then rose one Vingi, passed the deadly water, swung the body of Taiese on his back, and returned unscathed to his own side, the head saved, the corpse filled with useless bullets.

At this rate of practice, the ammunition soon began to run low, and from an early hour of the afternoon, the Malietoa stores were visited by customers in search of more. An elderly man came leaping and cheering, his gun in one hand, a basket of three heads in the other. A fellow came shot through the forearm. "It doesn't hurt now," he said, as he bought his cartridges; "but it will hurt to-morrow, and I want to fight while I can." A third followed, a mere boy, with the end of his nose shot off: "Have you any pain-killer? give it me quick, so that I can get back to fight." On either side, there was the same delight in sound and smoke and schoolboy cheering, the same unsophisticated ardour of battle; and the misdirected skirmish proceeded with a din, and was illustrated with traits of bravery that would have fitted a Waterloo or a Sedan.

I have said how little I regard the alleged plan of

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battle. At least it was now all gone to water. The whole forces of Mataafa had leaked out, man by man, village by village, on the so-called false attack. They were all pounding for their lives on the front and the left flank of Matautu. About half-past three they enveloped the right flank also. The defenders were driven back along the beach road as far as the pilot station at the turn of the land. From this also they were dislodged, stubbornly fighting. One, it is told, retreated to his middle in the lagoon; stood there, loading and firing, till he fell; and his body was found on the morrow pierced with four mortal wounds. The Tamasese force was now enveloped on three sides; it was besides almost cut off from the sea; and across its whole rear and only way of retreat, a fire of hostile bullets crossed from east and west, in the midst of which men were surprised to observe the birds continuing to sing, and a cow grazed all afternoon unhurt. Doubtless here was the defence in a poor way; but then the attack was in irons. For the Mataafas about the pilot house could scarcely advance beyond without coming under the fire of their own men from the other side of the Fuisá; and there was not enough organisation, perhaps not enough authority, to divert or to arrest that fire.

The progress of the fight along the beach road was visible from Mulinuu, and Brandeis despatched ten boats of reinforcements. They crossed the harbour, paused for a while beside the *Adler*—it was supposed for ammunition—and drew near the Matautu shore. The Mataafa men lay close among the shoreside bushes, expecting their arrival; when a silly lad, in mere lightness of heart, fired a shot in the air. My native friend, Mrs. Mary Hamilton, ran out of her house and gave the culprit a good shaking: an episode in the midst of battle as incongruous as the grazing cow. But his sillier comrades followed his example; a

harmless volley warned the boats what they might expect; and they drew back and passed outside the reef for the passage of the Fuisá. Here they came under the fire of the right wing of the Mataafas on the river bank. The beach, raked east and west, appeared to them no place to land on. And they hung off in the deep water of the lagoon inside the barrier reef, feebly fusillading the pilot house.

Between four and five, the Fabeata regiment (or folk of that village) on the Mataafa left, which had been under arms all day, fell to be withdrawn for rest and food; the Siumu regiment, which should have relieved it, was not ready or not notified in time; and the Tamaseses, gallantly profiting by the mismanagement, recovered most of the ground in their proper right. It was not for long. They lost it again, yard by yard and from house to house, till the pilot station was once more in the hands of the Mataafas. This is the last definite incident in the battle. The vicissitudes along the line of the entrenchments remain concealed from us under the cover of the forest. Some part of the Tamasese position there appears to have been carried, but what part, or at what hour, or whether the advantage was maintained, I have never learned. Night and rain, but not silence, closed upon the field. The trenches were deep in mud; but the younger folk wrecked the houses in the neighbourhood, carried the roofs to the front, and lay under them, men and women together, through a long night of furious squalls and furious and useless volleys. Meanwhile the older folk trailed back into Apia in the rain; they talked as they went of who had fallen and what heads had been taken up on either side—they seemed to know by name the losses upon both; and drenched with wet and broken with excitement and fatigue, they crawled into the verandahs of the town to eat and sleep. The morrow

broke grey and drizzly, but as so often happens in the islands, cleared up into a glorious day. During the night, the majority of the defenders had taken advantage of the rain and darkness and stolen from their forts unobserved. The rallying sign of the Tamaseses had been a white handkerchief. With the dawn, the de Coetlogons from the English consulate beheld the ground strewn with these badges discarded; and close by the house, a belated turncoat was still changing white for red. Matautu was lost; Tamasese was confined to Mulinuu; and by nine o'clock two Mataafa villages paraded the streets of Apia, taking possession. The cost of this respectable success in ammunition must have been enormous; in life it was but small. Some compute forty killed on either side, others forty on both, three or four being women and one a white man, master of a schooner from Fiji. Nor was the number even of the wounded at all proportionate to the surprising din and fury of the affair while it lasted.

CHAPTER VI

LAST EXPLOITS OF BECKER

September to November, 1888

Brandeis had held all day by Mulinuu, expecting the reported real attack. He woke on the 13th to find himself cut off on that unwatered promontory, and the Mataafa villagers parading Apia. The same day Fritze received a letter from Mataafa summoning him to withdraw his party from the isthmus; and Fritze, as if in answer, drew in his ship into the small harbour close to Mulinuu, and trained his port battery to assist in the defence. From a step so decisive, it might be thought the German plans were unaffected by the disastrous issue of the battle. I conceive nothing would be further from the truth. Here was Tamasese penned on Mulinuu with his troops; Apia, from which alone these could be subsisted, in the hands of the enemy; a battle imminent, in which the German vessel must apparently take part with men and battery, and the buildings of the German firm were apparently destined to be the first target of fire. Unless Becker re-established that which he had so lately and so artfully thrown down—the neutral territory—the firm would have to suffer. If he re-established it, Tamasese must retire from Mulinuu. If Becker saved his goose, he lost his cabbage. Nothing so well depicts the man's effrontery as that he should have conceived the design of saving both—of re-establishing only so much of the neutral territory as should hamper Mataafa, and leaving in abeyance all that could incommode Tamasese. By drawing the boundary where he now proposed, across the isthmus, he protected the firm, drove back the Mataafas out of almost all that they had conquered, and, so far from disturbing Tamasese, actually fortified him in his old position.

The real story of the negotiations that followed we shall perhaps never learn. But so much is plain: that while Becker was thus outwardly straining decency in the interest of Tamasese, he was privately intriguing or pretending to intrigue with Mataafa. In his despatch of the 11th, he had given an extended criticism of that chieftain, whom he depicts as very dark and artful; and while admitting that his assumption of the name of Malietoa might raise him up followers, predicted that he could not make an orderly government or support himself long in the sole power "without very energetic foreign help." Of what help was the consul thinking? There was no helper in the field but Germany. On the 15th he had an interview with the victor; told him that Tamasese's was the only government recognised by Germany, and that he must continue to recognise it till he received "other instructions from his government, whom he was now advising of the late events"; refused, accordingly, to withdraw the guard from the isthmus; and desired Mataafa, "until the arrival of these fresh instructions," to refrain from an attack on Mulinuu. One thing of two: either this language is extremely perfidious, or Becker was preparing to change sides. The same detachment appears in his despatch of October 7th. He computes the losses of the German firm with an easy cheerfulness. If Tamasese get up again (*gelingt die Wiederherstellung der Regierung Tamasese's*), Tamasese will have to pay. If not, then Mataafa. This is not the language of a partisan. The tone of indifference, the easy implication that the case of Tamasese was already desperate, the hopes held secretly forth to Mataafa and secretly reported to his government at home, trenchantly contrast with his external conduct. At this very time he was feeding Tamasese; he had German sailors mounting guard on Tamasese's battlements;

the German war-ship lay close in, whether to help or to destroy. If he meant to drop the cause of Tamasese, he had him in a corner, helpless, and could stifle him without a sob. If he meant to rat, it was to be with every condition of safety and every circumstance of infamy.

Was it conceivable, then, that he meant it? Speaking with a gentleman who was in the confidence of Dr. Knappe: "Was it not a pity," I asked, "that Knappe did not stick to Becker's policy of supporting Mataafa?"—"You are quite wrong there; that was not Knappe's doing," was the reply. "Becker had changed his mind before Knappe came." Why, then, had he changed it? This excellent, if ignominious, idea once entertained, why was it let drop? It is to be remembered there was another German in the field, Brandeis, who had a respect, or rather perhaps, an affection, for Tamasese, and who thought his own honour and that of his country engaged in the support of that government which they had provoked and founded. Becker described the captain to Laupepa as "a quiet, sensible gentleman." If any word came to his ears of the intended manœuvre, Brandeis would certainly show himself very sensible of the affront; but Becker might have been tempted to withdraw his former epithet of quiet. Some such passage, some such threatened change of front at the consulate, opposed with outcry, would explain what seems otherwise inexplicable, the bitter, indignant, almost hostile tone of a subsequent letter from Brandeis to Knappe—"Brandeis's inflammatory letter," Bismarck calls it—the proximate cause of the German landing and reverse at Fangalii.

But whether the advances of Becker were sincere or not—whether he meditated treachery against the old king or was practising treachery upon the new, and

the choice is between one or other—no doubt but he contrived to gain his points with Mataafa, prevailing on him to change his camp for the better protection of the German plantations, and persuading him (long before he could persuade his brother consuls) to accept that miraculous new neutral territory of his, with a piece cut out for the immediate needs of Tamasese.

During the rest of September, Tamasese continued to decline. On the 19th one village and half of another deserted him; on the 22nd two more. On the 21st the Mataafas burned his town of Leulumoenga, his own splendid house flaming with the rest; and there are few things of which a native thinks more, or has more reason to think well, than of a fine Samoan house. Tamasese women and children were marched up the same day from Atua, and handed over with their sleeping mats to Mulinuu: a most unwelcome addition to a party already suffering from want. By the 20th, they were being watered from the *Adler*. On the 24th, the Manono fleet of sixteen large boats, fortified and rendered unmanageable with tons of firewood, passed to windward to intercept supplies from Atua. By the 27th, the hungry garrison flocked in great numbers to draw rations at the German firm. On the 28th, the same business was repeated with a different issue. Mataafas crowded to look on; words were exchanged, blows followed; sticks, stones, and bottles were caught up; the detested Brandeis, at great risk, threw himself between the lines and expostulated with the Mataafas—his only personal appearance in the wars, if this could be called war. The same afternoon, the Tamasese boats got in with provisions, having passed to seaward of the lumbering Manono fleet; and from that day on, whether from a high degree of enterprise on the one side or a great lack of capacity on the other, supplies were maintained from the sea with regularity. Thus the

spectacle of battle, or at least of riot, at the doors of the German firm was not repeated. But the memory must have hung heavy on the hearts, not of the Germans only, but of all Apia. The Samoans are a gentle race, gentler than any in Europe; we are often enough reminded of the circumstance, not always by their friends. But a mob is a mob, and a drunken mob is a drunken mob, and a drunken mob with weapons in its hands is a drunken mob with weapons in its hands, all the world over: elementary propositions, which some of us upon these islands might do worse than get by rote, but which must have been evident enough to Becker. And I am amazed by the man's constancy, that, even while blows were going at the door of that German firm which he was in Samoa to protect, he should have stuck to his demands. Ten days before Blacklock had offered to recognise the old territory including Mulinuu, and Becker had refused, and still in the midst of these "alarums and excursions," he continued to refuse it.

On October 2nd, anchored in Apia bay H.B.M.S. *Calliope*, Captain Kane, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Fairfax, and the gunboat *Lizard*, Lieutenant-Commander Pelly. It was rumoured the admiral had come to recognise the government of Tamasese, I believe in error. And at least the day for that was quite gone by; and he arrived not to salute the king's accession, but to arbitrate on his remains. A conference of the consuls and commanders met on board the *Calliope*, October 4th, Fritze alone being absent, although twice invited: the affair touched politics, his consul was to be there; and even if he came to the meeting (so he explained to Fairfax) he would have no voice in its deliberations. The parties were plainly marked out: Blacklock and Leary maintaining their offer of the old neutral territory, and probably willing

to expand or to contract it to any conceivable extent, so long as Mulinuu was still included; Knappe offering (if the others liked) to include "the whole eastern end of the island," but quite fixed upon the one point that Mulinuu should be left out; the English willing to meet either view, and singly desirous that Apia should be neutralised. The conclusion was foregone. Becker held a trump card in the consent of Mataafa; Blacklock and Leary stood alone, spoke with an ill grace, and could not long hold out. Becker had his way; and the neutral boundary was chosen just where he desired: across the isthmus, the firm within, Mulinuu without. He did not long enjoy the fruits of victory.

On the 7th, three days after the meeting, one of the Scanlons (well known and intelligent half-castes) came to Blacklock with a complaint. The Scanlon house stood on the hither side of the Tamasese breastwork, just inside the newly accepted territory, and within easy range of the firm. Armed men, to the number of a hundred, had issued from Mulinuu, had "taken charge" of the house, had pointed a gun at Scanlon's head, and had twice "threatened to kill" his pigs. I hear elsewhere of some effects (*Gegenstände*) removed. At the best a very pale atrocity, though we shall find the word employed. Germans declare besides that Scanlon was no American subject; they declare the point had been decided by court-martial in 1875; that Blacklock had the decision in the consular archives; and that this was his reason for handing the affair to Leary. It is not necessary to suppose so. It is plain he thought little of the business; thought indeed nothing of it; except in so far as armed men had entered the neutral territory from Mulinuu; and it was on this ground alone, and the implied breach of Becker's engagement at the conference, that he invited Leary's attention to the tale. The impish ingenuity of

the commander perceived in it huge possibilities of mischief. He took up the Scanlon outrage, the atrocity of the threatened pigs; and with that poor instrument—I am sure, to his own wonder—drove Tamasese out of Mulinuu. It was "an intrigue," Becker complains. To be sure it was; but who was Becker to be complaining of intrigue?

On the 7th Leary laid before Fritze the following conundrum: "As the natives at Mulinuu appear to be under the protection of the Imperial German naval guard belonging to the vessel under your command, I have the honour to request you to inform me whether or not they are under such protection? Amicable relations," pursued the humorist, "amicable relations exist between the government of the United States and His Imperial German Majesty's government, but we do not recognise Tamasese's government, and I am desirous of locating the responsibility for violations of American rights." Becker and Fritze lost no time in explanation or denial, but went straight to the root of the matter and sought to buy off Scanlon. Becker declares that every reparation was offered. Scanlon takes a pride to recapitulate the leases and the situations he refused, and the long interviews in which he was tempted and plied with drink by Becker or Beckmann of the firm. No doubt, in short, that he was offered reparation in reason and out of reason, and being thoroughly primed, refused it all. Meantime some answer must be made to Leary; and Fritze repeated on the 8th his oft-repeated assurances that he was not authorised to deal with politics. The same day Leary retorted: "The question is not one of diplomacy nor of politics. It is strictly one of military jurisdiction and responsibility. Under the shadow of the German fort at Mulinuu," continued the hyperbolical commander, "atrocities have been committed. . . . And I again

have the honour respectfully to request to be informed whether or not the armed natives at Mulinuu are under the protection of the Imperial German naval guard belonging to the vessel under your command." To this, no answer was vouchsafed till the 11th, and then in the old terms; and meanwhile, on the 10th, Leary got into his gaiters—the sure sign, as was both said and sung aboard his vessel, of some desperate or some amusing service—and was set ashore at the Scanlons' house. Of this he took possession at the head of an old woman and a mop, and was seen from the Tamasese breastwork directing operations and plainly preparing to install himself there in a military posture. So much he meant to be understood; so much he meant to carry out, and an armed party from the *Adams* was to have garrisoned on the morrow the scene of the atrocity. But there is no doubt he managed to convey more. No doubt he was a master in the art of loose speaking, and could always manage to be overheard when he wanted; and by this, or some other equally unofficial means, he spread the rumour that on the morrow he was to bombard.

The proposed post, from its position, and from Leary's well-established character as an artist in mischief, must have been regarded by the Germans with uneasiness. In the bombardment, we can scarce suppose them to have believed. But Tamasese must have both believed and trembled. The prestige of the European powers was still unbroken. No native would then have dreamed of defying these colossal ships, worked by mysterious powers, and laden with outlandish instruments of death. None would have dreamed of resisting those strange but quite unrealised Great Powers understood (with difficulty) to be larger than Tonga and Samoa put together, and known to be prolific of prints, knives, hard biscuit, picture-books

and other luxuries, as well as of overbearing men and inconsistent orders. Laupepa had fallen in ill-blood with one of them; his only idea of defence had been to throw himself in the arms of another; his name, his rank, and his great following had not been able to preserve him; and he had vanished from the eyes of men—as the Samoan thinks of it, beyond the sky. Asi, Maunga, Tuiletufunga, had followed him in that new path of doom. We have seen how carefully Mataafa still walked, how he dared not set foot on the neutral territory till assured it was no longer sacred, how he withdrew from it again as soon as its sacredness had been restored and at the bare word of a consul (however gilded with ambiguous promises) paused in his course of victory and left his rival unassailed in Mulinuu. And now it was the rival's turn. Hitherto happy in the continued support of one of the white powers, he now found himself—or thought himself—threatened with war by no less than two others.

Tamasese boats as they passed Matautu were in the habit of firing on the shore, as like as not without particular aim and more in high spirits than hostility. One of these shots pierced the house of a British subject near the consulate; the consul reported to Admiral Fairfax; and, on the morning of the 10th, the admiral despatched Captain Kane of the *Calliope* to Mulinuu. Brandeis met the messenger with voluble excuses and engagements for the future. He was told his explanations were satisfactory so far as they went, but that the admiral's message was to Tamasese, the *de facto* king. Brandeis, not very well assured of his puppet's courage, attempted in vain to excuse him from appearing. No *de facto* king, no message, he was told: produce your *de facto* king. And Tamasese had at last to be produced. To him Kane delivered his errand: that the *Lizard* was to remain for the protection of British subjects;

that a signalman was to be stationed at the consulate; that, on any further firing from boats, the signalman was to notify the *Lizard* and she to fire one gun, on which all boats must lower sail and come alongside for examination and the detection of the guilty; and that, "in the event of the boats not obeying the gun, the admiral would not be responsible for the consequences." It was listened to by Brandeis and Tamasese "with the greatest attention." Brandeis, when it was done, desired his thanks to the admiral for the moderate terms of his message, and, as Kane went to his boat, repeated the expression of his gratitude as though he meant it, declaring his own hands would be thus strengthened for the maintenance of discipline. But I have yet to learn of any gratitude on the part of Tamasese. Consider the case of the poor owlish man hearing for the first time our diplomatic commonplaces. The admiral would not be answerable for the consequences. Think of it! A devil of a position for a *de facto* king. And here, the same afternoon, was Leary in the Scanlon house, mopping it out for unknown designs by the hands of an old woman, and proffering strange threats of bloodshed. Scanlon and his pigs, the admiral and his gun, Leary and his bombardment—what a kettle of fish!

I dwell on the effect on Tamasese. Whatever the faults of Becker, he was not timid; he had already braved so much for Mulinuu that I cannot but think he might have continued to hold up his head even after the outrage of the pigs, and that the weakness now shown originated with the king. Late in the night Blacklock was wakened to receive a despatch addressed to Leary. "You have asked that I and my government go away from Mulinuu, because you pretend a man who lives near Mulinuu and who is under your protection has been threatened by my soldiers. As your excellency

has forbidden the man to accept any satisfaction, and as I do not wish to make war against the United States, I shall remove my government from Mulinuu to another place." It was signed by Tamasese, but I think more heads than his had wagged over the direct and able letter. On the morning of the 11th, accordingly, Mulinuu the much defended lay desert. Tamasese and Brandeis had slipped to sea in a schooner; their troops had followed them in boats; the German sailors and their war-flag had returned on board the *Adler;* and only the German merchant flag blew there for Weber's land-claim. Mulinuu, for which Becker had intrigued so long and so often, for which he had overthrown the municipality, for which he had abrogated and refused and invented successive schemes of neutral territory, was now no more to the Germans than a very unattractive, barren peninsula and a very much disputed land-claim of Mr. Weber's. It will scarcely be believed that the tale of the Scanlon outrages was not yet finished. Leary had gained his point, but Scanlon had lost his compensation. And it was months later, and this time in the shape of a threat of bombardment in black and white, that Tamasese heard the last of the absurd affair. Scanlon had both his fun and his money, and Leary's practical joke was brought to an artistic end.

Becker sought and missed an instant revenge. Mataafa, a devout Catholic, was in the habit of walking every morning to mass from his camp at Vaiala beyond Matautu to the mission at the Mulvaii. He was sometimes escorted by as many as six guards in uniform, who displayed their proficiency in drill by perpetually shifting arms as they marched. Himself, meanwhile, paced in front, bareheaded and barefoot, a staff in his hand, in the customary chief's dress of white kilt, shirt, and jacket, and with a conspicuous rosary about

his neck. Tall but not heavy, with eager eyes and a marked appearance of courage and capacity, Mataafa makes an admirable figure in the eyes of Europeans; to those of his countrymen, he may seem not always to preserve that quiescence of manner which is thought becoming in the great. On the morning of October 16th, he reached the mission before day with two attendants, heard mass, had coffee with the fathers, and left again in safety. The smallness of his following we may suppose to have been reported. He was scarce gone, at least, before Becker had armed men at the mission gate and came in person seeking him.

The failure of this attempt doubtless still further exasperated the consul, and he began to deal as in an enemy's country. He had marines from the *Adler* to stand sentry over the consulate and parade the streets by threes and fours. The bridge of the Vaisingano, which cuts in half the English and American quarters, he closed by proclamation and advertised for tenders to demolish it. On the 17th, Leary and Pelly landed carpenters and repaired it in his teeth. Leary, besides, had marines under arms, ready to land them if it should be necessary to protect the work. But Becker looked on without interference, perhaps glad enough to have the bridge repaired; for even Becker may not always have offended intentionally. Such was now the distracted posture of the little town: all government extinct, the German consul patrolling it with armed men and issuing proclamations like a ruler, the two other powers defying his commands, and at least one of them prepared to use force in the defiance. Close on its skirts sat the warriors of Mataafa, perhaps four thousand strong, highly incensed against the Germans having all to gain in the seizure of the town and firm and like an army in a fairy tale, restrained by the air-drawn boundary of the neutral ground.

I have had occasion to refer to the strange appearance in these islands of an American adventurer with a battery of cannon. The adventurer was long since gone, but his guns remained, and one of them was now to make fresh history. It had been cast overboard by Brandeis on the outer reef in the course of this retreat; and word of it coming to the ears of the Mataafas, they thought it natural that they should serve themselves the heirs of Tamasese. On the 23rd, a Manono boat of the kind called *taumualua* dropped down the coast from Mataafa's camp, called in broad day at the German quarter of the town for guides, and proceeded to the reef. Here, diving with a rope, they got the gun aboard; and the night being then come, returned by the same route in the shallow water along shore, singing a boat song. It will be seen with what childlike reliance they had accepted the neutrality of Apia bay; they came for the gun without concealment, laboriously dived for it in broad day under the eyes of the town and shipping, and returned with it, singing as they went. On Grevsmühl's wharf, a light showed them a crowd of German blue-jackets clustered, and a hail was heard. "Stop the singing so that we may hear what is said," said one of the chiefs in the *taumualua*. The song ceased; the hail was heard again, "*Au mai le fana*—bring the gun"; and the natives report themselves to have replied in the affirmative, and declare they had begun to back the boat. It is perhaps not needful to believe them. A volley at least was fired from the wharf, at about fifty yards' range and with a very ill direction, one bullet whistling over Pelly's head on board the *Lizard*. The natives jumped overboard; and swimming under the lee of the *taumualua* (where they escaped a second volley) dragged her towards the east. As soon as they were out of range and past the Mulivai, the German border, they got on

board and (again singing—though perhaps a different song) continued their return along the English and American shore. Off Matautu they were hailed from seaward by one of the *Adler's* boats, which had been suddenly despatched on the sound of the firing or had stood ready all evening to secure the gun. The hail was in German; the Samoans knew not what it meant, but took the precaution to jump overboard and swim for land. Two volleys and some dropping shot were poured upon them in the water; but they dived, scattered, and came to land unhurt in different quarters of Matautu. The volleys, fired inshore, raked the highway, a British house was again pierced by numerous bullets, and these sudden sounds of war scattered consternation through the town.

Two British subjects, Hetherington-Carruthers, a solicitor, and Maben, a land-surveyor—the first being in particular a man well versed in the native mind and language—hastened at once to their consul; assured him the Mataafas would be roused to fury by this onslaught in the neutral zone, that the German quarter would be certainly attacked, and the rest of the town and white inhabitants exposed to a peril very difficult of estimation; and prevailed upon him to entrust them with a mission to the king. By the time they reached headquarters, the warriors were already taking post round Matafele, and the agitation of Mataafa himself was betrayed in the fact that he spoke with the deputation standing and gun in hand: a breach of high-chief dignity perhaps unparalleled. The usual result, however, followed: the whites persuaded the Samoans and the attack was countermanded, to the benefit of all concerned, and not least of Mataafa. To the benefit of all, I say; for I do not think the Germans were that evening in a posture to resist; the liquor cellars of the firm must thus have fallen into the power of the in-

surgents; and I will repeat my formula that a mob is a mob, a drunken mob is a drunken mob, and a drunken mob with weapons in its hands is a drunken mob with weapons in its hands, all the world over.

In the opinion of some, then, the town had narrowly escaped destruction or at least the miseries of a drunken sack. To the knowledge of all, the air of the neutral territory had once more whistled with bullets. And it was clear the incident must have diplomatic consequences. Leary and Pelly both protested to Fritze. Leary announced he should report the affair to his government "as a gross violation of the principles of international law and as a breach of the neutrality." "I positively decline the protest," replied Fritze, "and cannot fail to express my astonishment at the tone of your last letter." This was trenchant. It may be said, however, that Leary was already out of court; that, after the night signals and the Scanlon incident, and so many other acts of practical if humorous hostility, his position as a neutral was no better than a doubtful jest. The case with Pelly was entirely different; and with Pelly, Fritze was less well inspired. In his first note, he was on the old guard; announced that he had acted on the requisition of his consul, who was alone responsible on "the legal side"; and declined accordingly to discuss "whether the lives of British subjects were in danger, and to what extent armed intervention was necessary." Pelly replied judiciously that he had nothing to do with political matters, being only responsible for the safety of Her Majesty's ship under his command and for the lives and property of British subjects; that he had considered his protest a purely naval one; and as the matter stood could only report the case to the admiral on the station. "I have the honour," replied Fritze, "to refuse to entertain the protest concerning the safety of Her

Britannic Majesty's ship *Lizard* as being a naval matter. The safety of Her Majesty's ship *Lizard* was never in the least endangered. This was guaranteed by the disciplined fire of a few shots under the direction of two officers." This offensive note, in view of Fritze's careful and honest bearing among so many other complications, may be attributed to some misunderstanding. His small knowledge of English perhaps failed him. But I cannot pass it by without remarking how far too much it is the custom of German officials to fall into this style. It may be witty, I am sure it is not wise. It may be sometimes necessary to offend for a definite object, it can never be diplomatic to offend gratuitously.

Becker was more explicit, although scarce less curt. And his defence may be divided into two statements: first, that the *taumualua* was proceeding to land with a hostile purpose on Mulinuu; second, that the shots complained of were fired by the Samoans. The second may be dismissed with a laugh. Human nature has laws. And no men hitherto discovered, on being suddenly challenged from the sea, would have turned their backs upon the challenger and poured volleys on the friendly shore. The first is not extremely credible, but merits examination. The story of the recovered gun seems straightforward; it is supported by much testimony, the diving operations on the reef seem to have been watched from shore with curiosity; it is hard to suppose that it does not roughly represent the fact. And yet if any part of it be true, the whole of Becker's explanation falls to the ground. A boat which had skirted the whole eastern coast of Mulinuu, and was already opposite a wharf in Matafele, and still going west, might have been guilty on a thousand points—there was one on which she was necessarily innocent; she was necessarily innocent of proceeding

on Mulinuu. Or suppose the diving operations, and the native testimony, and Pelly's chart of the boat's course, and the boat itself, to be all stages of some epidemic hallucination or steps in a conspiracy—suppose even a second *taumualua* to have entered Apia bay after nightfall, and to have been fired upon from Grevsmühl's wharf in the full career of hostilities against Mulinuu—suppose all this, and Becker is not helped. At the time of the first fire, the boat was off Grevsmühl's wharf. At the time of the second (and that is the one complained of) she was off Carruthers's wharf in Matautu. Was she still proceeding on Mulinuu? I trow not. The danger to German property was no longer imminent, the shots had been fired upon a very trifling provocation, the spirit implied was that of designed disregard to the neutrality. Such was the impression here on the spot; such in plain terms the statement of Count Hatzfeldt to Lord Salisbury at home: that the neutrality of Apia was only "to prevent the natives from fighting," not the German; and that whatever Becker might have promised at the conference, he could not "restrict German war-vessels in their freedom of action."

There was nothing to surprise in this discovery; and had events been guided at the same time with a steady and discreet hand, it might have passed with less observation. But the policy of Becker was felt to be not only reckless, it was felt to be absurd also. Sudden nocturnal onfalls upon native boats could lead, it was felt, to no good end whether of peace or war; they could but exasperate; they might prove, in a moment and when least expected, ruinous. To those who knew how nearly it had come to fighting, and who considered the probable result, the future looked ominous. And fear was mingled with annoyance in the minds of the Anglo-Saxon colony. On the 24th, a public meet-

ing appealed to the British and American consuls. At half-past seven in the evening guards were landed at the consulates. On the morrow they were each fortified with sand-bags; and the subjects informed by proclamation that these asylums stood open to them on any alarm, and at any hour of the day or night. The social bond in Apia was dissolved. The consuls, like barons of old, dwelt each in his armed citadel. The rank and file of the white nationalities dared each other, and sometimes fell to on the street like rival clansmen. And the little town, not by any fault of the inhabitants, rather by the act of Becker, had fallen back in civilisation about a thousand years.

There falls one more incident to be narrated, and then I can close with this ungracious chapter. I have mentioned the name of the new English consul. It is already familiar to English readers; for the gentleman who was fated to undergo some strange experiences in Apia, was the same de Coetlogon who covered Hicks's flank at the time of the disaster in the desert, and bade farewell to Gordon in Khartoum before the investment. The colonel was abrupt and testy; Mrs. de Coetlogon was too exclusive for a society like that of Apia; but whatever their superficial disabilities, it is strange they should have left, in such an odour of unpopularity, a place where they set so shining an example of the sterling virtues. The colonel was perhaps no diplomatist; he was certainly no lawyer; but he discharged the duties of his office with the constancy and courage of an old soldier, and these were found sufficient. He and his wife had no ambition to be the leaders of society; the consulate was in their time no house of feasting; but they made of it that house of mourning to which the preacher tells us it is better we should go. At an early date after the battle of Matautu, it was opened as a hospital for the wounded. The English

and Americans subscribed what was required for its support. Pelly of the *Lizard* strained every nerve to help, and set up tents on the lawn to be a shelter for the patients. The doctors of the English and American ships, and in particular Dr. Oakley of the *Lizard*, showed themselves indefatigable. But it was on the de Coetlogons that the distress fell. For nearly half a year, their lawn, their verandah, sometimes their rooms, were cumbered with the sick and dying, their ears were filled with the complaints of suffering humanity, their time was too short for the multiplicity of pitiful duties. In Mrs. de Coetlogon, and her helper, Miss Taylor, the merit of this endurance was perhaps to be looked for; in a man of the colonel's temper, himself painfully suffering, it was viewed with more surprise if with no more admiration. Doubtless, all had their reward in a sense of duty done; doubtless, also, as the days passed, in the spectacle of many traits of gratitude and patience, and in the success that waited on their efforts. Out of a hundred cases treated, only five died. They were all well behaved, though full of childish wiles. One old gentleman, a high chief, was seized with alarming symptoms of bellyache whenever Mrs. de Coetlogon went her rounds at night: he was after brandy. Others were insatiable for morphine or opium. A chief woman had her foot amputated under chloroform. "Let me see my foot! Why does it not hurt?" she cried. "It hurt so badly before I went to sleep." Siteone, whose name has been already mentioned, had his shoulder-blade excised, lay the longest of any, perhaps behaved the worst, and was on all these grounds the favourite. At times he was furiously irritable, and would rail upon his family and rise in bed until he swooned with pain. Once on the balcony he was thought to be dying, his family keening round his mat, his father exhorting him to be prepared, when Mrs. de Coetlogon brought him

round again with brandy and smelling-salts. After discharge, he returned upon a visit of gratitude; and it was observed, that instead of coming straight to the door, he went and stood long under his umbrella on that spot of ground where his mat had been stretched and he had endured pain so many months. Similar visits were the rule, I believe without exception; and the grateful patients loaded Mrs. de Coetlogon with gifts which (had that been possible in Polynesia) she would willingly have declined, for they were often of value to the givers.

The tissue of my story is one of rapacity, intrigue, and the triumphs of temper; the hospital at the consulate stands out almost alone as an episode of human beauty, and I dwell on it with satisfaction. But it was not regarded at the time with universal favour; and even to-day its institution is thought by many to have been impolitic. It was opened, it stood open, for the wounded of either party. As a matter of fact it was never used but by the Mataafas, and the Tamaseses were cared for exclusively by German doctors. In the progressive decivilisation of the town, these duties of humanity became thus a ground of quarrel. When the Mataafa hurt were first brought together after the battle of Matautu, and some more or less amateur surgeons were dressing wounds on a green by the wayside, one from the German consulate went by in the road. "Why don't you let the dogs die?" he asked.—"Go to Hell," was the rejoinder. Such were the amenities of Apia. But Becker reserved for himself the extreme expression of this spirit. On November 7th, hostilities began again between the Samoan armies, and an inconclusive skirmish sent a fresh crop of wounded to the de Coetlogons. Next door to the consulate, some native houses and a chapel (now ruinous) stood on a green. Chapel and houses were

certainly Samoan, but the ground was under a land-claim of the German firm; and de Coetlogon wrote to Becker requesting permission (in case it should prove necessary) to use these structures for his wounded. Before an answer came, the hospital was startled by the appearance of a case of gangrene, and the patient was hastily removed into the chapel. A rebel laid on German ground—here was an atrocity! The day before his own relief, November 11th, Becker ordered the man's instant removal. By his aggressive carriage and singular mixture of violence and cunning, he had already largely brought about the fall of Brandeis, and forced into an attitude of hostility the whole non-German population of the islands. Now, in his last hour of office, by this wanton buffet to his English colleague, he prepared a continuance of evil days for his successor. If the object of diplomacy be the organisation of failure in the midst of hate, he was a great diplomatist. And amongst a certain party on the beach he is still named as the ideal consul.

CHAPTER VII

THE SAMOAN CAMPS

November, 1888

When Brandeis and Tamasese fled by night from Mulinuu, they carried their wandering government some six miles to windward, to a position above Lotoanuu. For some three miles to the eastward of Apia, the shores of Upolu are low and the ground rises with a gentle acclivity, much of which waves with German plantations. A barrier reef encloses a lagoon passable for boats: and the traveller skims there, on smooth, many-tinted shallows, between the wall of the breakers on the one hand, and on the other a succession of palm-tree capes and cheerful beach-side villages. Beyond the great plantation of Vailele, the character of the coast is changed. The barrier reef abruptly ceases, the surf beats direct upon the shore; and the mountains and untenanted forest of the interior descend sheer into the sea. The first mountain promontory is Letongo. The bay beyond is called Laulii, and became the headquarters of Mataafa. And on the next projection, on steep, intricate ground, veiled in forest and cut up by gorges and defiles, Tamasese fortified his lines. This greenwood citadel, which proved impregnable by Samoan arms, may be regarded as his front; the sea covered his right; and his rear extended along the coast as far as Saluafata, and thus commanded and drew upon a rich country including the plain of Falefá.

He was left in peace from 11th October till November 6th. But his adversary is not wholly to be blamed for this delay, which depended upon island etiquette. His Savaii contingent had not yet come in, and to have moved again without waiting for them would have been surely to offend, perhaps to lose them. With the month

of November they began to arrive; on the 2nd twenty boats, on the 3rd twenty-nine, on the 5th seventeen. On the 6th the position Mataafa had so long occupied on the skirts of Apia was deserted; all that day and night his force kept streaming eastward to Laulii; and on the 7th the siege of Lotoanuu was opened with a brisk skirmish.

Each side built forts, facing across the gorge of a brook. An endless fusillade and shouting maintained the spirit of the warriors; and at night, even if the firing slackened, the pickets continued to exchange from either side volleys of songs and pungent pleasantries. Nearer hostilities were rendered difficult by the nature of the ground, where men must thread dense bush and clamber on the face of precipices. Apia was near enough; a man, if he had a dollar or two, could walk in before a battle and array himself in silk or velvet. Casualties were not common; there was nothing to cast gloom upon the camps, and no more danger than was required to give a spice to the perpetual firing. For the young warriors it was a period of admirable enjoyment. But the anxiety of Mataafa must have been great and growing. His force was now considerable. It was scarce likely he should ever have more. That he should be long able to supply them with ammunition seemed incredible: at the rates then or soon after current, hundreds of pounds sterling might be easily blown into the air by the skirmishers in the course of a few days. And in the meanwhile, on the mountain opposite, his outnumbered adversary held his ground unshaken.

By this time the partisanship of the whites was unconcealed. Americans supplied Mataafa with ammunition; English and Americans openly subscribed together and sent boat-loads of provisions to his camp. One such boat started from Apia on a day of rain; it was pulled by six oars, three being paid by Moors, three by the

Macarthurs; Moors himself and a clerk of the Macarthurs' were in charge; and the load included not only beef and biscuit, but three or four thousand rounds of ammunition. They came ashore in Laulii, and carried the gift to Mataafa. While they were yet in his house a bullet passed overhead; and out of his door they could see the Tamasese pickets on the opposite hill. Thence, they made their way to the left flank of the Mataafa position next the sea. A Tamasese barricade was visible across the stream. It rained, but the warriors crowded in their shanties, squatted in the mud, and maintained an excited conversation. Balls flew; either faction, both happy as lords, spotting for the other in chance shots, and missing. One point is characteristic of that war; experts in native feeling doubt if it will characterise the next. The two white visitors passed without and between the lines to a rocky point upon the beach. The person of Moors was well known; the purpose of their coming to Laulii must have been already bruited abroad; yet they were not fired upon. From the point they spied a crow's-nest, or hanging fortification, higher up; and, judging it was a good position for a general view, obtained a guide. He led them up a steep side of the mountain, where they must climb by roots and tufts of grass; and coming to an open hill-top with some scattered trees, bade them wait, let him draw the fire, and then be swift to follow. Perhaps a dozen balls whistled about him ere he had crossed the dangerous passage and dropped on the farther side into the crow's-nest; the white men briskly following, escaped unhurt. The crow's-nest was built like a bartizan on the precipitous front of the position. Across the ravine, perhaps at five hundred yards, heads were to be seen popping up and down in a fort of Tamasese's. On both sides the same enthusiasm without council, the same senseless vigil-

ance, reigned. Some took aim; some blazed before them at a venture. Now—when a head showed on the other side—one would take a crack at it, remarking it would never do to "miss a chance." Now they would all fire a volley and bob down; a return volley rang across the ravine, and was punctually answered: harmless as lawn-tennis. The whites expostulated in vain. The warriors, drunken with noise, made answer by a fresh general discharge and bade their visitors run while it was time. Upon their return to headquarters, men were covering the front with sheets of coral limestone, two balls having passed through the house in the interval. Mataafa sat within, over his kava bowl, unmoved. The picture is of a piece throughout: excellent courage, super-excellent folly; a war of school-children; expensive guns and cartridges used like squibs or catherine-wheels on Guy Fawkes's day.

On the 20th, Mataafa changed his attack. Tamasese's front was seemingly impregnable. Something must be tried upon his rear. There was his bread-basket; a small success in that direction would immediately curtail his resources; and it might be possible with energy to roll up his line along the beach and take the citadel in reverse. The scheme was carried out as might be expected from these childish soldiers. Mataafa, always uneasy about Apia, clung with a portion of his force to Laulii; and thus, had the foe been enterprising, exposed himself to disaster. The expedition fell successfully enough on Saluafata and drove out the Tamaseses with a loss of four heads; but so far from improving the advantage, yielded immediately to the weakness of the Samoan warrior, and ranged farther east through unarmed populations, bursting with shouts and blackened faces into villages terrified or admiring, making spoil of pigs, burning houses, and destroying gardens. The Tamaseses had at first

evacuated several beach towns in succession, and were still in retreat on Lotuanuu; finding themselves unpursued, they reoccupied them one after another, and re-established their lines to the very borders of Saluafata. Night fell; Mataafa had taken Saluafata, Tamasese had lost it; and that was all. But the day came near to have a different and very singular issue. The village was not long in the hands of the Mataafas, when a schooner, flying German colours, put into the bay and was immediately surrounded by their boats. It chanced that Brandeis was on board. Word of it had gone abroad, and the boats as they approached demanded him with threats. The late premier, alone, entirely unarmed, and a prey to natural and painful feelings, concealed himself below. The captain of the schooner remained on deck, pointed to the German colours, and defied approaching boats. Again the prestige of a great power triumphed; the Samoans fell back before the bunting; the schooner worked out of the bay; Brandeis escaped. He himself apprehended the worst if he fell into Samoan hands; it is my diffident impression that his life would have been safe.

On the 22nd, a new German war-ship, the *Eber*, of tragic memory, came to Apia from the Gilberts, where she had been disarming turbulent islands. The rest of that day and all night she loaded stores from the firm, and on the morrow reached Saluafata bay. Thanks to the misconduct of the Mataafas, the most of the foreshore was still in the hands of the Tamaseses; and they were thus able to receive from the *Eber* both the stores and weapons. The weapons had been sold long since to Tarawa, Apaiang, and Pleasant Island; places unheard of by the general reader, where obscure inhabitants paid for these instruments of death in money or in labour, misused them as it was known they would be misused, and had been disarmed by force.

The *Eber* had brought back the guns to a German counter, whence many must have been originally sold; and was here engaged, like a shopboy, in their distribution to fresh purchasers. Such is the vicious circle of the traffic in weapons of war. Another aid of a more metaphysical nature was ministered by the *Eber* to Tamasese, in the shape of uncountable German flags. The full history of this epidemic of bunting falls to be told in the next chapter. But the fact has to be chronicled here, for I believe it was to these flags that we owe the visit of the *Adams*, and my next and best authentic glance into a native camp. The *Adams* arrived in Saluafata on the 26th. On the morrow Leary and Moors landed at the village. It was still occupied by Mataafas, mostly from Manono and Savaii, few in number, high in spirit. The Tamasese pickets were meanwhile within musket range; there was maintained a steady sputtering of shots; and yet a party of Tamasese women were here on a visit to the women of Manono, with whom they sat talking and smoking, under the fire of their own relatives. It was reported that Leary took part in a council of war, and promised to join with his broadside in the next attack. It is certain he did nothing of the sort: equally certain that, in Tamasese circles, he was firmly credited with having done so. And this heightens the extraordinary character of what I have now to tell. Prudence and delicacy alike ought to have forbid the camp of Tamasese to the feet of either Leary or Moors. Moors was the original—there was a time when he had been the only—opponent of the puppet king. Leary had driven him from the seat of government; it was but a week or two since he had threatened to bombard him in his present refuge. Both were in close and daily council with his adversary, and it was no secret that Moors was supplying the latter with food. They were partisans; it lacked but a hair that

they should be called belligerents; it were idle to try to deny they were the most dangerous of spies. And yet these two now sailed across the bay and landed inside the Tamasese lines at Salelesi. On the very beach they had another glimpse of the artlessness of Samoan war. Hitherto, the Tamasese fleet, being hardy and unencumbered, had made a fool of the huge floating forts upon the other side; and here they were toiling, not to produce another boat on their own pattern in which they had always enjoyed the advantage, but to make a new one the type of their enemies', of which they had now proved the uselessness for months. It came on to rain as the Americans landed; and though none offered to oppose their coming ashore, none invited them to take shelter. They were nowise abashed, entered a house unbidden, and were made welcome with obvious reserve. The rain clearing off, they set forth westward, deeper into the heart of the enemies' position. Three or four young men ran some way before them, doubtless to give warning; and Leary, with his indomitable taste for mischief, kept inquiring as he went after "the high chief" Tamasese. The line of the beach was one continuous breastwork; some thirty-odd iron cannon of all sizes and patterns stood mounted in embrazures; plenty of grape and canister lay ready; and at every hundred yards or so, the German flag was flying. The numbers of the guns and flags I give as I received them, though they test my faith. At the house of Brandeis—a little, weatherboard house, crammed at the time with natives, men, women, and squalling children—Leary and Moors again asked for "the high chief," and were again assured that he was farther on. A little beyond, the road ran in one place somewhat inland, the two Americans had gone down to the line of the beach to continue their inspection of the breastwork, when Brandeis himself, in his shirt

sleeves and accompanied by several German officers, passed them by the line of the road. The two parties saluted in silence. Beyond Eva point, there was an observable change for the worse in the reception of the Americans; some whom they met began to mutter at Moors; and the adventurers, with tardy but commendable prudence, desisted from their search after the high chief, and began to retrace their steps. On the return, Suatele and some chiefs were drinking kava in a "big house," and called them in to join—their only invitation. But the night was closing, the rain had begun again: they stayed but for civility, and returned on board the *Adams*, wet and hungry, and I believe delighted with their expedition. It was perhaps the last, as it was certainly one of the most extreme examples of that divinity which once hedged the white in Samoa. The feeling was already different in the camp of Mataafa, where the safety of a German loiterer had been a matter of extreme concern. Ten days later, three commissioners, an Englishman, an American, and a German, approached a post of Mataafas, were challenged by an old man with a gun, and mentioned in answer what they were. "*Ifea Siamani?* Which is the German?" cried the old gentleman, dancing, and with his finger on the trigger; and the commissioners stood somewhile in a very anxious posture, till they were released by the opportune arrival of a chief. It was November the 27th when Leary and Moors completed their absurd excursion; in about three weeks an event was to befall which changed at once, and probably for ever, the relation of the natives and the whites.

By the 28th Tamasese had collected seventeen hundred men in the trenches before Saluafata, thinking to attack next day. But the Mataafas evacuated the place in the night. At half-past five on the morning

of the 29th, a signal gun was fired in the trenches at Laulii, and the Tamasese citadel was assaulted and defended with a fury new among Samoans. When the battle ended on the following day, one or more outworks remained in the possession of Mataafa. Another had been taken and lost as many as four times. Carried originally by a mixed force from Savaii and Tuamasanga, the victors, instead of completing fresh defences or pursuing their advantage, fell to eat and smoke and celebrate their victory with impromptu songs. In this humour, a rally of the Tamaseses smote them, drove them out pell-mell, and tumbled them into the ravine, where many broke their heads and legs. Again the work was taken, again lost. Ammunition failed the belligerents; and they fought hand to hand in the contested fort with axes, clubs, and clubbed rifles. The sustained ardour of the engagement surprised even those who were engaged; and the butcher's bill was counted extraordinary by Samoans. On December 1st, the women of either side collected the headless bodies of the dead, each easily identified by the name tattooed on his forearm. Mataafa is thought to have lost sixty killed; and the de Coetlogons' hospital received three women and forty men. The casualties on the Tamasese side cannot be accepted, but they were presumably much less.

CHAPTER VIII

AFFAIRS OF LAULII AND FANGALII

November to December, 1888

For Becker I have not been able to conceal my distaste, for he seems to me both false and foolish. But of his successor, the unfortunately famous Dr. Knappe, we may think as of a good enough fellow driven distraught. Fond of Samoa and the Samoans, he thought to bring peace and enjoy popularity among the islanders; of a genial, amiable, and sanguine temper, he made no doubt but he could repair the breach with the English consul. Hope told a flattering tale. He awoke to find himself exchanging defiances with de Coetlogon, beaten in the field by Mataafa, surrounded on the spot by general exasperation, and disowned from home by his own government. The history of his administration leaves on the mind of the student a sentiment of pity scarcely mingled.

On Blacklock he did not call, and, in view of Leary's attitude, may be excused. But the English consul was in a different category. England, weary of the name of Samoa and desirous only to see peace established, was prepared to wink hard during the process and to welcome the result of any German settlement. It was an unpardonable fault in Becker to have kicked and buffeted his ready-made allies into a state of jealousy, anger, and suspicion. Knappe set himself at once to efface these impressions, and the English officials rejoiced for the moment in the change. Between Knappe and de Coetlogon there seems to have been mutual sympathy; and, in considering the steps by which they were led at last into an attitude of mutual defiance, it must be remembered that both the men were sick—Knappe from time to time prostrated with that formidable complaint, New Guinea fever, and de

Coetlogon throughout his whole stay in the islands continually ailing.

Tamasese was still to be recognised and, if possible, supported: such was the German policy. Two days after his arrival, accordingly, Knappe addressed to Mataafa a threatening despatch. The German plantation was suffering from the proximity of his "war-party." He must withdraw from Laulii at once, and, whithersoever he went, he must approach no German property nor so much as any village where there was a German trader. By five o'clock on the morrow, if he were not gone, Knappe would turn upon him "the attention of the man-of-war" and inflict a fine. The same evening, November 14th, Knappe went on board the *Adler*, which began to get up steam.

Three months before, such direct intervention on the part of Germany would have passed almost without protest; but the hour was now gone by. Becker's conduct, equally timid and rash, equally inconclusive and offensive, had forced the other nations into a strong feeling of common interest with Mataafa. Even had the German demands been moderate, de Coetlogon could not have forgotten the night of the *taumualua* nor how Mataafa had relinquished, at his request, the attack upon the German quarter. Blacklock, with his driver of a captain at his elbow, was not likely to lag behind. And Mataafa having communicated Knappe's letter, the example of the Germans was on all hands exactly followed; the consuls hastened on board their respective war-ships, and these began to get up steam. About midnight, in a pouring rain, Pelly communicated to Fritze his intention to follow him and protect British interests; and Knappe replied that he would come on board the *Lizard* and see de Coetlogon personally. It was deep in the small hours, and de Coetlogon had been long asleep, when he was wakened

to receive his colleague; but he started up with an old soldier's readiness. The conference was long. De Coetlogon protested, as he did afterwards in writing, against Knappe's claim: the Samoans were in a state of war; they had territorial rights; it was monstrous to prevent them from entering one of their own villages because a German trader kept the store; and in case property suffered, a claim for compensation was the proper remedy. Knappe argued that this was a question between Germans and Samoans, in which de Coetlogon had nothing to say; and that he must protect German property according to his instructions. To which de Coetlogon replied that he was himself in the same attitude to the property of the British; that he understood Knappe to be intending hostilities against Laulii; that Laulii was mortgaged to the Macarthurs; that its crops were accordingly British property; and that, while he was ever willing to recognise the territorial rights of the Samoans, he must prevent that property from being molested "by any other nation." "But if a German man-of-war does it?" asked Knappe. —"We shall prevent it to the best of our ability," replied the colonel. It is to the credit of both men that this trying interview should have been conducted and concluded without heat; but Knappe must have returned to the *Adler* with darker anticipations.

At sunrise on the morning of the 15th, the three ships, each loaded with its consul, put to sea. It is hard to exaggerate the peril of the forenoon that followed, as they lay off Laulii. Nobody desired a collision, save perhaps the reckless Leary; but peace and war trembled in the balance; and when the *Adler*, at one period, lowered her gun ports, war appeared to preponderate. It proved, however, to be a last—and therefore surely an unwise—extremity. Knappe contented himself with visiting the rival kings, and the three ships returned to

Apia before noon. Beyond a doubt, coming after Knappe's decisive letter of the day before, this impotent conclusion shook the credit of Germany among the natives of both sides: the Tamaseses fearing they were deserted, the Mataafas (with secret delight) hoping they were feared. And it gave an impetus to that ridiculous business which might have earned for the whole episode the name of the war of flags. British and American flags had been planted the night before, and were seen that morning flying over what they claimed about Laulii. British and American passengers, on the way up and down, pointed out from the decks of the war-ships, with generous vagueness, the boundaries of problematical estates. Ten days later, the beach of Saluafata bay fluttered (as I have told in the last chapter) with the flag of Germany. The Americans riposted with a claim to Tamasese's camp, some small part of which (says Knappe) did really belong to "an American nigger." The disease spread, the flags were multiplied, the operations of war became an egg-dance among miniature neutral territories; and though all men took a hand in these proceedings, all men in turn were struck with their absurdity. Mullan, Leary's successor, warned Knappe, in an emphatic despatch, not to squander and discredit the solemnity of that emblem which was all he had to be a defence to his own consulate. And Knappe himself in his despatch of March 21st, 1889, castigates the practice with much sense. But this was after the tragi-comic culmination had been reached, and the burnt rags of one of these too-frequently mendacious signals gone on a progress to Washington, like Cæsar's body, arousing indignation where it came. To such results are nations conducted by the patent artifices of a Becker.

The discussion of the morning, the silent menace

and defiance of the voyage to Laulii, might have set the best-natured by the ears. But Knappe and de Coetlogon took their difference in excellent part. On the morrow, November 16th, they sat down together with Blacklock in conference. The English consul introduced his colleagues, who shook hands. If Knappe were deadweighted with the inheritance of Becker, Blacklock was handicapped by reminiscences of Leary; it is the more to the credit of this inexperienced man that he should have maintained in the future so excellent an attitude of firmness and moderation, and that when the crash came Knappe and de Coetlogon, not Knappe and Blacklock, were found to be the protagonists of the drama. The conference was futile. The English and American consuls admitted but one cure of the evils of the time: that the farce of the Tamasese monarchy should cease. It was one which the German refused to consider. And the agents separated without reaching any result, save that diplomatic relations had been restored between the States and Germany, and that all three were convinced of their fundamental differences.

Knappe and de Coetlogon were still friends; they had disputed and differed and come within a finger's breadth of war, and they were still friends. But an event was at hand which was to separate them for ever. On December 4th came the *Royalist*, Captain Hand, to relieve the *Lizard*. Pelly of course had to take his canvas from the consulate hospital; but he had in charge certain awnings belonging to the *Royalist*, and with these they made shift to cover the wounded, at that time (after the fight at Laulii) more than usually numerous. A lieutenant came to the consulate, and delivered (as I have received it) the following message: "Captain Hand's compliments, and he says you must get rid of these niggers at once, and he will help you to

do it." Doubtless the reply was no more civil than the message. The promised "help," at least, followed promptly. A boat's crew landed and the awnings were stripped from the wounded, Hand himself standing on the colonel's verandah to direct operations. It were fruitless to discuss this passage from the humanitarian point of view, or from that of formal courtesy. The mind of the new captain was plainly not directed to these objects. But it is understood that he considered the existence of the hospital a source of irritation to Germans and a fault in policy. His own rude act proved in the result far more impolitic. The hospital had now been open some two months, and de Coetlogon was still on friendly terms with Knappe, and he and his wife were engaged to dine with him that day. By the morrow that was practically ended. For the rape of the awnings had two results: one, which was the fault of de Coetlogon, not at all of Hand, who could not have foreseen it; the other which it was his duty to have seen and prevented. The first was this: the de Coetlogons found themselves left with their wounded exposed to the inclemencies of the season; they must all be transported to the house and verandah; in the distress and pressure of this task, the dinner engagement was too long forgotten; and a note of excuse did not reach the German consulate before the table was set, and Knappe dressed to receive his visitors. The second consequence was inevitable. Captain Hand was scarce landed ere it became public (was "*sofort bekannt*," writes Knappe) that he and the consul were in opposition. All that had been gained by the demonstration at Laulii was thus immediately cast away; de Coetlogon's prestige was lessened; and it must be said plainly that Hand did less than nothing to restore it. Twice indeed he interfered, both times with success; and once, when his own person had been endangered, with vehemence;

but during all the strange doings I have to narrate, he remained in close intimacy with the German consulate, and on one occasion may be said to have acted as its marshal. After the worst is over, after Bismarck has told Knappe that "the protests of his English colleague were grounded," that his own conduct "has not been good," and that in any dispute which may arise he "will find himself in the wrong," Knappe can still plead in his defence that Captain Hand "has always maintained friendly intercourse with the German authorities." Singular epitaph for an English sailor. In this complicity on the part of Hand, we may find the reason—and I had almost said, the excuse—of much that was excessive in the bearing of the unfortunate Knappe.

On the 11th December, Mataafa received twenty-eight thousand cartridges, brought into the country in salt-beef kegs by the British ship *Richmond*. This not only sharpened the animosity between whites: following so closely on the German fizzle at Laulii, it raised a convulsion in the camp of Tamasese. On the 13th, Brandeis addressed to Knappe his famous and fatal letter. I may not describe it as a letter of burning words, but it is plainly dictated by a burning heart. Tamasese and his chiefs, he announces, are now sick of the business and ready to make peace with Mataafa. They began the war relying upon German help; they now see and say that "*e faaalo Siamani i Peritania ma America*, that Germany is subservient to England and the States." It is grimly given to be understood that the despatch is an ultimatum, and a last chance is being offered for the recreant ally to fulfil her pledge. To make it the more plain, the document goes on with a kind of bilious irony: "The two German war-ships now in Samoa are here for the protection of German property alone; and when the *Olga* shall have arrived"

[she arrived on the morrow] "the German war-ships will continue to do against the insurgents precisely as little as they have done heretofore." Plant flags, in fact.

Here was Knappe's opportunity, could he have stooped to seize it. I find it difficult to blame him that he could not. Far from so inglorious as the treachery once contemplated by Becker, the acceptance of the ultimatum would have been still in the nature of a disgrace. Brandeis's letter, written by a German, was hard to swallow. It would have been hard to accept that solution which Knappe had so recently and so peremptorily refused to his brother consuls. And he was tempted, on the other hand, by recent changes. There was no Pelly to support de Coetlogon, who might now be disregarded. Mullan, Leary's successor, even if he were not precisely a Hand, was at least no Leary; and even if Mullan should show fight, Knappe had now three ships and could defy or sink him without danger. Many small circumstances moved him in the same direction. The looting of German plantations continued; the whole force of Mataafa to a large extent subsisted from the crops of Vailele; and armed men were to be seen openly plundering bananas, breadfruit, and cocoa-nuts under the walls of the plantation building. On the night of the 13th, the consulate stables had been broken into and a horse removed. On the 16th, there was a riot in Apia between half-castes and sailors from the new ship *Olga*, each side claiming that the other was the worse of drink, both (for a wager) justly. The multiplication of flags and little neutral territories had, besides, begun to irritate the Samoans. The protests of German settlers had been received uncivilly. On the 16th, the Mataafas had again sought to land in Saluafata bay, with the manifest intention to attack the Tamaseses, or (in

other words) "to trespass on German lands, covered, as your Excellency knows, with flags." I quote from his requisition to Fritze, December 17th. Upon all these considerations, he goes on, it is necessary to bring the fighting to an end. Both parties are to be disarmed and returned to their villages—Mataafa first. And in case of any attempt upon Apia, the roads thither are to be held by a strong landing party. Mataafa was to be disarmed first, perhaps rightly enough in his character of the last insurgent. Then was to have come the turn of Tamasese; but it does not appear the disarming would have had the same import or have been gone about in the same way. Germany was bound to Tamasese. No honest man would dream of blaming Knappe because he sought to redeem his country's word. The path he chose was doubtless that of honour, so far as honour was still left. But it proved to be the road to ruin.

Fritze, ranking German officer, is understood to have opposed the measure. His attitude earned him at the time unpopularity among his country-people on the spot, and should now redound to his credit. It is to be hoped he extended his opposition to some of the details. If it were possible to disarm Mataafa at all, it must be done rather by prestige than force. A party of blue-jackets landed in Samoan bush, and expected to hold against Samoans a multiplicity of forest paths, had their work cut out for them. And it was plain they should be landed in the light of day, with a discouraging openness and even with parade. To sneak ashore by night was to increase the danger of resistance and to minimise the authority of the attack. The thing was a bluff, and it is impossible to bluff with stealth. Yet this was what was tried. A landing party was to leave the *Olga* in Apia bay at two in the morning; the landing was to be at four on two parts of the foreshore

of Vailele. At eight they were to be joined by a second landing party from the *Eber*. By nine the Olgas were to be on the crest of Letongo Mountain, and the Ebers to be moving round the promontory by the seaward paths, "with measures of precaution," disarming all whom they encountered. There was to be no firing unless fired upon. At the appointed hour (or perhaps later) on the morning of the 19th, this unpromising business was put in hand, and there moved off from the *Olga* two boats with some fifty blue-jackets between them, and a *praam* or punt containing ninety—the boats and the whole expedition under the command of Captain-Lieutenant Jaeckel, the praam under Lieutenant Spengler. The men had each forty rounds, one day's provisions, and their flasks filled.

In the meanwhile, Mataafa sympathisers about Apia were on the alert. Knappe had informed the consuls that the ships were to put to sea next day for the protection of German property; but the Tamaseses had been less discreet. "To-morrow at the hour of seven," they had cried to their adversaries, "you will know of a difficulty, and our guns shall be made good in broken bones." An accident had pointed expectation towards Apia. The wife of Le Māmea washed for the German ships—a perquisite, I suppose, for her husband's unwilling fidelity. She sent a man with linen on board the *Adler*, where he was surprised to see Le Māmea in person, and to be himself ordered instantly on shore. The news spread. If Māmea were brought down from Lotonauu, others might have come at the same time. Tamasese himself and half his army might perhaps lie concealed on board the German ships. And a watch was accordingly set and warriors collected along the line of the shore. One detachment lay in some rifle-pits by the mouth of the Fuisá. They were commanded by Seumanu; and with this part

probably as the most contiguous to Apia, was the war-correspondent, John Klein. Of English birth, but naturalised American, this gentleman had been for some time representing the *New York World* in a very effective manner, always in the front, living in the field with the Samoans, and in all vicissitudes of weather, toiling to and fro with his despatches. His wisdom was perhaps not equal to his energy. He made himself conspicuous, going about armed to the teeth in a boat under the stars and stripes; and on one occasion, when he supposed himself fired upon by the Tamaseses, had the petulance to empty his revolver in the direction of their camp. By the light of the moon, which was then nearly down, this party observed the *Olga's* two boats and the praam, which they describe as "almost sinking with men," the boats keeping well out towards the reef, the praam at the moment apparently heading for the shore. An extreme agitation seems to have reigned in the rifle-pits. What were the newcomers? What was their errand? Were they Germans or Tamaseses? Had they a mind to attack? The praam was hailed in Samoan and did not answer. It was proposed to fire upon her ere she drew near. And at last, whether on his own suggestion or that of Seumanu, Klein hailed her in English and in terms of unnecessary melodrama. "Do not try to land here," he cried. "If you do your blood will be upon your head." Spengler, who had never the least intention to touch at the Fuisá, put up the head of the praam to her true course and continued to move up the lagoon with an offing of some seventy or eighty yards. Along all the irregularities and obstructions of the beach, across the mouth of the Vaivasa, and through the startled village of Matafangatele, Seumanu, Klein, and seven or eight others raced to keep up, spreading the alarm and rousing re-enforcements as they went. Presently a man on

horseback made his appearance on the opposite beach of Fangalii. Klein and the natives distinctly saw him signal with a lantern; which is the more strange, as the horseman (Captain Hufnagel, plantation manager of Vailele) had never a lantern to signal with. The praam kept in. Many men in white were seen to stand up, step overboard, and wade to shore. At the same time the eye of panic descried a breastwork of "foreign stones" (brick) upon the beach. Samoans are prepared to-day to swear to its existence, I believe conscientiously, although no such thing was ever made or ever intended in that place. The hour is doubtful. "It was the hour when the streak of dawn is seen, the hour known in the warfare of heathen times as the hour of the night attack," says the Mataafa official account. A native whom I met on the field declared it was at cockcrow. Captain Hufnagel, on the other hand, is sure it was long before the day. It was dark at least, and the moon down. Darkness made the Samoans bold; uncertainty as to the composition and purpose of the landing party made them desperate. Fire was opened on the Germans, one of whom was here killed. The Germans returned it and effected a lodgement on the beach; and the skirmish died again to silence. It was at this time, if not earlier, that Klein returned to Apia.

Here, then, were Spengler and the ninety men of the praam, landed on the beach in no very enviable posture, the woods in front filled with unnumbered enemies, but for the time successful. Meanwhile, Jaeckel and the boats had gone outside the reef, and were to land on the other side of the Vailele promontory, at Sunga, by the buildings of the plantation. It was Hufnagel's part to go and meet them. His way led straight into the woods and through the midst of the Samoans, who had but now ceased firing. He went in the saddle and at a foot's pace, feeling speed and concealment to

be equally helpless, and that if he were to fall at all, he had best fall with dignity. Not a shot was fired at him; no effort made to arrest him on his errand. As he went, he spoke and even jested with the Samoans, and they answered in good part. One fellow was leaping, yelling, and tossing his axe in the air, after the way of an excited islander. "*Faimalosi!* go it!" said Hufnagel, and the fellow laughed and redoubled his exertions. As soon as the boats entered the lagoon, fire was again opened from the woods. The fifty blue-jackets jumped overboard, hove down the boats to be a shield, and dragged them towards the landing place. In this way, their rations, and (what was more unfortunate) some of their miserable provision of forty rounds got wetted; but the men came to shore and garrisoned the plantation house without a casualty. Meanwhile the sound of the firing from Sunga immediately renewed the hostilities at Fangalii. The civilians on shore decided that Spengler must be at once guided to the house, and Haideln, the surveyor, accepted the dangerous errand. Like Hufnagel, he was suffered to pass without question through the midst of these platonic enemies. He found Spengler some way inland on a knoll, disastrously engaged, the woods around him filled with Samoans, who were continuously re-enforced. In three successive charges, cheering as they ran, the blue-jackets burst through their scattered opponents, and made good their junction with Jaeckel. Four men only remained upon the field, the other wounded being helped by their comrades or dragging themselves painfully along.

The force was now concentrated in the house and its immediate patch of garden. Their rear, to the seaward, was unmolested; but on three sides they were beleaguered. On the left, the Samoans occupied and fired from some of the plantation offices. In front, a

long rising crest of land in the horse-pasture commanded the house and was lined with the assailants. And on the right, the hedge of the same paddock afforded them a dangerous cover. It was in this place that a Samoan sharp-shooter was knocked over by Jaeckel with his own hand. The fire was maintained by the Samoans in the usual wasteful style. The roof was made a sieve; the balls passed clean through the house; Lieutenant Sieger, as he lay, already dying, on Hufnagel's bed, was despatched with a fresh wound. The Samoans showed themselves extremely enterprising: pushed their lines forward, ventured beyond cover, and continually threatened to envelop the garden. Thrice, at least, it was necessary to repel them by a sally. The men were brought into the house from the rear, the front doors were thrown suddenly open, and the gallant blue-jackets issued cheering: necessary, successful, but extremely costly sorties. Neither could these be pushed far. The foes were undaunted; so soon as the sailors advanced at all deep in the horse-pasture, the Samoans began to close in upon both flanks; and the sally had to be recalled. To add to the dangers of the German situation, ammunition began to run low; and the cartridge-boxes of the wounded and the dead had been already brought in use before, at about eight o'clock, the *Eber* steamed into the bay. Her commander, Wallis, threw some shells into Letongo, one of which killed five men about their cooking-pot. The Samoans began immediately to withdraw; their movements were hastened by a sortie, and the remains of the landing party brought on board. This was an unfortunate movement; it gave an irremediable air of defeat to what might have been else claimed for a moderate success. The blue-jackets numbered a hundred and forty all told; they were engaged separately and fought under the worst con-

ditions, in the dark and among woods; their position in the house was scarce tenable; they lost in killed and wounded fifty-six—forty per cent.; and their spirit to the end was above question. Whether we think of the poor sailor lads, always so pleasantly behaved in times of peace, or whether we call to mind the behaviour of the two civilians, Haideln and Hufnagel, we can only regret that brave men should stand to be exposed upon so poor a quarrel or lives cast away upon an enterprise so hopeless.

News of the affair reached Apia early, and Moors, always curious of these spectacles of war, was immediately in the saddle. Near Matafangatele, he met a Manono chief, whom he asked if there were any German dead. "I think there are about thirty of them knocked over," said he.—"Have you taken their heads?" asked Moors.—"Yes," said the chief. "Some foolish people did it, but I have stopped them. We ought not to cut off their heads when they do not cut off ours." He was asked what had been done with the heads. "Two have gone to Mataafa," he replied, "and one is buried right under where your horse is standing, in a basket wrapped in tapa." This was afterwards dug up, and I am told on native authority that, besides the three heads, two ears were taken. Moors next asked the Manono man how he came to be going away. "The man-of-war is throwing shells," said he. "When they stopped firing out of the house, we stopped firing also; so it was as well to scatter when the shells began. We could have killed all the white men. I wish they had been Tamaseses." This is an *ex parte* statement, and I give it for such; but the course of the affair, and in particular the adventures of Haideln and Hufnagel, testify to a surprising lack of animosity against the Germans. About the same time or but a little earlier than this conversation,

the same spirit was being displayed. Hufnagel, with a party of labourers, had gone out to bring in the German dead, when he was surprised to be suddenly fired on from the wood. The boys he had with him were not negritos, but Polynesians from the Gilbert Islands; and he suddenly remembered that these might be easily mistaken for a detachment of Tamaseses. Bidding his boys conceal themselves in a thicket, this brave man walked into the open. So soon as he was recognised, the firing ceased, and the labourers followed him in safety. This is chivalrous war; but there was a side to it less chivalrous. As Moors drew near to Vailele, he began to meet Samoans with hats, guns, and even shirts taken from the German sailors. With one of these who had a hat and a gun, he stopped and spoke. The hat was handed up for him to look at; it had the late owner's name on the inside. "Where is he?" asked Moors.—"He is dead; I cut his head off."—"You shot him?"—"No, somebody else shot him in the hip. When I came, he put up his hands, and cried: 'Don't kill me; I am a Malietoa man.' I did not believe him, and I cut his head off."—"Have you any ammunition to fit that gun?"—"I do not know."—"What has become of the cartridge belt?"—"Another fellow grabbed that and the cartridges, and he won't give them to me." A dreadful and silly picture of barbaric war. The words of the German sailor must be regarded as imaginary: how was the poor lad to speak native, or the Samoan to understand German? When Moors came as far as Sunga, the *Eber* was yet in the bay, the smoke of battle still lingered among the trees, which were themselves marked with a thousand bullet-wounds. But the affair was over, the combatants, German and Samoan, were all gone, and only a couple of negrito labour boys lurked on the scene. The village of Letongo beyond was equally

silent; part of it was wrecked by the shells of the *Eber*, and still smoked; the inhabitants had fled. On the beach were the native boats, perhaps five thousand dollars' worth, deserted by the Mataafas and overlooked by the Germans, in their common hurry to escape. Still Moors held eastward by the sea-paths. It was his hope to get a view from the other side of the promontory, towards Laulii. In the way he found a house hidden in the wood and among rocks, where an aged and sick woman was being tended by her elderly daughter. Last lingerers in that deserted piece of coast, they seemed indifferent to the events which had thus left them solitary, and, as the daughter said, did not know where Mataafa was, nor where Tamasese.

It is the official Samoan pretension that the Germans fired first at Fangalii. In view of all German and some native testimony, the text of Fritze's orders, and the probabilities of the case, no honest mind will believe it for a moment. Certainly the Samoans fired first. As certainly they were betrayed into the engagement in the agitation of the moment, and it was not till afterwards that they understood what they had done. Then, indeed, all Samoa drew a breath of wonder and delight. The invincible had fallen; the men of the vaunted warships had been met in the field by the braves of Mataafa: a superstition was no more. Conceive this people steadily as schoolboys; and conceive the elation in any school if the head boy should suddenly arise and drive the rector from the schoolhouse. I have received one instance of the feeling instantly aroused. There lay at the time in the consular hospital an old chief who was a pet of the colonel's. News reached him of the glorious event; he was sick, he thought himself sinking, sent for the colonel, and gave him his gun. "Don't let the Germans get it," said the old gentleman, and having received a promise, was at peace.

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CHAPTER IX

"FUROR CONSULARIS"

December, 1888, to March, 1889

Knappe, in the *Adler*, with a flag of truce at the fore, was entering Laulii Bay when the *Eber* brought him the news of the night's reverse. His heart was doubtless wrung for his young countrymen who had been butchered and mutilated in the dark woods, or now lay suffering and some of them dying on the ship. And he must have been startled as he recognised his own position. He had gone too far; he had stumbled into war and, what was worse, into defeat; he had thrown away German lives for less than nothing, and now saw himself condemned either to accept defeat, or to kick and pummel his failure into something like success; either to accept defeat, or take frenzy for a counsellor. Yesterday, in cold blood, he had judged it necessary to have the woods to the westward guarded lest the evacuation of Laulii should prove only the peril of Apia. To-day, in the irritation and alarm of failure, he forgot or despised his previous reasoning, and, though his detachment was beat back to the ships, proceeded with the remainder of his maimed design. The only change he made was to hand down the flag of truce. He had now no wish to meet with Mataafa. Words were out of season, shells must speak.

At this moment an incident befell him which must have been trying to his self-command. The new American ship *Nipsic* entered Laulii Bay; her commander, Mullan, boarded the *Adler* to protest, succeeded in wresting from Knappe a period of delay in order that the women might be spared, and sent a lieutenant to Mataafa with a warning. The camp was already excited by the news and the trophies of Fangalii. Already Tamasese and Lotoanuu seemed

secondary objectives to the Germans and Apia. Mullan's message set an end to hesitation. Laulii was evacuated. The troops streamed westward by the mountain-side, and took up the same day a strong position about Tanungamanono and Mangiangi, some two miles behind Apia, which they threatened with the one hand, while with the other they continued to draw their supplies from the devoted plantations of the German firm. Laulii, when it was shelled, was empty. The British flags were, of course, fired upon; and I hear that one of them was struck down, but I think every one must be privately of the mind that it was fired upon and fell, in a place where it had little business to be shown.

Such was the military epilogue to the ill-judged adventure of Fangalii; it was difficult for failure to be more complete. But the other consequences were of a darker colour and brought the whites immediately face to face in a spirit of ill-favoured animosity. Knappe was mourning the defeat and death of his countryfolk, he was standing aghast over the ruin of his own career, when Mullan boarded him. The successor of Leary served himself, in that bitter moment, heir to Leary's part. And in Mullan, Knappe saw more even than the successor of Leary—he saw in him the representative of Klein. Klein had hailed the praam from the rifle-pits; he had there uttered ill-chosen words, unhappily prophetic; it is even likely that he was present at the time of the first fire. To accuse him of the design and conduct of the whole attack was but a step forward; his own vapouring served to corroborate the accusation; and it was not long before the German consulate was in possession of sworn native testimony in support. The worth of native testimony is small, the worth of white testimony not overwhelming; and I am in the painful position of not being able to

subscribe either to Klein's own account of the affa
or to that of his accusers. Klein was extremely flurrie
his interest as a reporter must have tempted him at fir
to make the most of his share in the exploit, th
immediate peril in which he soon found himself
stand must have at least suggested to him the idea
minimising it; one way and another, he is not a goo
witness. As for the natives, they were no doubt cros
examined in that hall of terror, the German consulat
where they might be trusted to lie like schoolboys,
(if the reader prefer it) like Samoans. By outside whi
testimony, it remains established for me that Klei
returned to Apia either before or immediately aft
the first shots. That he ever sought or was ev
allowed a share in the command may be denied pe
emptorily; but it is more than likely that he expresse
himself in an excited manner and with a high
inflammatory effect upon his hearers. He was, at leas
severely punished. The Germans, enraged by h
provocative behaviour and what they thought to be h
German birth, demanded him to be tried before cour
martial; he had to skulk inside the sentries of th
American consulate, to be smuggled on board a wa
ship, and to be carried almost by stealth out of th
island; and what with the agitations of his min
and the results of a marsh fever contracted in the lin
of Mataafa, reached Honolulu a very proper object
commiseration. Nor was Klein the only accused:
Coetlogon was himself involved. As the boats passe
Matautu, Knappe declares a signal was made from th
British consulate. Perhaps we should rather rea
"from its neighbourhood"; since, in the gener
warding of the coast, the point of Matautu could scarc
have been neglected. On the other hand, there is n
doubt that the Samoans, in the anxiety of that nigh
of watching and fighting, crowded to the friendl

consul for advice. Late in the night, the wounded Siteoni, lying on the colonel's verandah, one corner of which had been blinded down that he might sleep, heard the coming and going of bare feet and the voices of eager consultation. And long after, a man who had been discharged from the colonel's employment took upon himself to swear an affidavit as to the nature of the advice then given, and to carry the document to the German consul. It was an act of private revenge; it fell long out of date in the good days of Dr. Stuebel, and had no result but to discredit the gentleman who volunteered it. Colonel de Coetlogon had his faults, but they did not touch his honour; his bare word would always outweigh a waggonload of such denunciations; and he declares his behaviour on that night to have been blameless. The question was besides inquired into on the spot by Sir John Thurston, and the colonel honourably acquitted. But during the weeks that were now to follow, Knappe believed the contrary; he believed not only that Moors and others had supplied the ammunition and Klein commanded in the field, but that de Coetlogon had made the signal of attack; that though his blue-jackets had bled and fallen against the arms of Samoans, these were supplied, inspired, and marshalled by Americans and English.

The legend was the more easily believed because it embraced and was founded upon so much truth. Germans lay dead, the German wounded groaned in their cots; and the cartridges by which they fell had been sold by an American and brought into the country in a British bottom. Had the transaction been entirely mercenary, it would already have been hard to swallow; but it was notoriously not so. British and Americans were notoriously the partisans of Mataafa. They rejoiced in the result of Fangalii, and so far from seeking to conceal their rejoicing, paraded and dis-

played it. Calumny ran high. Before the dead were buried, while the wounded yet lay in pain and fever cowardly accusations of cowardice were levelled a the German blue-jackets. It was said they had broke and run before their enemies, and that they ha huddled helpless like sheep in the plantation house Small wonder if they had; small wonder had they bee utterly destroyed. But the fact was heroically other wise; and these dastard calumnies cut to the blood They are not forgotten; perhaps they will never b forgiven.

In the meanwhile, events were pressing towards still more trenchant opposition. On the 20th, the thre consuls met and parted without agreement, Knapp announcing that he had lost men and must take th matter in his own hands to avenge their death. O the 21st, the *Olga* came before Matafangatele, ordere the delivery of all arms within the hour, and at the en of that period, none being brought, shelled and burne the village. The shells fell for the most part innocuou an eyewitness saw children at play beside the flamin houses; not a soul was injured; and the one noteworth event was the mutilation of Captain Hamilton American flag. In one sense an incident too small be chronicled, in another this was of historic intere and import. These rags of tattered bunting occasione the display of a new sentiment in the United State and the republic of the west, hitherto so apathetic a unwieldy, but already stung by German nonchalanc leaped to its feet for the first time at the news of th fresh insult. As though to make the inefficacy of t war-ships more apparent, three shells were throv inland at Mangiangi; they flew high over the Mata camp, where the natives could "hear them singing as they flew, and fell behind in the deep roman valley of the Vaisingano. Mataafa had been alrea

summoned on board the *Adler;* his life promised if he came, declared "in danger" if he came not; and he had declined in silence the unattractive invitation. These fresh hostile acts showed him that the worst had come. He was in strength, his force posted along the whole front of the mountain behind Apia, Matautu occupied, the Siumu road lined up to the houses of the town with warriors passionate for war. The occasion was unique, and there is no doubt that he designed to seize it. The same day of this bombardment, he sent word bidding all English and Americans wear a black band upon their arm, so that his men should recognise and spare them. The hint was taken, and the band worn for a continuance of days. To have refused would have been insane; but to consent was unhappily to feed the resentment of the Germans by a fresh sign of intelligence with their enemies, and to widen the breach between the races by a fresh and a scarce pardonable mark of their division. The same day again the Germans repeated one of their earlier offences by firing on a boat within the harbour. Times were changed; they were now at war and in peril, the rigour of military advantage might well be seized by them and pardoned by others; but it so chanced that the bullets flew about the ears of Captain Hand, and that commander is said to have been insatiable of apologies. The affair, besides, had a deplorable effect on the inhabitants. A black band (they saw) might protect them from the Mataafas, not from undiscriminating shots. Panic ensued. The war-ships were open to receive the fugitives, and the gentlemen who had made merry over Fangalii were sent to thrust each other from the wharves in their eagerness to flee Apia. I willingly drop the curtain on the shameful picture.

Meanwhile, on the German side of the bay, a more manly spirit was exhibited in circumstances of alarming

weakness. The plantation managers and overseers had all retreated to Matafele, only one (I understand) remaining at his post. The whole German colony was thus collected in one spot, and could count and wonder at its scanty numbers. Knappe declares (to my surprise) that the war-ships could not spare him more than fifty men a day. The great extension of the German quarter, he goes on, did not "allow a full occupation of the outer line"; hence they had shrunk into the western end by the firm buildings, and the inhabitants were warned to fall back on this position, in the case of an alert. So that he who had set forth, a day or so before, to disarm the Mataafas in the open field, now found his resources scarce adequate to garrison the buildings of the firm. But Knappe seemed unteachable by fate. It is probable he thought he had

> "Already waded in so deep,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er";

it is certain that he continued, on the scene of his defeat and in the midst of his weakness, to bluster and menace like a conqueror. Active war, which he lacked the means of attempting, was continually threatened. On the 22nd, he sought the aid of his brother consuls to maintain the neutral territory against Mataafa; and at the same time, as though meditating instant deeds of prowess, refused to be bound by it himself. This singular proposition was, of course, refused: Blacklock remarking that he had no fear of the natives, if these were let alone; de Coetlogon refusing in the circumstances to recognise any neutral territory at all. In vain Knappe amended and baited his proposal with the offer of forty-eight or ninety-six hours' notice, according as his objective should be near or within the boundary of the *Eleele Sa*. It was rejected; and he learned that he must accept war with all its consequences—and not

that which he desired—war with the immunities of peace.

This monstrous exigence illustrates the man's frame of mind. It has been still further illuminated in the German white book by printing alongside of his despatches those of the unimpassioned Fritze. On January 8th, the consulate was destroyed by fire. Knappe says it was the work of incendiaries, "without doubt," Fritze admits that "everything seems to show" it was an accident. "Tamasese's people fit to bear arms," writes Knappe, "are certainly for the moment equal to Mataafa's," though restrained from battle by the lack of ammunition. "As for Tamasese," says Fritze of the same date, "he is now but a phantom —*dient er nur als Gespenst.* His party, for practical purposes, is no longer large. They pretend ammunition to be lacking, but what they lack most is goodwill. Captain Brandeis, whose influence is now small, declares they can no longer sustain a serious engagement, and is himself in the intention of leaving Samoa by the *Lübeck* on the 5th of February." And Knappe, in the same despatch, confutes himself and confirms the testimony of his naval colleague, by the admission that "the re-establishment of Tamasese's government is, under present circumstances, not to be thought of." Plainly, then, he was not so much seeking to deceive others, as he was himself possessed; and we must regard the whole series of his acts and despatches as the agitations of a fever.

The British steamer *Richmond* returned to Apia, January 15th. On the last voyage she had brought the ammunition already so frequently referred to; as a matter of fact, she was again bringing contraband of war. It is necessary to be explicit upon this, which served as spark to so great a flame of scandal. Knappe was justified in interfering; he would have been worthy

of all condemnation if he had neglected, in his posture of semi-investment, a precaution so elementary; and the manner in which he set about attempting it was conciliatory and almost timid. He applied to Captain Hand, and begged him to accept himself the duty of "controlling" the discharge of the *Richmond's* cargo. Hand was unable to move without his consul; and at night, an armed boat from the Germans boarded, searched, and kept possession of, the suspected ship. The next day, as by an afterthought, war and martial law were proclaimed for the Samoan Islands, the introduction of contraband of war forbidden, and ships and boats declared liable to search. "All support of the rebels will be punished by martial law," continued the proclamation, "no matter to what nationality the person (*Thäter*) may belong."

Hand, it has been seen, declined to act in the matter of the *Richmond* without the concurrence of his consul; but I have found no evidence that either Hand or Knappe communicated with de Coetlogon, with whom they were both at daggers drawn. First the seizure and next the proclamation seem to have burst on the English consul from a clear sky; and he wrote on the same day, throwing doubt on Knappe's authority to declare war. Knappe replied on the 20th that the Imperial German government had been at war as a matter of fact since December 19th, and that it was only for the convenience of the subjects of other states that he had been empowered to make a formal declaration. "From that moment," he added, "martial law prevails in Samoa." De Coetlogon instantly retorted, declining martial law for British subjects, and announcing a proclamation in that sense. Instantly, again, came the astonishing document, Knappe's rejoinder, without pause, without reflection—the pens screeching on the paper, the messengers (you would think) running

from consulate to consulate: "I have had the honour to receive your Excellency's [*Hochwohlgeboren*] agreeable communication of to-day. Since, on the ground of received instructions, martial law has been declared in Samoa, British subjects as well as others fall under its application. I warn you therefore to abstain from such a proclamation as you announce in your letter. It will be such a piece of business as shall make yourself answerable under martial law. Besides, your proclamation will be disregarded." De Coetlogon of course issued his proclamation at once, Knappe retorted with another, and night closed on the first stage of this insane collision. I hear the German consul was on this day prostrated with fever; charity at least must suppose him hardly answerable for his language.

Early on the 21st, Mr. Mansfield Gallien, a passing traveller, was seized in his berth on board the *Richmond*, and carried, half-dressed, on board a German war-ship. His offence was, in the circumstances and after the proclamation, substantial. He had gone the day before, in the spirit of a tourist, to Mataafa's camp, had spoken with the king, and had even recommended him an appeal to Sir George Grey. Fritze, I gather, had been long uneasy; this arrest on board a British ship filled the measure. Doubtless, as he had written long before, the consul alone was responsible "on the legal side"; but the captain began to ask himself, "What next?" —telegraphed direct home for instructions, "Is arrest of foreigners on foreign vessels legal?"—and was ready, at a word from Captain Hand, to discharge his dangerous prisoner. The word in question (so the story goes) was not without a kind of wit. "I wish you would set that man ashore," Hand is reported to have said, indicating Gallien; "I wish you would set that man ashore, to save me the trouble." The same day, de Coetlogon published a proclamation requesting

captains to submit to search for contraband of war.

On the 22nd, the *Samoa Times and South Sea Advertiser* was suppressed by order of Fritze. I have hitherto refrained from mentioning the single paper of our islands, that I might deal with it once for all. It is of course a tiny sheet; but I have often had occasion to wonder at the ability of its articles, and almost always at the decency of its tone. Officials may at times be a little roughly, and at times a little captiously criticised; private persons are habitually respected; and there are many papers in England, and still more in the States, even of leading organs in chief cities, that might envy, and would do well to imitate, the courtesy and discretion of the *Samoa Times*. Yet the editor, Cusack, is only an amateur in journalism, and a carpenter by trade. His chief fault is one perhaps inevitable in so small a place—that he seems a little in the leading of a clique; but his interest in the public weal is genuine and generous. One man's meat is another man's poison: Anglo-Saxons and Germans have been differently brought up. To our galled experience the paper appears moderate; to their untried sensations it seems violent. We think a public man fair game; we think it a part of his duty, and I am told he finds it a part of his reward, to be continually canvassed by the press. For the Germans, on the other hand, an official wears a certain sacredness; when he is called over the coals, they are shocked, and (if the official be a German) feel that Germany itself has been insulted. The *Samoa Times* had been long a mountain of offence. Brandeis had imported from the colonies another printer of the name of Jones, to deprive Cusack of the government printing. German sailors had come ashore one day, wild with offended patriotism, to punish the editor with stripes, and the result was delightfully

amusing. The champions asked for the English printer. They were shown the wrong man, and the blows intended for Cusack had hailed on the shoulders of his rival Jones. On the 12th, Cusack had reprinted an article from a San Francisco paper; the Germans had complained; and de Coetlogon, in a moment of weakness, had fined the editor twenty pounds. The judgment was afterwards reversed in Fiji; but even at the time it had not satisfied the Germans. And so now, on the third day of martial law, the paper was suppressed. Here we have another of these international obscurities. To Fritze, the step seemed natural and obvious; for Anglo-Saxons, it was a hand laid upon the altar; and the month was scarce out before the voice of Senator Frye announced to his colleagues that free speech had been suppressed in Samoa.

Perhaps we must seek some similar explanation for Fritze's short-lived code, published and withdrawn the next day, the 23rd. Fritze himself was in no humour for extremities. He was much in the position of a lieutenant who should perceive his captain urging the ship upon the rocks. It is plain he had lost all confidence in his commanding officer "upon the legal side"; and we find him writing home with anxious candour. He had understood that martial law implied military possession; he was in military possession of nothing but his ship, and shrewdly suspected that his martial jurisdiction should be confined within the same limits. "As a matter of fact," he writes, "we do not occupy the territory and cannot give foreigners the necessary protection, because Mataafa and his people can at any moment forcibly interrupt me in my jurisdiction." Yet in the eyes of Anglo-Saxons the severity of his code appeared burlesque. I give but three of its provisions. The crime of inciting German troops "by any means, as, for instance, informing them of pro-

clamations by the enemy," was punishable with death; that of "publishing or secretly distributing anything, whether printed or written, bearing on the war," with prison or deportation; and that of calling or attending a public meeting, unless permitted, with the same. Such were the tender mercies of Knappe, lurking in the western end of the German quarter, where Mataafa could "at any moment" interrupt his jurisdiction.

On the 22nd (day of the suppression of the *Times*), de Coetlogon wrote to inquire if hostilities were intended against Great Britain, which Knappe on the same day denied. On the 23rd, de Coetlogon sent a complaint of hostile acts, such as the armed and forcible entry of the *Richmond* before the declaration and the arrest of Gallien. In his reply, dated the 24th, Knappe took occasion to repeat, although now with more self-command, his former threat against de Coetlogon. "I am still of the opinion," he writes, "that even foreign consuls are liable to the application of martial law, if they are guilty of offences against the belligerent state." The same day (24th), de Coetlogon complained that Fletcher, manager for Messrs. Macarthur, had been summoned by Fritze. In answer, Knappe had "the honour to inform your Excellency that since the declaration of the state of war, British subjects are liable to martial law, and Mr. Fletcher will be arrested if he does not appear." Here, then, was the gauntlet thrown down, and de Coetlogon was burning to accept it. Fletcher's offence was this. Upon the 22nd, a steamer had come in from Wellington, specially chartered to bring German despatches to Apia. The rumour came along with her from New Zealand that in these despatches Knappe would find himself rebuked, and Fletcher was accused of having "interested himself in the spreading of this rumour." His arrest was

actually ordered, when Hand succeeded in persuading him to surrender. At the German court, the case was dismissed "*wegen Nichtigkeit*"; and the acute stage of these distempers may be said to have ended. Blessed are the peacemakers. Hand had perhaps averted a collision. What is more certain, he had offered to the world a perfectly original reading of the part of British seaman.

Hand may have averted a collision, I say; but I am tempted to believe otherwise. I am tempted to believe that the threat to arrest Fletcher was the last mutter of the declining tempest and a mere sop to Knappe's self-respect. I am tempted to believe the rumour in question was substantially correct, and the steamer from Wellington had really brought the German consul grounds for hesitation, if not orders to retreat. I believe the unhappy man to have awakened from a dream, and to have read ominous writing on the wall. An enthusiastic popularity surrounded him among the Germans. It was natural. Consul and colony had passed through an hour of serious peril, and the consul had set the example of undaunted courage. He was entertained at dinner. Fritze, who was known to have secretly opposed him, was scorned and avoided. But the clerks of the German firm were one thing, Prince Bismarck was another; and on a cold review of these events, it is not improbable that Knappe may have envied the position of his naval colleague. It is certain, at least, that he set himself to shuffle and capitulate; and when the blow fell, he was able to reply that the martial law business had in the meanwhile come right; that the English and American consular courts stood open for ordinary cases; and that in different conversations with Captain Hand, "who has always maintained friendly intercourse with the German authorities," it had been repeatedly explained that only

the supply of weapons and ammunition, or similar aid and support, was to come under German martial law. Was it weapons or ammunition that Fletcher had supplied? But it is unfair to criticise these wrigglings of an unfortunate in a false position.

In a despatch of the 23rd, which has not been printed, Knappe had told his story: how he had declared war, subjected foreigners to martial law, and been received with a counter-proclamation by the English consul; and how (in an interview with Mataafa chiefs at the plantation-house of Motuotua, of which I cannot find the date) he had demanded the cession of arms and of ringleaders for punishment, and proposed to assume the government of the islands. On February 12th, he received Bismarck's answer: "You had no right to take foreigners from the jurisdiction of their consuls. The protest of your English colleague is grounded. In disputes which may arise from this cause you will find yourself in the wrong. The demand formulated by you, as to the assumption of the government of Samoa by Germany, lay outside of your instructions and of our design. Take it immediately back. If your telegram is here rightly understood, I cannot call your conduct good." It must be a hard heart that does not sympathise with Knappe in the hour when he received this document. Yet it may be said that his troubles were still in the beginning. Men had contended against him, and he had not prevailed; he was now to be at war with the elements, and find his name identified with an immense disaster.

One more date, however, must be given first. It was on February 27th that Fritze formally announced martial law to be suspended, and himself to have relinquished the control of the police.

CHAPTER X

THE HURRICANE

March, 1889

The so-called harbour of Apia is formed in part by a recess of the coast-line at Matautu, in part by the slim peninsula of Mulinuu, and in part by the fresh waters of the Mulivai and Vaisingano. The barrier reef—that singular breakwater that makes so much of the circuit of Pacific islands—is carried far to sea at Matautu and Mulinuu; inside of these two horns it runs sharply landward, and between them it is burst or dissolved by the fresh water. The shape of the enclosed anchorage may be compared to a high-shouldered jar or bottle with a funnel mouth. Its sides are almost everywhere of coral; for the reef not only bounds it to seaward and forms the neck and mouth, but skirting about the beach, it forms the bottom also. As in the bottle of commerce, the bottom is re-entrant, and the shore-reef runs prominently forth into the basin and makes a dangerous cape opposite the fairway of the entrance. Danger is, therefore, on all hands. The entrance gapes three cables wide at the narrowest, and the formidable surf of the Pacific thunders both outside and in. There are days when speech is difficult in the chambers of shoreside houses; days when no boat can land, and when men are broken by stroke of sea against the wharves. As I write these words, three miles in the mountains, and with the land breeze still blowing from the island summit, the sound of that vexed harbour hums in my ears. Such a creek in my native coast of Scotland would scarce be dignified with the mark of an anchor in the chart; but in the favoured climate of Samoa, and with the mechanical regularity of the winds in the Pacific, it forms, for ten or eleven months out of the twelve, a safe if hardly a

commodious port. The ill-found island traders ride there with their insufficient moorings, the year through, and discharge, and are loaded, without apprehension. Of danger, when it comes, the glass gives timely warning; and that any modern war-ship, furnished with the power of steam, should have been lost in Apia, belongs not so much to nautical as to political history.

The weather throughout all that winter (the turbulent summer of the islands) was unusually fine, and the circumstance had been commented on as providential, when so many Samoans were lying on their weapons in the bush. By February it began to break in occasional gales. On February 10th, a German brigantine was driven ashore. On the 14th, the same misfortune befell an American brigantine and a schooner. On both these days, and again on the 7th March, the men-of-war must steam to their anchors. And it was in this last month, the most dangerous of the twelve, that man's animosities crowded that indentation of the reef with costly, populous, and vulnerable ships.

I have shown, perhaps already at too great a length how violently passion ran upon the spot; how high this series of blunders and mishaps had heated the resentment of the Germans against all other nationalities and of all other nationalities against the Germans. But there was one country beyond the borders of Samoa where the question had aroused a scarce less angry sentiment. The breach of the Washington Congress the evidence of Sewall before a sub-committee on foreign relations, the proposal to try Klein before a military court, and the rags of Captain Hamilton's flag had combined to stir the people of the States to an unwonted fervour. Germany was for the time the abhorred of nations. Germans in America publicly disowned the country of their birth. In Honolulu, s

near the scene of action, German and American young men fell to blows in the street. In the same city, from no traceable source and upon no possible authority, there arose a rumour of tragic news to arrive by the next occasion, that the *Nipsic* had opened fire on the *Adler*, and the *Adler* had sunk her on the first reply. Punctually on the day appointed, the news came; and the two nations, instead of being plunged in war, could only mingle tears over the loss of heroes.

By the second week in March, three American ships were in Apia bay—the *Nipsic*, the *Vandalia*, and the *Trenton*, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Kimberley; three German—the *Adler*, the *Eber*, and the *Olga*; and one British—the *Calliope*, Captain Kane. Six merchantmen, ranging from twenty-five up to five hundred tons, and a number of small craft, further encumbered the anchorage. Its capacity is estimated by Captain Kane at four large ships; and the latest arrivals, the *Vandalia*, and *Trenton*, were in consequence excluded, and lay without in the passage. Of the seven war-ships, the seaworthiness of two was questionable: the *Trenton's*, from an original defect in her construction, often reported, never remedied—her hawse-pipes leading in on the berth-deck; the *Eber's*, from an injury to her screw in the blow of February 14th. In this over-crowding of ships in an open entry of the reef, even the eye of a landsman could spy danger; and Captain-Lieutenant Wallis of the *Eber* openly blamed and lamented, not many hours before the catastrophe, their helpless posture. Temper once more triumphed. The army of Mataafa still hung imminent behind the town; the German quarter was still daily garrisoned with fifty sailors from the squadron; what was yet more influential, Germany and the States, at least in Apia bay, were on the brink of war, viewed each other with looks of hatred, and scarce observed the letter of

civility. On the day of the admiral's arrival, Knappe failed to call on him, and on the morrow called on him while he was on shore. The slight was remarked and resented, and the two squadrons clung the more obstinately to their dangerous station.

On the 15th, the barometer fell to 29.11 in. by 2 P.M. This was the moment when every sail in port should have escaped. Kimberley, who flew the only broad pennant, should certainly have led the way: he clung, instead, to his moorings, and the Germans doggedly followed his example: semi-belligerents, daring each other and the violence of heaven. Kane, less immediately involved, was led in error by the report of residents and a fallacious rise in the glass; he stayed with the others, a misjudgment that was like to cost him dear. All were moored, as is the custom in Apia, with two anchors practically east and west, clear hawse to the north, and a kedge astern. Topmasts were struck, and the ships made snug. The night closed black, with sheets of rain. By midnight it blew a gale; and by the morning watch, a tempest. Through what remained of darkness the captains impatiently expected day, doubtful if they were dragging, steaming gingerly to their moorings, and afraid to steam too much.

Day came about six, and presented to those on shore a seizing and terrific spectacle. In the pressure of the squalls, the bay was obscured as if by midnight, but between them a great part of it was clearly if darkly visible amid driving mist and rain. The wind blew into the harbour mouth. Naval authorities describe it as of hurricane force. It had, however, few or none of the effects on shore suggested by that ominous word and was successfully withstood by trees and buildings. The agitation of the sea, on the other hand, surpassed experience and description. Seas that might have awakened surprise and terror in the midst of the

Atlantic, ranged bodily and (it seemed to observers) almost without diminution into the belly of that flask-shaped harbour; and the war-ships were alternately buried from view in the trough, or seen standing on end against the breast of billows.

The *Trenton* at daylight still maintained her position in the neck of the bottle. But five of the remaining ships tossed, already close to the bottom, in a perilous and helpless crowd; threatening ruin to each other as they tossed; threatened with a common and imminent destruction on the reefs. Three had been already in collision: the *Olga* was injured in the quarter, the *Adler* had lost her bowsprit; the *Nipsic* had lost her smoke-stack, and was making steam with difficulty, maintaining her fire with barrels of pork, and the smoke and sparks pouring along the level of the deck. For the seventh war-ship, the day had come too late; the *Eber* had finished her last cruise; she was to be seen no more save by the eyes of divers. A coral reef is not only an instrument of destruction, but a place of sepulture; the submarine cliff is profoundly undercut, and presents the mouth of a huge antre, in which the bodies of men and the hulls of ships are alike hurled down and buried. The *Eber* had dragged anchors with the rest; her injured screw disabled her from steaming vigorously up; and a little before day, she had struck the front of the coral, come off, struck again, and gone down stern foremost, oversetting as she went, into the gaping hollow of the reef. Of her whole complement of nearly eighty, four souls were cast alive on the beach; and the bodies of the remainder were, by the voluminous outpouring of the flooded streams, scoured at last from the harbour, and strewed naked on the sea-board of the island.

Five ships were immediately menaced with the same destruction. The *Eber* vanished—the four poor sur-

vivors on shore read a dreadful commentary on their danger; which was swelled out of all proportion by the violence of their own movements as they leaped and fell among the billows. By seven, the *Nipsic* was so fortunate as to avoid the reef and beach upon a space of sand; where she was immediately deserted by her crew, with the assistance of Samoans, not without loss of life. By about eight, it was the turn of the *Adler*. She was close down upon the reef; doomed herself, it might yet be possible to save a portion of her crew; and for this end, Captain Fritze placed his reliance on the very hugeness of the seas that threatened him. The moment was watched for with the anxiety of despair, but the coolness of disciplined courage. As she rose on the fatal wave, her moorings were simultaneously slipped; she broached to in rising; and the sea heaved her bodily upward and cast her down with a concussion on the summit of the reef, where she lay on her beam ends, her back broken, buried in breaching seas, but safe. Conceive a table: the *Eber* in the darkness had been smashed against the rim and flung below; the *Adler*, cast free in the nick of opportunity, had been thrown upon the top. Many were injured in the concussion; many tossed into the water; twenty perished. The survivors crept again on board their ship, as it now lay, and as it still remains, keel to the waves, a monument of the sea's potency. In still weather, under a cloudless sky, in those seasons when that ill-named ocean, the Pacific, suffers its vexed shores to rest, she lies high and dry, the spray scarce touching her—the hugest structure of man's hands within a circuit of a thousand miles—tossed up there like a schoolboy's cap upon a shelf; broken like an egg: a thing to dream of.

The unfriendly consuls of Germany and Britain were both that morning in Matautu, and both displayed their nobler qualities. De Coetlogon, the grim old soldier

collected his family and kneeled with them in an agony of prayer for those exposed. Knappe, more fortunate in that he was called to a more active service, must, upon the striking of the *Adler*, pass to his own consulate. From this he was divided by the Vaisingano, now a raging torrent, impetuously charioting the trunks of trees. A kelpie might have dreaded to attempt the passage; we may conceive this brave but unfortunate and now ruined man to have found a natural joy in the exposure of his life; and twice that day, coming and going, he braved the fury of the river. It was possible, in spite of the darkness of the hurricane and the continual breaching of the seas, to remark human movements on the *Adler;* and by the help of Samoans, always nobly forward in the work, whether for friend or enemy, Knappe sought long to get a line conveyed from shore, and was for long defeated. The shore guard of fifty men stood to their arms the while upon the beach, useless themselves, and a great deterrent of Samoan usefulness. It was perhaps impossible that this mistake should be avoided. What more natural, to the mind of a European, than that the Mataafas should fall upon the Germans in this hour of their disadvantage? But they had no other thought than to assist; and those who now rallied beside Knappe braved (as they supposed) in doing so a double danger, from the fury of the sea and the weapons of their enemies. About nine, a quartermaster swam ashore, and reported all the officers and some sixty men alive, but in pitiable case; some with broken limbs, others insensible from the drenching of the breakers. Later in the forenoon, certain valorous Samoans succeeded in reaching the wreck and returning with a line; but it was speedily broken; and all subsequent attempts proved unavailing, the strongest adventurers being cast back again by the bursting

seas. Thenceforth, all through that day and night, the deafened survivors must continue to endure their martyrdom; and one officer died, it was supposed from agony of mind, in his inverted cabin.

Three ships still hung on the next margin of destruction, steaming desperately to their moorings, dashed helplessly together. The *Calliope* was the nearest in; she had the *Vandalia* close on her port side and a little ahead, the *Olga* close a-starboard, the reef under her heel; and steaming and veering on her cables, the unhappy ship fenced with her three dangers. About a quarter to nine she carried away the *Vandalia's* quarter gallery with her jib-boom; a moment later, the *Olga* had near rammed her from the other side. By nine the *Vandalia* dropped down on her too fast to be avoided, and clapped her stern under the bowsprit of the English ship, the fastenings of which were burst asunder as she rose. To avoid cutting her down, it was necessary for the *Calliope* to stop and even to reverse her engines; and her rudder was at the moment—or it seemed so to the eyes of those on board—within ten feet of the reef. "Between the *Vandalia* and the reef" (writes Kane, in his excellent report) "it was destruction." To repeat Fritze's manœuvre with the *Adler* was impossible; the *Calliope* was too heavy. The one possibility of escape was to go out. If the engines should stand, if they should have power to drive the ship against wind and sea, if she should answer the helm, if the wheel, rudder, and gear should hold out, and if they were favoured with a clear blink of weather in which to see and avoid the outer reef—there, and there only, were safety. Upon this catalogue of "ifs" Kane staked his all. He signalled to the engineer for every pound of steam—and at that moment (I am told) much of the machinery was already red hot. The ship was sheered well to starboard

of the *Vandalia*, the last remaining cable slipped. For a time—and there was no on-looker so cold-blooded as to offer a guess at its duration—the *Calliope* lay stationary; then gradually drew ahead. The highest speed claimed for her that day is of one sea-mile an hour. The question of times and seasons, throughout all this roaring business, is obscured by a dozen contradictions; I have but chosen what appeared to be the most consistent; but if I am to pay any attention to the time named by Admiral Kimberley, the *Calliope*, in this first stage of her escape, must have taken more than two hours to cover less than four cables. As she thus crept seaward, she buried bow and stern alternately under the billows.

In the fairway of the entrance, the flagship *Trenton* still held on. Her rudder was broken, her wheel carried away; within she was flooded with water from the peccant hawse-pipes; she had just made the signal "fires extinguished," and lay helpless, awaiting the inevitable end. Between this melancholy hulk and the external reef, Kane must find a path. Steering within fifty yards of the reef (for which she was actually headed) and her foreyard passing on the other hand over the *Trenton's* quarter as she rolled, the *Calliope* sheered between the rival dangers, came to the wind triumphantly, and was once more pointed for the sea and safety. Not often in naval history was there a moment of more sickening peril, and it was dignified by one of those incidents that reconcile the chronicler with his otherwise abhorrent task. From the doomed flagship, the Americans hailed the success of the English with a cheer. It was led by the old admiral in person, rang out over the storm with holiday vigour, and was answered by the Calliopes with an emotion easily conceived. This ship of their kinsfolk was almost the last external object seen from the *Calliope*

for hours; immediately after, the mists closed about her till the morrow. She was safe at sea again—*una de multis*—with a damaged foreyard, and a loss of all the ornamental work about her bow and stern, three anchors, one kedge anchor, fourteen lengths of chain, four boats, the jib-boom, bobstay, and bands and fastenings of the bowsprit.

Shortly after Kane had slipped his cable, Captain Schoonmaker, despairing of the *Vandalia*, succeeded in passing astern of the *Olga*, in the hope to beach his ship beside the *Nipsic*. At a quarter to eleven her stern took the reef, her head swung to starboard, and she began to fill and settle. Many lives of brave men were sacrificed in the attempt to get a line ashore; the captain, exhausted by his exertions, was swept from deck by a sea; and the rail being soon awash, the survivors took refuge in the tops.

Out of thirteen that had lain there the day before, there were now but two ships afloat in Apia harbour, and one of these was doomed to be the bane of the other. About 3 P.M. the *Trenton* parted one cable, and shortly after a second. It was sought to keep her head to wind with storm sails and by the ingenious expedient of filling the rigging with seamen; but in the fury of the gale, and in that sea perturbed alike by the gigantic billows and the volleying discharges of the rivers, the rudderless ship drove down stern foremost into the inner basin; ranging, plunging, and striking like a frightened horse; drifting on destruction for herself and bringing it to others. Twice the *Olga* (still well under command) avoided her impact by the skilful use of helm and engines. But about four the vigilance of the Germans was deceived, and the ships collided; the *Olga* cutting into the *Trenton's* quarter first from one side, then from the other, and losing at the same time two of her own cables. Captain von

Ehrhardt instantly slipped the remainder of his moorings, and setting fore and aft canvas and going full steam ahead, succeeded in beaching his ship in Matautu; whither Knappe, recalled by this new disaster, had returned. The berth was perhaps the best in the harbour, and von Ehrhardt signalled that ship and crew were in security.

The *Trenton*, guided apparently by an undertow or eddy from the discharge of the Vaisingano, followed in the course of the *Nipsic* and *Vandalia*, and skirted south-eastward along the front of the shore reef, which her keel was at times almost touching. Hitherto she had brought disaster to her foes; now she was bringing it to friends. She had already proved the ruin of the *Olga*, the one ship that had rid out the hurricane in safety; now she beheld across her course the submerged *Vandalia*, the tops filled with exhausted seamen. Happily the approach of the *Trenton* was gradual, and the time employed to advantage. Rockets and lines were thrown into the tops of the friendly wreck; the approach of danger was transformed into a means of safety; and before the ships struck, the men from the *Vandalia's* main and mizzen masts, which went immediately by the board in the collision, were already mustered on the *Trenton's* decks. Those from the foremast were next rescued; and the flagship settled gradually into a position alongside her neighbour, against which she beat all night with violence. Out of the crew of the *Vandalia* forty-three had perished; of the four hundred and fifty on board the *Trenton*, only one.

The night of the 16th was still notable for a howling tempest and extraordinary floods of rain. It was feared the wrecks could scarce continue to endure the breaching of the seas; among the Germans, the fate of those on board the *Adler* awoke keen anxiety; and Knappe,

on the beach of Matautu, and the other officers of his consulate on that of Matafele, watched all night. The morning of the 17th displayed a scene of devastation rarely equalled: the *Adler* high and dry, the *Olga* and *Nipsic* beached, the *Trenton* partly piled on the *Vandalia* and herself sunk to the gun-deck; no sail afloat; and the beach heaped high with the *débris* of ships and the wreck of mountain forests. Already, before the day, Seumanu, the chief of Apia, had gallantly ventured forth by boat through the subsiding fury of the seas, and had succeeded in communicating with the admiral; already, or as soon after as the dawn permitted, rescue lines were rigged, and the survivors were with difficulty and danger begun to be brought to shore. And soon the cheerful spirit of the admiral added a new feature to the scene. Surrounded as he was by the crews of two wrecked ships, he paraded the band of the *Trenton*, and the bay was suddenly enlivened with the strains of "Hail Columbia."

During a great part of the day, the work of rescue was continued, with many instances of courage and devotion; and for a long time succeeding, the almost inexhaustible harvest of the beach was to be reaped. In the first employment, the Samoans earned the gratitude of friend and foe; in the second, they surprised all by an unexpected virtue, that of honesty. The greatness of the disaster, and the magnitude of the treasure now rolling at their feet, may perhaps have roused in their bosoms an emotion too serious for the rule of greed, or perhaps that greed was for the momen satiated. Sails that twelve strong Samoans coul scarce drag from the water, great guns (one of whicl was rolled by the sea on the body of a man, the onl native slain in all the hurricane), an infinite wealth o rope and wood, of tools and weapons, tossed upon th beach. Yet I have never heard that much was stolen

and beyond question, much was very honestly returned. On both accounts, for the saving of life and the restoration of property, the government of the United States showed themselves generous in reward. A fine boat was fitly presented to Seumanu; and rings, watches, and money were lavished on all who had assisted. The Germans also gave money at the rate (as I receive the tale) of three dollars a head for every German saved. The obligation was in this instance incommensurably deep, those with whom they were at war had saved the German blue-jackets at the venture of their lives; Knappe was, besides, far from ungenerous; and I can only explain the niggard figure, by supposing it was paid from his own pocket. In one case, at least, it was refused. "I have saved three Germans," said the rescuer; "I will make you a present of the three."

The crews of the American and German squadrons were now cast, still in a bellicose temper, together on the beach. The discipline of the Americans was notoriously loose; the crew of the *Nipsic* had earned a character for lawlessness in other ports; and recourse was had to stringent and indeed extraordinary measures. The town was divided in two camps, to which the different nationalities were confined. Kimberley had his quarter sentinelled and patrolled. Any seaman disregarding a challenge was to be shot dead; any tavern-keeper who sold spirits to an American sailor was to have his tavern broken and his stock destroyed. Many of the publicans were German; and Knappe, having narrated these rigorous but necessary dispositions, wonders (grinning to himself over his despatch) how far these Americans will go in their assumption of jurisdiction over Germans? Such as they were, the measures were successful. The incongruous mass of castaways was kept in peace, and at last shipped in peace out of the islands.

Kane returned to Apia on the 19th, to find the *Calliope* the sole survivor of thirteen sail. He thanked his men, and in particular the engineers, in a speech of unusual feeling and beauty, of which one who was present remarked to another, as they left the ship, "This has been a means of grace." Nor did he forget to thank and compliment the admiral; and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing from Kimberley's reply some generous and engaging words. "My dear captain," he wrote, "your kind note received. You went out splendidly, and we all felt from our hearts for you, and our cheers came with sincerity and admiration for the able manner in which you handled your ship. We could not have been gladder if it had been one of our ships, for in a time like that I can say truly with old Admiral Josiah Tatnall, 'that blood *is* thicker than water.'" One more trait will serve to build up the image of this typical sea-officer. A tiny schooner, the *Equator*, Captain Edwin Reid, dear to myself from the memories of a six months' cruise, lived out upon the high seas the fury of that tempest which had piled with wrecks the harbour of Apia, found a refuge in Pango-pango, and arrived at last in the desolated port with a welcome and lucrative cargo of pigs. The admiral was glad to have the pigs; but what most delighted the man's noble and childish soul was to see once more afloat the colours of his country.

Thus, in what seemed the very article of war, and within the duration of a single day, the sword-arm of each of the two angry powers was broken; their formidable ships reduced to junk; their disciplined hundreds to a horde of castaways, fed with difficulty and the fear of whose misconduct marred the sleep of their commanders. Both paused aghast; both had time to recognise that not the whole Samoan Archi

pelago was worth the loss in men and costly ships already suffered. The so-called hurricane of March 16th made thus a marking epoch in world-history; directly, and at once, it brought about the congress and treaty of Berlin; indirectly, and by a process still continuing, it founded the modern navy of the States. Coming years and other historians will declare the influence of that.

CHAPTER XI

LAUPEPA AND MATAAFA

1889 to 1892

With the hurricane, the broken war-ships, and the stranded sailors, I am at an end of violence, and my tale flows henceforth among carpet incidents. The blue-jackets on Apia beach were still jealously held apart by sentries, when the powers at home were already seeking a peaceable solution. It was agreed, so far as might be, to obliterate two years of blundering and to resume in 1889 and at Berlin those negotiations which had been so unhappily broken off at Washington in 1887. The example thus offered by Germany is rare in history; in the career of Prince Bismarck, so far as I am instructed, it should stand unique. On a review of these two years of blundering, bullying, and failure in a little isle of the Pacific, he seems magnanimously to have owned his policy was in the wrong. He left Fangalii unexpiated; suffered that house of cards, the Tamasese government, to fall by its own frailty and without remark or lamentation; left the Samoan question openly and fairly to the conference: and in the meanwhile to allay the local heats engendered by Becker and Knappe, he sent to Apia that invaluable public servant, Dr. Stuebel. I should be a dishonest man if I did not here bear testimony to the loyalty since shown by Germans in Samoa. Their position was painful; they had talked big in the old days, now they had to sing small. Even Stuebel returned to the islands under the prejudice of an unfortunate record. To the minds of the Samoans his name represented the beginning of their sorrows; and in his first term of office he had unquestionably driven hard. The greater his merit in the surprising success of the second. So long as he stayed, the current of affairs moved smoothly;

he left behind him on his departure all men at peace; and whether by fortune, or for the want of that wise hand of guidance, he was scarce gone before the clouds began to gather once more on our horizon.

Before the first convention, Germany and the States hauled down their flags. It was so done again before the second; and Germany, by a still more emphatic step of retrogression, returned the exile Laupepa to his native shores. For two years the unfortunate man had trembled and suffered in the Cameroons, in Germany, in the rainy Marshalls. When he left (September, 1887), Tamasese was king, served by five iron warships; his right to rule (like a dogma of the church) was placed outside dispute; the Germans were still, as they were called at that last tearful interview in the house by the river, "the invincible strangers"; the thought of resistance, far less the hope of success, had not yet dawned on the Samoan mind. He returned (November, 1889) to a changed world. The Tupua party was reduced to sue for peace, Brandeis was withdrawn, Tamasese was dying obscurely of a broken heart; the German flag no longer waved over the capital; and over all the islands one figure stood supreme. During Laupepa's absence this man had succeeded him in all his honours and titles, in tenfold more than all his power and popularity. He was the idol of the whole nation but the rump of the Tamaseses, and of these he was already the secret admiration. In his position there was but one weak point—that he had ever been tacitly excluded by the Germans. Becker, indeed, once coquetted with the thought of patronising him; but the project had no sequel, and it stands alone. In every other juncture of history the German attitude has been the same. Choose whom you will to be king; when he has failed, choose whom you please to succeed him; when the second fails also,

replace the first: upon the one condition, that Mataafa be excluded. "*Pourvu qu'il sache signer!*"—an official is said to have thus summed up the qualifications necessary in a Samoan king. And it was perhaps feared that Mataafa could do no more and might not always do so much. But this original diffidence was heightened by late events to something verging upon animosity. Fangalii was unavenged; the arms of Mataafa were

> "*Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,*
> Still soiled with the unexpiated blood,"

of German sailors; and though the chief was not present in the field, nor could have heard of the affair till it was over, he had reaped from it credit with his countrymen and dislike from the Germans.

I may not say that trouble was hoped. I must say—if it were not feared, the practice of diplomacy must teach a very hopeful view of human nature. Mataafa and Laupepa, by the sudden repatriation of the last, found themselves face to face in conditions of exasperating rivalry. The one returned from the dead of exile to find himself replaced and excelled. The other, at the end of a long, anxious, and successful struggle, beheld his only possible competitor resuscitated from the grave. The qualities of both, in this difficult moment, shone out nobly. I feel I seem always less than partial to the lovable Laupepa; his virtues are perhaps not those which chiefly please me, and are certainly not royal; but he found on his return an opportunity to display the admirable sweetness of his nature. The two entered into a competition of generosity for which I can recall no parallel in history, each waiving the throne for himself, each pressing it upon his rival; and they embraced at last a compromise, the terms of which seem to have been always obscure and are now disputed. Laupepa at least resumed his style of King

of Samoa; Mataafa retained much of the conduct of affairs, and continued to receive much of the attendance and respect befitting royalty; and the two Malietoas, with so many causes of disunion, dwelt and met together in the same town like kinsmen. It was so, that I first saw them; so, in a house set about with sentries—for there was still a haunting fear of Germany—that I heard them relate their various experience in the past; heard Laupepa tell with touching candour of the sorrows of his exile, and Mataafa with mirthful simplicity of his resources and anxieties in the war. The relation was perhaps too beautiful to last; it was perhaps impossible but the titular king should grow at last uneasily conscious of the *maire de palais* at his side, or the king-maker be at last offended by some shadow of distrust or assumption in his creature. I repeat the words king-maker and creature; it is so that Mataafa himself conceives of their relation: surely not without justice; for, had he not contended and prevailed, and been helped by the folly of consuls and the fury of the storm, Laupepa must have died in exile.

Foreigners in these islands know little of the course of native intrigue. Partly the Samoans cannot explain, partly they will not tell. Ask how much a master can follow of the puerile politics in any school; so much and no more we may understand of the events which surround and menace us with their results. The missions may perhaps have been to blame. Missionaries are perhaps apt to meddle overmuch outside their discipline; it is a fault which should be judged with mercy; the problem is sometimes so insidiously presented that even a moderate and able man is betrayed beyond his own intention; and the missionary in such a land as Samoa is something else besides a minister of mere religion; he represents civilisation, he is con-

demned to be an organ of reform, he could scarce evade (even if he desired) a certain influence in political affairs. And it is believed, besides, by those who fancy they know, that the effective force of division between Mataafa and Laupepa came from the natives rather than from whites. Before the end of 1890, at least, it began to be rumoured that there was dispeace between the two Malietoas; and doubtless this had an unsettling influence throughout the islands. But there was another ingredient of anxiety. The Berlin convention had long closed its sittings; the text of the act had been long in our hands; commissioners were announced to right the wrongs of the land question, and two high officials, a chief justice and a president, to guide policy and administer law in Samoa. Their coming was expected with an impatience, with a childishness of trust, that can hardly be exaggerated. Months passed, these angel-deliverers still delayed to arrive, and the impatience of the natives became changed to an ominous irritation. They have had much experience of being deceived, and they began to think they were deceived again. A sudden crop of superstitious stories buzzed about the islands. Rivers had come down red; unknown fishes had been taken on the reef and found to be marked with menacing runes; a headless lizard crawled among chiefs in council; the gods of Upolu and Savaii made war by night, they swam the straits to battle, and, defaced with dreadful wounds, they had besieged the house of a medical missionary. Readers will remember the portents in mediæval chronicles, or those in *Julius Cæsar* when

> "Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds
> In ranks and squadrons."

And doubtless such fabrications are, in simple societies,

a natural expression of discontent; and those who forge, and even those who spread them, work towards a conscious purpose.

Early in January, 1891, this period of expectancy was brought to an end by the arrival of Conrad Cedarkrantz, chief justice of Samoa. The event was hailed with acclamation, and there was much about the new official to increase the hopes already entertained. He was seen to be a man of culture and ability; in public, of an excellent presence—in private, of a most engaging cordiality. But there was one point, I scarce know whether to say of his character or policy, which immediately and disastrously affected public feeling in the islands. He had an aversion, part judicial, part perhaps constitutional, to haste; and he announced that, until he should have well satisfied his own mind, he should do nothing; that he would rather delay all than do aught amiss. It was impossible to hear this without academical approval; impossible to hear it without practical alarm. The natives desired to see activity; they desired to see many fair speeches take on a body of deeds and works of benefit. Fired by the event of the war, filled with impossible hopes, they might have welcomed in that hour a ruler of the stamp of Brandeis, breathing hurry, perhaps dealing blows. And the chief justice, unconscious of the fleeting opportunity, ripened his opinions deliberately in Mulinuu; and had been already the better part of half a year in the islands before he went through the form of opening his court. The curtain had risen; there was no play. A reaction, a chill sense of disappointment, passed about the island; and intrigue, one moment suspended, was resumed.

In the Berlin act, the three powers recognise, on the threshold, "the independence of the Samoan Government, and the free right of the natives to elect their

chief or king and choose their form of government." True, the text continues that, "in view of the difficulties that surround an election in the present disordered condition of the government," Malietoa Laupepa shall be recognised as king, "unless the three powers shall by common accord otherwise declare." But perhaps few natives have followed it so far, and even those who have, were possibly cast all abroad again by the next clause: "and his successor shall be duly elected according to the laws and customs of Samoa." The right to elect, freely given in one sentence, was suspended in the next, and a line or so further on appeared to be reconveyed by a side-wind. The reason offered for suspension was ludicrously false; in May, 1889, when Sir Edward Malet moved the matter in the conference, the election of Mataafa was not only certain to have been peaceful, it could not have been opposed; and behind the English puppet it was easy to suspect the hand of Germany. No one is more swift to smell trickery than a Samoan; and the thought that, under the long, bland, benevolent sentences of the Berlin act, some trickery lay lurking, filled him with the breath of opposition. Laupepa seems never to have been a popular king. Mataafa, on the other hand, holds an unrivalled position in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen; he was the hero of the war, he had lain with them in the bush, he had borne the heat and burthen of the day; they began to claim that he should enjoy more largely the fruits of victory; his exclusion was believed to be a stroke of German vengeance, his elevation to the kingship was looked for as the fitting crown and cope-stone of the Samoan triumph; and but a little after the coming of the chief justice, an ominous cry for Mataafa began to arise in the islands. It is difficult to see what that official could have done but what he did. He was loyal,

as in duty bound, to the treaty and to Laupepa; and when the orators of the important and unruly islet of Manono demanded to his face a change of kings, he had no choice but to refuse them, and (his reproof being unheeded) to suspend the meeting. Whether by any neglect of his own or the mere force of circumstance, he failed, however, to secure the sympathy, failed even to gain the confidence, of Mataafa. The latter is not without a sense of his own abilities or of the great service he has rendered to his native land. He felt himself neglected; at the very moment when the cry for his elevation rang throughout the group, he thought himself made little of on Mulinuu; and he began to weary of his part. In this humour, he was exposed to a temptation which I must try to explain as best I may be able to Europeans.

The bestowal of the great name, Malietoa, is in the power of the district of Malie, some seven miles to the westward of Apia. The most noisy and conspicuous supporters of that party are the inhabitants of Manono. Hence in the elaborate, allusive oratory of Samoa, Malie is always referred to by the name of *Pule* (authority) as having the power of the name, and Manono by that of *Ainga* (clan, sept, or household) as forming the immediate family of the chief. But these, though so important, are only small communities; and perhaps the chief numerical force of the Malietoas inhabits the island of Savaii. Savaii has no royal name to bestow, all the five being in the gift of different districts of Upolu; but she has the weight of numbers, and in these latter days has acquired a certain force by the preponderance in her councils of a single man, the orator Lauati. The reader will now understand the peculiar significance of a deputation which should embrace Lauati and the orators of both Malie and Manono, how it would represent all that is most

effective on the Malietoa side, and all that is most considerable in Samoan politics, except the opposite feudal party of the Tupua. And in the temptation brought to bear on Mataafa, even the Tupua was conjoined. Tamasese was dead. His followers had conceived a not unnatural aversion to all Germans, from which only the loyal Brandeis is excepted; and a not unnatural admiration for their late successful adversary. Men of his own blood and clan, men whom he had fought in the field, whom he had driven from Matautu, who had smitten him back time and again from before the rustic bulwarks of Lotoanuu, they approached him hand in hand with their ancestral enemies and concurred in the same prayer. The treaty (they argued) was not carried out. The right to elect their king had been granted them; or if that were denied or suspended, then the right to elect "his successor." They were dissatisfied with Laupepa, and claimed, "according to the laws and customs of Samoa," duly to appoint another. The orators of Malie declared with irritation that their second appointment was alone valid and Mataafa the sole Malietoa; the whole body of malcontents named him as their choice for king; and they requested him in consequence to leave Apia and take up his dwelling in Malie, the name-place of Malietoa; a step which may be described, to European ears, as placing before the country his candidacy for the crown.

I do not know when the proposal was first made. Doubtless the disaffection grew slowly, every trifle adding to its force; doubtless there lingered for long a willingness to give the new government a trial. The chief justice at least had been nearly five months in the country, and the president, Baron Senfft von Pilsach, rather more than a month, before the mine was sprung. On May 31, 1891, the house of Mataafa was found empty, he and his chiefs had vanished from

Apia, and what was worse, three prisoners, liberated rom the gaol, had accompanied them in their secession; wo being political offenders, and the third (accused f murder) having been perhaps set free by accident. Although the step had been discussed in certain uarters, it took all men by surprise. The inhabitants t large expected instant war. The officials awakened rom a dream to recognise the value of that which ney had lost. Mataafa at Vaiala, where he was the ledge of peace, had perhaps not always been deemed rorthy of particular attention; Mataafa at Malie ras seen, twelve hours too late, to be an altogether ifferent quantity. With excess of zeal on the other de, the officials trooped to their boats and proceeded most in a body to Malie, where they seem to have mployed every artifice of flattery and every resource f eloquence upon the fugitive high chief. These ourtesies, perhaps excessive in themselves, had the npardonable fault of being offered when too late. Mataafa showed himself facile on small issues, inexible on the main; he restored the prisoners, he turned with the consuls to Apia on a flying visit; he ave his word that peace should be preserved—a ledge in which perhaps no one believed at the moment, ut which he has since nobly redeemed. On the rest, e was immovable; he had cast the die, he had declared is candidacy, he had gone to Malie. Thither, after is visit to Apia, he returned again; there he has ractically since resided.

Thus was created in the islands a situation, strange the beginning, and which, as its inner significance developed, becomes daily stranger to observe. On e one hand, Mataafa sits in Malie, assumes a regal ate, receives deputations, heads his letters "Government of Samoa," tacitly treats the king as a co-ordinate; nd yet declares himself, and in many ways conducts

himself, as a law-abiding citizen. On the other, the white officials in Mulinuu stand contemplating the phenomenon with eyes of growing stupefaction; now with symptoms of collapse, now with accesses of violence. For long, even those well versed in island manners and the island character daily expected war, and heard imaginary drums beat in the forest. But for now close upon a year, and against every stress of persuasion and temptation, Mataafa has been the bulwark of our peace. Apia lay open to be seized, he had the power in his hand, his followers cried to be led on, his enemies marshalled him the same way by impotent examples; and he has never faltered. Early in the day, a white man was sent from the government of Mulinuu to examine and report upon his actions; I saw the spy on his return: "It was only our rebel that saved us," he said with a laugh. There is now no honest man in the islands but is well aware of it; none but knows that, if we have enjoyed during the past eleven months the conveniences of peace, it is due to the forbearance of "our rebel." Nor does this part of his conduct stand alone. He calls his party at Malie the government—"our government"—but he pays his taxes to the government at Mulinuu. He takes ground like a king; he has steadily and blandly refused to obey all orders as to his own movements or behaviour; but upon requisition, he sends offenders to be tried under the chief justice.

We have here a problem of conduct, and what seems an image of inconsistency, very hard at the first sight to be solved by any European. Plainly Mataafa does not act at random. Plainly, in the depths of his Samoan mind, he regards his attitude as regular and constitutional. It may be unexpected, it may be inauspicious, it may be undesirable; but he thinks it—and perhaps it is—in full accordance with those "law

d customs of Samoa" ignorantly invoked by the raughtsmen of the Berlin act. The point is worth an fort of comprehension; a man's life may yet depend pon it. Let us conceive, in the first place, that there e five separate kingships in Samoa, though not always ve different kings; and that though one man, by olding the five royal names, might become king *in all arts* of Samoa, there is perhaps no such matter as a ngship of all Samoa. He who holds one royal name ould be, upon this view, as much a sovereign person s he who should chance to hold the other four; he ould have less territory and fewer subjects, but the ke independence and an equal royalty. Now Mataafa, ven if all debatable points were decided against him, still Tuiatua, and as such, on this hypothesis, a overeign prince. In the second place, the draughtsmen f the act, waxing exceeding bold, employed the word election," and implicitly justified all precedented steps wards the kingship according with the "customs of amoa." I am not asking what was intended by the entlemen who sat and debated very benignly and, on e whole, wisely in Berlin; I am asking what will be nderstood by a Samoan studying their literary work, e Berlin Act; I am asking what is the result of taking a ord out of one state of society, and applying it to nother, of which the writers know less than nothing, nd no European knows much. Several interpreters nd several days were employed last September in the uitless attempt to convey to the mind of Laupepa e sense of the word "resignation." What can a amoan gather from the words, *election? election of a ng? election of a king according to the laws and customs of amoa?* What are the electoral measures, what is the ethod of canvassing, likely to be employed by two, ree, four, or five, more or less absolute princelings, ger to evince each other? And who is to distinguish

such a process from the state of war? In such inte
national—or, I should say, interparochial—difference
the nearest we can come towards understanding is
appreciate the cloud of ambiguity in which all parti
grope.

> "Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
> Half flying."

Now in one part of Mataafa's behaviour his purpose
beyond mistake. Towards the provisions of the Berl
Act, his desire to be formally obedient is manifes
The Act imposed the tax. He has paid his taxe
although he thus contributes to the ways and mea
of his immediate rival. The Act decreed the supren
court, and he sends his partisans to be tried at Mulinu
although he thus places them (as I shall have occasio
to show) in a position far from wholly safe. From th
literal conformity, in matters regulated, to the tern
of the Berlin plenipotentiaries, we may plausibly infe
in regard to the rest, a no less exact observance of t
famous and obscure "laws and customs of Samoa."

But though it may be possible to obtain, in the stud
to some such adumbration of an understanding, it we
plainly unfair to expect it of officials in the hurry
events. Our two white officers have accordingly bee
no more perspicacious than was to be looked for, and
think they have sometimes been less wise. It was n
wise in the president to proclaim Mataafa and h
followers rebels and their estates confiscated. Su
words are not respectable till they repose on force;
the lips of an angry white man, standing alone on
small promontory, they were both dangerous a
absurd; they might have provoked ruin; thanks to t
character of Mataafa, they only raised a smile a
damaged the authority of government. And again it
not wise in the government of Mulinuu to have twi

attempted to precipitate hostilities, once in Savaii, once here in the Tuamasanga. The fate of the Savaii attempt I never heard; it seems to have been still-born. The other passed under my eyes. A war-party was armed in Apia, and despatched across the island against Mataafa villages, where it was to seize the women and children. It was absent for some days, engaged in feasting with those whom it went out to fight; and returned at last, innocuous and replete. In this fortunate though undignified ending we may read the fact that the natives on Laupepa's side are sometimes more wise than their advisers. Indeed, for our last twelve months of miraculous peace under what seem to be two rival kings, the credit is due first of all to Mataafa, and second to the half-heartedness, or the forbearance, or both, of the natives in the other camp. The voice of the two whites has ever been for war. They have published at least one incendiary proclamation; they have armed and sent into the field at least one Samoan war-party; they have continually besieged captains of war-ships to attack Malie, and the captains of the war-ships have religiously refused. Thus in the last twelve months, our European rulers have drawn a picture of themselves, as bearded like the pard, full of strange oaths, and gesticulating like semaphores; while over against them Mataafa reposes smilingly obstinate, and their own retainers surround them, frowningly inert. Into the question of motive I refuse to enter; but if we come to war in these islands, and with no fresh occasion, it will be a manufactured war, and one that has been manufactured, against the grain of opinion, by two foreigners.

For the last and worst of the mistakes on the Laupepa side, it would be unfair to blame any but the king himself. Capable both of virtuous resolutions and of fits of apathetic obstinacy, His Majesty is

usually the whip-top of competitive advisers; and h
conduct is so unstable as to wear at times an appearanc
of treachery which would surprise himself if he coul
see it. Take, for example, the experience of Lieutenar
Ulfsparre, late chief of police, and (so to speal
commander of the forces. His men were under orde
for a certain hour; he found himself almost alone
the place of muster, and learned the king had sent th
soldiery on errands. He sought an audience, explaine
that he was here to implant discipline, that (with th
purpose in view) his men could only receive orde
through himself, and if that condition were not agree
to and faithfully observed, he must send in his pape
The king was as usual easily persuaded, the intervie
passed and ended to the satisfaction of all parti
engaged—and the bargain was kept for one day. (
the day after, the troops were again dispersed as po
runners, and their commander resigned. With su
a sovereign, I repeat, it would be unfair to blame a
individual minister for any specific fault. And
the policy of our two whites against Mataafa l
appeared uniformly so excessive and implacable, th
the blame of the last scandal is laid generally at th
doors. It is yet fresh. Lauati, towards the end of l
year, became deeply concerned about the situatic
and by great personal exertions and the charms
oratory brought Savaii and Manono into agreem
upon certain terms of compromise: Laupepa still to
king, Mataafa to accept a high executive office co
parable to that of our own prime minister, and the t
governments to coalesce. Intractable Manono wa
party. Malie was said to view the proposal w
resignation, if not relief. Peace was thought secu
The night before the king was to receive Lauati, I
one of his company—the family chief, Iina—and
shook hands over the unexpected issue of our troub

What no one dreamed was that Laupepa would refuse. And he did. He refused undisputed royalty for himself and peace for these unhappy islands; and the two whites on Mulinuu rightly or wrongly got the blame of it.

But their policy has another and a more awkward side. About the time of the secession to Malie, many ugly things were said; I will not repeat that which I hope and believe the speakers did not wholly mean; let it suffice that, if rumour carried to Mataafa the language I have heard used in my own house and before my own native servants, he would be highly justified in keeping clear of Apia and the whites. One gentleman whose opinion I respect, and am so bold as to hope I may in some points modify, will understand the allusion and appreciate my reserve. About the same time there occurred an incident, upon which I must be more particular. *A* was a gentleman who had long been an intimate of Mataafa's, and had recently (upon account, indeed, of the secession to Malie) more or less wholly broken off relations. To him came one whom I shall call *B* with a dastardly proposition. It may have been *B's* own, in which case he were the more unpardonable; but from the closeness of his intercourse with the chief justice, as well as from the terms used in the interview, men judged otherwise. It was proposed that *A* should simulate a renewal of the friendship, decoy Mataafa to a suitable place, and have him there arrested. What should follow in those days of violent speech was at the least disputable; and the proposal was of course refused. "You do not understand," was the base rejoinder. "*You* will have no discredit. The Germans are to take the blame of the arrest." Of course, upon the testimony of a gentleman so depraved, it were unfair to hang a dog; and both the Germans and the chief justice must

be held innocent. But the chief justice has shown that he can himself be led, by his animosity against Mataafa, into questionable acts. Certain natives of Malie were accused of stealing pigs; the chief justice summoned them through Mataafa; several were sent, and along with them a written promise that, if others were required, these also should be forthcoming upon requisition. Such as came were duly tried and acquitted; and Mataafa's offer was communicated to the chief justice, who made a formal answer, and the same day (in pursuance of his constant design to have Malie attacked by war-ships) reported to one of the consuls that his warrant would not run in the country and that certain of the accused had been withheld. At least, this is not fair dealing; and the next instance I have to give is possibly worse. For one blunder the chief justice is only so far responsible, in that he was not present where it seems he should have been, when it was made. He had nothing to do with the silly proscription of the Mataafas; he has always disliked the measure; and it occurred to him at last that he might get rid of this dangerous absurdity and at the same time reap a further advantage. Let Mataafa leave Malie for any other district in Samoa; it should be construed as an act of submission and the confiscation and proscription instantly recalled. This was certainly well devised; the government escaped from their own false position, and by the same stroke lowered the prestige of their adversaries. But unhappily the chief justice did not put all his eggs in one basket. Concurrently with these negotiations he began again to move the captain of one of the war-ships to shell the rebel village; the captain, conceiving the extremity wholly unjustified, not only refused these instances but more or less publicly complained of their being made; the matter came to the knowledge of the whi

resident who was at that time playing the part of intermediary with Malie; and he, in natural anger and disgust, withdrew from the negotiation. These duplicities, always deplorable when discovered, are never more fatal than with men imperfectly civilised. Almost incapable of truth themselves, they cherish a particular scorn of the same fault in whites. And Mataafa is besides an exceptional native. I would scarce dare say of any Samoan that he is truthful, though I seem to have encountered the phenomenon; but I must say of Mataafa that he seems distinctly and consistently averse to lying.

For the affair of the Manono prisoners, the chief justice is only again in so far answerable as he was at the moment absent from the seat of his duties; and the blame falls on Baron Senfft von Pilsach, President of the Municipal Council. There were in Manono certain dissidents, loyal to Laupepa. Being Manono people, I dare say they were very annoying to their neighbours; the majority, as they belonged to the same island, were the more impatient; and one fine day fell upon and destroyed the houses and harvest of the dissidents "according to the laws and customs of Samoa." The president went down to the unruly island in a war-ship and was landed alone upon the beach. To one so much a stranger to the mansuetude of Polynesians, this must have seemed an act of desperation; and the baron's gallantry met with a deserved success. The six ring-leaders, acting in Mataafa's interest, had been guilty of a delict; with Mataafa's approval, they delivered themselves over to be tried. On Friday, September 4, 1891, they were convicted before a native magistrate and sentenced to six months' imprisonment; or, I should rather say, detention; for it was expressly directed that they were to be used as gentlemen and not as prisoners, that the door was to stand open,

and that all their wishes should be gratified. This extraordinary sentence fell upon the accused like a thunderbolt. There is no need to suppose perfidy, where a careless interpreter suffices to explain all; but the six chiefs claim to have understood their coming to Apia as an act of submission merely formal, that they came in fact under an implied indemnity, and that the president stood pledged to see them scatheless. Already on their way from the court-house, they were tumultuously surrounded by friends and clansmen, who pressed and cried upon them to escape; Lieutenant Ulfsparre must order his men to load; and with that the momentary effervescence died away. Next day, Saturday, 5th, the chief justice took his departure from the islands—a step never yet explained and (in view of the doings of the day before and the remonstrances of other officials) hard to justify. The president, an amiable and brave young man of singular inexperience, was thus left to face the growing difficulty by himself. The clansmen of the prisoners, to the number of near upon a hundred, lay in Vaiusu, a village half-way between Apia and Malie; there they talked big, thence sent menacing messages; the gaol should be broken in the night, they said, and the six martyrs rescued. Allowance is to be made for the character of the people of Manono, turbulent fellows, boastful of tongue, but of late days not thought to be answerably bold in person. Yet the moment was anxious. The government of Mulinuu had gained an important moral victory by the surrender and condemnation of the chiefs; and it was needful the victory should be maintained. The guard upon the gaol was accordingly strengthened; a war-party was sent to watch the Vaiusu road under Asi; and the chiefs of the Vaimaunga were notified to arm and assemble their men. It must be supposed the president was doubtful of the loyalty of these assistants. He turned at least

to the war-ships, where it seems he was rebuffed; thence he fled into the arms of the wrecker gang, where he was unhappily more successful. The government of Washington had presented to the Samoan king the wrecks of the *Trenton* and the *Vandalia ;* an American syndicate had been formed to break them up; an experienced gang was in consequence settled in Apia; and the report of submarine explosions had long grown familiar in the ears of residents. From these artificers the president obtained a supply of dynamite, the needful mechanism, and the loan of a mechanic; the gaol was mined, and the Manono people in Vaiusu were advertised of the fact in a letter signed by Laupepa. Partly by the indiscretion of the mechanic, who had sought to embolden himself (like Lady Macbeth) with liquor for his somewhat dreadful task, the story leaked immediately out and raised a very general, or I might say almost universal, reprobation. Some blamed the proposed deed because it was barbarous and a foul example to set before a race half barbarous itself; others because it was illegal; others again because, in the face of so weak an enemy, it appeared pitifully pusillanimous; almost all because it tended to precipitate and embitter war. In the midst of the turmoil he had raised, and under the immediate pressure of certain indignant white residents, the baron fell back upon a new expedient, certainly less barbarous, perhaps no more legal; and on Monday afternoon, September 7th, packed his six prisoners on board the cutter *Lancashire Lass*, and deported them to the neighbouring low-island group of the Tokelaus. We watched her put to sea with mingled feelings. Anything were better than dynamite, but this was not good. The men had been summoned in the name of law; they had surrendered; the law had uttered its voice; they were under one sentence duly delivered; and now the president, by no right with

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which we were acquainted, had exchanged it for another. It was perhaps no less fortunate, though it was more pardonable in a stranger, that he had increased the punishment to that which, in the eyes of Samoans, ranks next to death—exile from their native land and friends. And the *Lancashire Lass* appeared to carry away with her into the uttermost parts of the sea the honour of the administration and the prestige of the supreme court.

The policy of the government towards Mataafa has thus been of a piece throughout; always would-be violent, it has been almost always defaced with some appearance of perfidy or unfairness. The policy of Mataafa (though extremely bewildering to any white) appears everywhere consistent with itself, and the man's bearing has always been calm. But to represent the fullness of the contrast, it is necessary that I should give some description of the two capitals, or the two camps, and the ways and means of the regular and irregular government.

Mulinuu. Mulinuu, the reader may remember, is a narrow finger of land planted in cocoa-palms, which runs forth into the lagoon perhaps three-quarters of a mile. To the east is the bay of Apia. To the west, there is, first of all, a mangrove swamp, the mangroves excellently green, the mud ink-black, and its face crawled upon by countless insects and black and scarlet crabs. Beyond the swamp is a wide and shallow bay of the lagoon, bounded to the west by Faleula Point. Faleula is the next village to Malie; so that from the top of some tall palm in Malie it should be possible to descry against the eastern heavens the palms of Mulinuu. The trade wind sweeps over the low peninsula and cleanses it from the contagion of the swamp. Samoans have a quaint phrase in their language; when out of health, they seek exposed places on the

shore "to eat the wind," say they; and there can be few better places for such a diet than the point of Mulinuu.

Two European houses stand conspicuous on the harbour side; in Europe they would seem poor enough, but they are fine houses for Samoa. One is new; it was built the other day under the apologetic title of a Government House, to be the residence of Baron Senfft. The other is historical; it was built by Brandeis on a mortgage, and is now occupied by the chief justice on conditions never understood, the rumour going uncontradicted that he sits rent free. I do not say it is true, I say it goes uncontradicted; and there is one peculiarity of our officials in a nutshell—their remarkable indifference to their own character. From the one house to the other extends a scattering village for the Faipule or native parliament men. In the days of Tamasese this was a brave place, both his own house and those of the Faipule good, and the whole excellently ordered and approached by a sanded way. It is now like a neglected bush town, and speaks of apathy in all concerned. But the chief scandal of Mulinuu is elsewhere. The house of the president stands just to seaward of the isthmus, where the watch is set nightly, and armed men guard the uneasy slumbers of the government. On the landward side there stands a monument to the poor German lads who fell at Fangalii, just beyond which the passer-by may chance to observe a little house standing backward from the road. It is such a house as a commoner might use in a bush village; none could dream that it gave shelter even to a family chief; yet this is the palace of Malietoa-Natoaitele-Tamasoalii Laupepa, king of Samoa. As you sit in his company under this humble shelter, you shall see, between the posts, the new house of the president. His Majesty himself beholds it daily, and the tenor of his thoughts may be divined. The fine house of a

Samoan chief is his appropriate attribute; yet, after seventeen months, the government (well housed themselves) have not yet found—have not yet sought—a roof-tree for their sovereign. And the lodging is typical. I take up the president's financial statement of September 8, 1891. I find the king's allowance to figure at seventy-five dollars a month; and I find that he is further (though somewhat obscurely) debited with the salaries of either two or three clerks. Take the outside figure, and the sum expended on or for His Majesty amounts to ninety-five dollars in the month. Lieutenant Ulfsparre and Dr. Hagberg (the chief justice's Swedish friends) drew in the same period one hundred and forty and one hundred dollars respectively on account of salary alone. And it should be observed that Dr. Hagberg was employed, or at least paid, from government funds, in the face of His Majesty's express and reiterated protest. In another column of the statement, one hundred and seventy-five dollars and seventy-five cents are debited for the chief justice's travelling expenses. I am of the opinion that if His Majesty desired (or dared) to take an outing, he would be asked to bear the charge from his allowance. But although I think the chief justice had done more nobly to pay for himself, I am far from denying that his excursions were well meant; he should indeed be praised for having made them; and I leave the charge out of consideration in the following statement:

On the One Hand

Salary of Chief Justice Cedarkrantz	$500
Salary of President Baron Senfft von Pilsach (about) .	415
Salary of Lieutenant Ulfsparre, Chief of Police . .	140
Salary of Dr. Hagberg, Private Secretary to the Chief Justice	100
Total monthly salary to four whites, one of them paid against His Majesty's protest	$1155

ON THE OTHER HAND

Total monthly payments to and for His Majesty the King, including allowance and hire of three clerks, one of these placed under the rubric of extraordinary expenses	$95

This looks strange enough and mean enough already. But we have ground of comparison in the practice of Brandeis.

Brandeis, white prime minister	$200
Tamasese (about)	160
White Chief of Police	100

Under Brandeis, in other words, the king received the second highest allowance on the sheet; and it was a good second, and the third was a bad third. And it must be borne in mind that Tamasese himself was pointed and laughed at among natives. Judge, then, what is muttered of Laupepa, housed in his shanty before the president's doors like Lazarus before the doors of Dives; receiving not so much of his own taxes as the private secretary of the law officer; and (in actual salary) little more than half as much as his own chief of police. It is known besides that he has protested in vain against the charge for Dr. Hagberg; it is known that he has himself applied for an advance and been refused. Money is certainly a grave subject on Mulinuu; but respect costs nothing, and thrifty officials might have judged it wise to make up in extra politeness for what they curtailed of pomp or comfort. One instance may suffice. Laupepa appeared last summer on a public occasion; the president was there—and not even the president rose to greet the entrance of the sovereign. Since about the same period, besides, the monarch must be described as in a state of sequestration. A white man, an Irishman, the true type

of all that is most gallant, humorous, and reckless in his country, chose to visit His Majesty and give him some excellent advice (to make up his difference with Mataafa) couched unhappily in vivid and figurative language. The adviser now sleeps in the Pacific, but the evil that he chanced to do lives after him. His Majesty was greatly (and I must say justly) offended by the freedom of the expressions used; he appealed to his white advisers; and these, whether from want of thought or by design, issued an ignominious proclamation. Intending visitors to the palace must appear before their consuls and justify their business. The majesty of buried Samoa was henceforth only to be viewed (like a private collection) under special permit; and was thus at once cut off from the company and opinions of the self-respecting. To retain any dignity in such an abject state would require a man of very different virtues from those claimed by the not unvirtuous Laupepa. He is not designed to ride the whirlwind or direct the storm, rather to be the ornament of private life. He is kind, gentle, patient as Job, conspicuously well intentioned, of charming manners; and when he pleases, he has one accomplishment in which he now begins to be alone—I mean that he can pronounce correctly his own beautiful language.

The government of Brandeis accomplished a good deal and was continually and heroically attempting more. The government of our two whites has confined itself almost wholly to paying and receiving salaries. They have built, indeed, a house for the president; they are believed (if that be a merit) to have bought the local newspaper with government funds; and their rule has been enlivened by a number of scandals, into which I feel with relief it is unnecessary I should enter. Even if the three powers do not remove these gentlemen, their absurd and disastrous government must

perish by itself of inanition. Native taxes (except perhaps from Mataafa, true to his own private policy) have long been beyond hope. And only the other day (May 6, 1892), on the expressed ground that there was no guarantee as to how the funds would be expended, and that the president consistently refused to allow the verification of his cash balances, the municipal council has negatived the proposal to call up further taxes from the whites. All is well that ends even ill, so that it end; and we believe that with the last dollar we shall see the last of the last functionary. Now when it is so nearly over, we can afford to smile at this extraordinary passage, though we must still sigh over the occasion lost.

Malie. The way to Malie lies round the shores of Faleula bay and through a succession of pleasant groves and villages. The road, one of the works of Brandeis, is now cut up by pig fences. Eight times you must leap a barrier of cocoa posts; the take-off and the landing both in a patch of mire planted with big stones, and the stones sometimes reddened with the blood of horses that have gone before. To make these obstacles more annoying, you have sometimes to wait while a black boar clambers sedately over the so-called pig fence. Nothing can more thoroughly depict the worst side of the Samoan character than these useless barriers which deface their only road. It was one of the first orders issued by the government of Mulinuu after the coming of the chief justice, to have the passage cleared. It is the disgrace of Mataafa that the thing is not yet done.

The village of Malie is a scene of prosperity and peace. In a very good account of a visit there, published in the *Australasian*, the writer describes it to be fortified; she must have been deceived by the appearance of some pig walls on the shore. There is no

fortification, no parade of war. I understand that fron one to five hundred fighting men are always withi reach; but I have never seen more than five togethe under arms, and these were the king's guard of honour A Sabbath quiet broods over the well-weeded green the picketed horses, the troops of pigs, the round o oval native dwellings. Of these there are a surprisin number, very fine of their sort: yet more are in th building; and in the midst a tall house of assembly, b far the greatest Samoan structure now in these islands stands about half finished and already makes a figur in the landscape. No bustle is to be observed, but th work accomplished testifies to a still activity.

The centre-piece of all is the high chief himself Malietoa-Tuiatua-Tuiaana Mataafa, king—or not kin —or king-claimant—of Samoa. All goes to him, a comes from him. Native deputations bring him gift and are feasted in return. White travellers, to thei indescribable irritation, are (on his approach) wave from his path by his armed guards. He summon his dancers by the note of a bugle. He sits nightly a home before a semicircle of talking-men from man quarters of the islands, delivering and hearing thos ornate and elegant orations in which the Samoan hear delights. About himself and all his surrounding there breathes a striking sense of order, tranquillity and native plenty. He is of a tall and powerful person sixty years of age, white-haired and with a whit moustache; his eyes bright and quiet; his jaw per ceptibly underhung, which gives him something of th expression of a benevolent mastiff; his manner dignified and a thought insinuating, with an air of Catholic prelate. He was never married, and a natur daughter attends upon his guests. Long since h made a vow of chastity—" to live as our Lord live on this earth,"—and Polynesians report with bate

breath that he has kept it. On all such points, true to his Catholic training, he is inclined to be even rigid. Lauati, the pivot of Savaii, has recently repudiated his wife and taken a fairer; and when I was last in Malie, Mataafa (with a strange superiority to his own interests) had but just despatched a reprimand. In his immediate circle, in spite of the smoothness of his ways, he is said to be more respected than beloved; and his influence is the child rather of authority than popularity. No Samoan grandee now living need have attempted that which he has accomplished during the last twelve months with unimpaired prestige, not only to withhold his followers from war, but to send them to be judged in the camp of their enemies on Mulinuu. And it is a matter of debate whether such a triumph of authority were ever possible before. Speaking for myself, I have visited and dwelt in almost every seat of the Polynesian race, and have met but one man who gave me a stronger impression of character and parts.

About the situation, Mataafa expresses himself with unshaken peace. To the chief justice he refers with some bitterness; to Laupepa, with a smile, as "my poor brother." For himself, he stands upon the treaty, and expects sooner or later an election in which he shall be raised to the chief power. In the meanwhile, or for an alternative, he would willingly embrace a compromise with Laupepa; to which he would probably add one condition, that the joint government should remain seated at Malie, a sensible but not inconvenient distance from white intrigues and white officials. One circumstance in my last interview particularly pleased me. The king's chief scribe, Esela, is an old employé under Tamasese, and the talk ran some while upon the character of Brandeis. Loyalty in this world is after all not thrown away; Brandeis was guilty, in Samoan eyes, of many irritating errors, but he stood

true to Tamasese; in the course of time, a sense of thi virtue and of his general uprightness has obliterate the memory of his mistakes; and it would have don his heart good if he could have heard his old scrib and his old adversary join in praising him. "Yes, concluded Mataafa, "I wish we had Planteisa bac again." *A quelque chose malheur est bon.* So strong is th impression produced by the defects of Cedarkrant and Baron Senfft, that I believe Mataafa far fror singular in this opinion and that the return of the up right Brandeis might be even welcome to many.

I must add a last touch to the picture of Malie an the pretender's life. About four in the morning, th visitor in his house will be awakened by the note of pipe, blown without, very softly and to a soothin melody. This is Mataafa's private luxury to lead c pleasant dreams. We have a bird here in Samoa th about the same hour of darkness sings in the bus The father of Mataafa, while he lived, was a gre friend and protector to all living creatures and passe under the by-name of *the King of Birds*. It may be was among the woodland clients of the sire that th son acquired his fancy for this morning music.

I have now sought to render without extenuation th impressions received: of dignity, plenty, and peace Malie, of bankruptcy and distraction at Mulinuu. Ar I wish I might here bring to an end ungrateful labour But I am sensible that there remain two points c which it would be improper to be silent. I should blamed if I did not indicate a practical conclusio and I should blame myself if I did not do a little justi to that tried company of the Land Commissioners.

The Land Commission has been in many sens unfortunate. The original German member, a gentl man of the name of Eggert, fell early into precario

health; his work was from the first interrupted, he was at last (to the regret of all that knew him) invalided home; and his successor has but just arrived. In like manner, the first American commissioner, Henry C. Ide, a man of character and intelligence, was recalled (I believe by private affairs) when he was but just settling into the spirit of the work; and though his place was promptly filled by Ex-Governor Ormsbee, a worthy successor, distinguished by strong and vivacious common-sense, the break was again sensible. The English commissioner, my friend Bazett Michael Haggard, is thus the only one who has continued at his post since the beginning. And yet in spite of these unusual changes, the Commission has a record perhaps unrivalled among international commissions. It has been unanimous practically from the first until the last; and out of some four hundred cases disposed of, there is but one on which the members were divided. It was the more unfortunate they should have early fallen in a difficulty with the chief justice. The original ground of this is supposed to be a difference of opinion as to the import of the Berlin Act, on which, as a layman, it would be unbecoming if I were to offer an opinion. But it must always seem as if the chief justice had suffered himself to be irritated beyond the bounds of discretion. It must always seem as if his original attempt to deprive the commissioners of the services of a secretary and the use of a safe were even senseless; and his step in printing and posting a proclamation denying their jurisdiction were equally impolitic and undignified. The dispute had a secondary result worse than itself. The gentleman appointed to be Natives' Advocate shared the chief justice's opinion, was his close intimate, advised with him almost daily, and drifted at last into an attitude of opposition to his colleagues. He suffered himself besides (being a layman in

law) to embrace the interest of his clients with some-thing of the warmth of a partisan. Disagreeable scenes occurred in court; the advocate was more than once reproved, he was warned that his consultations with the judge of appeal tended to damage his own character and to lower the credit of the appellate court. Having lost some cases on which he set importance, it should seem that he spoke unwisely among natives. A sudden cry of colour prejudice went up; and Samoans were heard to assure each other that it was useless to appear before the Land Commission, which was sworn to support the whites.

This deplorable state of affairs was brought to an end by the departure from Samoa of the Natives' Advocate. He was succeeded *pro tempore* by a young New Zealander, E. W. Gurr, not much more versed in law than himself and very much less so in Samoan. Whether by more skill or better fortune, Gurr has been able in the course of a few weeks to recover for the natives several important tracts of land; and the prejudice against the Commission seems to be abating as fast as it arose. I should not omit to say that, in the eagerness of the original advocate, there was much that was amiable; nor must I fail to point out how much there was of blindness. Fired by the ardour of pursuit he seems to have regarded his immediate clients as the only natives extant and the epitome and emblem of the Samoan race. Thus, in the case that was the most exclaimed against as "an injustice to natives," his client, Puaauli, was certainly nonsuited. But in that intricate affair, who lost the money? The German firm. And who got the land? Other natives. To twist such a decision into evidence, either of a prejudice against Samoans or a partiality to whites, is to keep one eye shut and have the other bandaged.

And lastly, one word as to the future. Laupepa and

Mataafa stand over against each other, rivals with no third competitor. They may be said to hold the great name of Malietoa in commission; each has borne the style, each exercised the authority, of a Samoan king; one is secure of the small but compact and fervent following of the Catholics, the other has the sympathies of a large part of the Protestant majority, and upon any sign of Catholic aggression would have more. With men so nearly balanced, it may be asked whether a prolonged successful exercise of power be possible for either. In the case of the feeble Laupepa, it is certainly not; we have the proof before us. Nor do I think we should judge, from what we see to-day, that it would be possible, or would continue to be possible, even for the kingly Mataafa. It is always the easier game to be in opposition. The tale of David and Saul would infallibly be re-enacted; once more we shall have two kings in the land—the latent and the patent; and the house of the first will become once more the resort of "every one that is in distress, and every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented." Against such odds it is my fear that Mataafa might contend in vain; it is beyond the bounds of my imagination that Laupepa should contend at all. Foreign ships and bayonets is the cure proposed in Mulinuu. And certainly, if people at home desire that money should be thrown away and blood shed in Samoa, an effect of a kind, and for the time, may be produced. Its nature and prospective durability I will ask readers of this volume to forecast for themselves. There is one way to peace and unity: that Laupepa and Mataafa should be again conjoined on the best terms procurable. There may be other ways, although I cannot see them; but not even malevolence, not even stupidity, can deny that this is one. It seems, indeed, so obvious, and sure, and easy, that men look about with amazement and

suspicion, seeking some hidden motive why it should not be adopted.

To Laupepa's opposition as shown in the case of the Lauati scheme, no dweller in Samoa will give weight, for they know him to be as putty in the hands of his advisers. It may be right, it may be wrong, but we are many of us driven to the conclusion that the stumbling-block is Fangalii, and that the memorial of that affair shadows appropriately the house of a king who reigns in right of it. If this be all, it should not trouble us long. Germany has shown she can be generous; it now remains for her only to forget a natural but certainly ill-grounded prejudice, and allow to him, who was sole king before the plenipotentiaries assembled, and who would be sole king to-morrow if the Berlin act could be rescinded, a fitting share of rule. The future of Samoa should lie thus in the hands of a single man, on whom the eyes of Europe are already fixed. Great concerns press on his attention; the Samoan group, in his view, is but as a grain of dust; and the country where he reigns has bled on too many august scenes of victory to remember for ever a blundering skirmish in the plantation of Vailele. It is to him—to the sovereign of the wise Stuebel and the loyal Brandeis—that I make my appeal.

May 25, 1892.

LETTERS TO THE "TIMES,"
"PALL MALL GAZETTE," ETC.

LETTERS TO THE "TIMES," "PALL MALL GAZETTE," ETC.

I

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Yacht, "Casco," Hawaiian Islands,
February 10, 1889.

SIR,—News from Polynesia is apt to come piecemeal, and thus fail of its effect, the first step being forgotten before the second comes to hand. For this reason I should like to be allowed to recapitulate a little of the past before I go on to illustrate the present extraordinary state of affairs in the Samoan Islands.

It is quite true that this group was largely opened up by German enterprise, and that the port of Apia is much the creation of the Godeffroys. So far the German case extends; no further. Apia was governed till lately by a tripartite municipality, the American, English, and German Consuls, and one other representative of each of the three nations making up the body. To both America and Germany a harbour had been ceded. England, I believe, had no harbour, but that her position was quite equal to that of her neighbours one fact eloquently displays. Malietoa—then King of Samoa, now a prisoner on the Marshall Islands—offered to accept the supremacy of England. Unhappily for himself, his offer was refused, Her Majesty's Government declaring, I am told, that they would prefer to see him independent. As he now wanders the territory of his island prison, under the guns of an Imperial war-ship, his independence (if it still exists) must be confined entirely to his bosom.

Such was the former equal and pacific state of the three nations at Apia. It would be curious to tell at

length by what steps of encroachment on the one side and weakness on the other the present reign of terror has been brought about; but my time before the mail departs is very short, your space is limited, and in such a history much must be only matter of conjecture. Briefly and roughly, then, there came a sudden change in the attitude of Germany. Another treaty was proposed to Malietoa and refused; the cause of the rebel Tamasese was invented or espoused; Malietoa was seized and deported, Tamasese installed, the tripartite municipality dissolved, the German Consul seated autocratically in its place, and the Hawaiian Embassy (sent by a Power of the same race to moderate among Samoans) dismissed with threats and insults. In the course of these events villages have been shelled, the German flag has been at least once substituted for the English, and the Stars and Stripes (only the other day) were burned at Matafatatele. On the day of the chase after Malietoa the houses of both English and Americans were violently entered by the Germans. Since the dissolution of the municipality English and Americans have paid their taxes into the hands of their own Consuls, where they accumulate, and the German representative, unrecognised and unsupported, rules single in Apia. I have had through my hands a file of consular proclamations, the most singular reading —a state of war declared, all other authority but that of the German representative suspended, punishment (and the punishment of death in particular) liberally threatened. It is enough to make a man rub his eyes when he reads Colonel de Coetlogon's protest and the high-handed rejoinder posted alongside of it the next day by Dr. Knappe. Who is Dr. Knappe, thus to make peace and war, deal in life and death, and close with a buffet the mouth of English Consuls? By what process known to diplomacy has he risen from his one-sixth

part of municipal authority to be the Bismarck of a Polynesian island? And what spell has been cast on the Cabinets of Washington and St. James's, that Mr. Blacklock should have been so long left unsupported, and that Colonel de Coetlogon must bow his head under a public buffet?

I have not said much of the Samoans. I despair, in so short a space, to interest English readers in their wrongs; with the mass of people at home they will pass for some sort of cannibal islanders; with whom faith were superfluous, upon whom kindness might be partly thrown away. And, indeed, I recognise with gladness that (except as regards the captivity of Malietoa) the Samoans have had throughout the honours of the game. Tamasese, the German puppet, has had everywhere the under hand; almost none, except those of his own clan, have ever supported his cause, and even these begin now to desert him. "This is no Samoan war," said one of them, as he transferred his followers and services to the New Malietoa—Mataafa; "this is a German war." Mataafa, if he be cut off from Apia and the sea, lies inexpugnable in the foot-hills immediately behind with five thousand warriors at his back. And beyond titles to a great deal of land, which they extorted in exchange for rifles and ammunition from the partisans of Tamasese, of all this bloodshed and bullying, the Germans behold no profit. I have it by last advices that Dr. Knappe has approached the King privately with fair speeches assuring him that the state of war, bombardments, and other evils of the day, are not at all directed at Samoans, but against the English and Americans; and that, when these are extruded, peace shall again smile on a German island. It can never be proved, but is highly possible he may have said so; and, whether he said it or not, there is a sense in which the thing is true.

Violence has not been found to succeed with the Samoans; with the two Anglo-Saxon Powers it has been found to work like a charm. I conclude with two instances, one American, one English:

First. Mr. Klein, an American journalist, was on the beach with Malietoa's men on the night of the recent German defeat. Seeing the boats approach in the darkness, Mr. Klein hailed them and warned them of the Samoan ambush, and, by this innocent and humane step, made public the fact of his presence. Where much else is contested so much appears to be admitted (and, indeed, claimed) upon both sides. Mr. Klein is now accused of firing on the Germans and of advising the Samoans to fire, both of which he denies. He is accused, after the fight, of succouring only the wounded of Malietoa's party; he himself declares that he helped both; and, at any rate, the offence appears a novel one, and the accusation threatens to introduce fresh dangers into Red Cross work. He was on the beach that night in the exercise of his profession. If he was with Malietoa's men, which is the real gist of his offence, we who are not Germans may surely ask, Why not? On what grounds is Malietoa a rebel? The Germans have not conquered Samoa that I ever heard of; they are there on treaty like their neighbours, and Dr. Knappe himself (in the eyes of justice) is no more than one-sixth part of the town council of Apia. Lastly, Mr. Klein's innocence stands very clearly proven by the openness with which he declared his presence. For all that, this gentleman lay for a considerable time, watched day and night by German sailors, a prisoner in the American Consulate; even after he had succeeded in running the gauntlet of the German guards, and making his escape in a cance to the American war-ship *Nipsic*, he was imperiously redemanded from under his own flag, and it is prob-

able his extradition is being already called for at Washington.

Secondly. An English artist had gone into the bush sketching. I believe he had been to Malietoa's camp, so that his guilt stands on somewhat the same ground as Mr. Klein's. He was forcibly seized on board the British packet *Richmond*, carried half-dressed on board the *Adler*, and detained there, in spite of all protest, until an English war-ship had been cleared for action. This is of notoriety, and only one case (although a strong one) of many. Is it what the English people understand by the sovereignty of the seas?—I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A LETTER TO ANDREW LANG

Letter from Andrew Lang to the *Athenæum*, published together with a letter from Stevenson to Lang in the *Athenæum*, Oct. 18, 1890.

1 *Mailoes Road*, *Oct.* 3, 1890.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson writes to me from Sydney that he has been interested in a discussion about sacred stones and the origin of their holiness. Mr. Grant Allen has maintained, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that the sacredness of stones arose from the gravestone, which came to be regarded as the home of the ghost or god. In the *Contemporary Review*, in an article headed, "Was Jehovah a Fetish Stone?" I tried to show that Mr. Allen's theory was inadequate, pointing out that some races worship standing stones, but do not set them up over graves, while others set them up over graves, but do not worship them. I enclose Mr. Stevenson's letter. It will be seen that, as far as his

knowledge goes, he is on my side. The photograph which he sends, however, has a very sepulchral look about it; one has seen such stones erected over places in the Highlands where men had fallen in old clan battles.

ANDREW LANG.

MY DEAR LANG,—I observed with a great deal of surprise and interest that a controversy in which you have taken sides at home, in yellow London, hinges in part at least on the Gilbert Islanders and their customs in burial. Nearly six months of my life has been passed in the group; I have revisited it but the other day; and I make haste to tell you what I know. The upright stones—I enclose a photograph of one on Apemama—are certainly connected with religion; I do not think they are adored. They stand usually on the windward shore of the islands, that is to say, apart from habitation. (On *enclosed islands*, where the people live on the sea-side, I do not know how it is, never having lived on one.) I gathered from Tembinoka, Rex Apemanæ, that these pillars were supposed to fortify the island from invasion: spiritual martellos. I think he indicated they were connected with the cult of Tenti—pronounced almost as " chintz " in English, the T being explosive but you must take this with a grain of salt, for I know no word of Gilbert Island, and the king's English although creditable, is rather vigorous than exact. Now here follows the point of interest to you: such pillars, or standing stones, have no connection with graves. The most elaborate grave that I have ever seen in the group—to be certain—is in the form of a *raised border* of gravel, usually strewn with broken glass. One of which I cannot be sure it was a grave, for I was told by one that it was and by another that it was not consisted of a mound about breast high in an excavated

taro swamp, on the top of which was a child's house, or rather *moniapa*—that is to say shed, or open house, such as is used for social or political gatherings—so small that only a child could creep under its eaves. I have heard of another great tomb on Apemama, which I did not see; but here again, by all accounts, no sign of a standing stone. My report would be: no connection between standing stones and sepulture. I shall, however, send on the terms of the problem to a highly intelligent resident trader, who knows more than perhaps anyone living, white or native, of the Gilbert group, and you shall have the result. In Samoa, whither I return for good, I shall myself make inquiries; up to now I have neither seen nor heard of any standing stones in that group.—Yours,

R. L. Stevenson.

II

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Vailima, Upolu, Samoa, October 12, 1891.

Sir,—I beg leave to lay before your readers a copy of a correspondence, or (should that have reached you by another channel) to offer a few words of narrative and comment.

On Saturday, September 5, Mr. Cedarcrantz, the Chief Justice of Samoa, sailed on a visit to Fiji, leaving behind him certain prisoners in gaol, and Baron Senfft von Pilsach, President of the Municipal Council, master of the field. The prisoners were six chiefs of Manono who had surrendered of their own accord, or at the desire of Mataafa, had been tried by a native magistrate, and received sentence of six months'

confinement under "gentlemanly" (*sic*) conditions. As they were marched to prison, certain of their country-folk of Manono ran beside and offered an immediate rescue; but Lieutenant Ulfsparre ordered the men of the escort to load, and the disturbance blew by. How little weight was attached to this incident by the Chief Justice is sufficiently indicated by the fact of his departure. It was unhappily otherwise with those whom he left behind. Panic seems to have marked them for her own; they despaired at once of all lawful defence; and on Sunday, the day after the Chief Justice's departure, Apia was in consequence startled with strange news. Dynamite brought from the wrecker ship, an electrical machine and a mechanic hired, the prison mined, and a letter despatched to the people of Manono advising them of the fact, and announcing that if any rescue were attempted prison and prisoners should be blown up—such were the voices of rumour; and the design appearing equally feeble, reckless, and wicked, considerable agitation was aroused. Perhaps it had some effect. Our Government at least, which had rushed so hastily to one extreme, now dashed with the same speed into another. Sunday was the day of dynamite, Tuesday dawned the day of deportation. A cutter was hurriedly prepared for sea, and the prisoners, whom the Chief Justice had left three days before under a sentence of "gentlemanly" detention, found themselves under way to exile in the Tokelaus.

A Government of this agility escapes criticism: multiplying surprises it obliterates the very memory of past mistakes. Some, perhaps, forgot the dynamite; some, hearing no more of it, set it down to be a trick of rumour such as we are all well used to in the islands. But others were not so sure. Others considered that the rumour (even if unfounded) was of an ill example

might bear deplorable fruit, and, from all points of view of morality and policy, required a public contradiction. Eleven of these last entered accordingly into the annexed correspondence with the President. It will be seen in the crevice of what quibble that gentleman sought refuge and sits inexpugnable. In a question affecting his humanity, his honour, and the well-being of the kingdom which he serves, he has preferred to maintain what I can only call a voluble silence. The public must judge of the result; but there is one point to which I may be allowed to draw attention—that passage in the fourth of the appended documents in which he confesses that he was already acquainted with the rumours in question, and that he has been present (and apparently not protesting) when the scandal was discussed and the proposed enormity commended.

The correspondence was still passing when the President surprised Apia with a fresh gambado. He has been a long while in trouble as to his disposition of the funds. His intention to build a house for himself—to all appearances with native money—his sending the taxes out of the islands and locking them up in deposits, and his noisy squabbles with the King and native Parliament as to the currency, had all aroused unfavourable comment. On Saturday, the 3rd of October, a correspondence on the last point appeared in the local paper. By this it appeared that our not too resolute King and Parliament had at last and in one particular defied his advice and maintained their own opinion. If vengeance were to be the order of the day, it might have been expected to fall on the King and Parliament; but this would have been too direct a course, and the blow was turned instead against an innocent municipal council. On the 7th the President appeared before that body, informed them that his

authority was lessened by the publication, that he had applied to the King for a month's leave of (theatrical) absence, and must now refuse to fulfil his duties. With this he retired to his own house, which is under the same roof, leaving the councillors and the municipality to do what they pleased and drift where they could without him. It is reported he has since declared his life to be in danger, and even applied to his Consul for protection. This seems to pass the bounds of credibility; but the movements of Baron Senfft von Pilsach have been throughout so agitated and so unexpected that we know not what to look for; and the signatories of the annexed addresses, if they were accused to-morrow of a design on the man's days would scarce have spirit left to be surprised.

It must be clearly pointed out that this is no quarrel of German and anti-German. The German officials, consular and naval, have behaved with perfect loyalty. A German wrote the letter to the paper which unchained this thunderbolt; and it was a German who took the chair which the President had just vacated at the table of the municipal board. And though the Baron is himself of German race, his conduct presents no appearance of design, how much less of conspiracy! Doubtless certain journals will so attempt to twist it, but to the candid it will seem no more than the distracted evolutions of a weak man in a series of panics.

Such is the rough outline of the events to which I would fain direct the attention of the public at home, in the States, and still more in Germany. It has for me but one essential point. Budgets have been called in question, and officials publicly taken the pet before now. But the dynamite scandal is unique.

If it be unfounded, our complaint is already grave. It was the President's duty, as a man and as a respo

sible official, to have given it instant and direct denial: and since he neither did so of his own motion, nor consented to do so on our repeated instances, he has shown that he neither understands nor yet is willing to be taught the condition of this country. From what I have been able to collect, Samoans are indignant because the thing was decided between the King and President without consultation with the native Parliament. The thing itself, it does not enter in their thoughts to call in question; they receive gratefully a fresh lesson in civilised methods and civilised justice; a day may come when they shall put that lesson in practice for themselves; and if they are then decried for their barbarity—as they will surely be—and punished for it, as is highly probable, I will ask candid people what they are to think? "How?" they will say. "Your own white people intended to do this, and you said nothing. We do it, and you call us treacherous savages!"

This is to suppose the story false. Suppose it true, however; still more, suppose the plan had been carried out. Suppose these chiefs to have surrendered to the white man's justice, administered or not by a brown judge; suppose them tried, condemned, confined in that snare of a gaol, and some fine night their mangled limbs cast in the faces of their countrymen: I leave others to predict the consequences of such an object-lesson in the arts of peace and the administration of the law. The Samoans are a mild race, but their patience is in some points limited. Under Captain Brandeis a single skirmish and the death of a few youths sufficed to kindle an enduring war and bring on the ruin of the Government. The residents have no desire for war, and they deprecate altogether a war embittered from the beginning by atrocities. Nor can they think the stakes at all equal between them-

selves and Baron Senfft. He has nothing to lose but a situation; he is here in what he stands in; he can swarm to-morrow on board a warship and be off. But the residents have some of them sunk capital on these shores; some of them are involved in extended affairs; they are tied to the stake, and they protest against being plunged into war by the violence, and having that war rendered more implacable by the preliminary cruelties, of a white official.

I leave entirely upon one side all questions of morality; but there is still one point of expediency on which I must touch. The old native Government (which was at least cheap) failed to enforce the law, and fell, in consequence, into the manifold troubles which have made the name of Samoa famous. The enforcement of the law—that was what was required, that was the salvation looked for. And here we have a Government at a high figure, and it cannot defend its own gaol, and can find no better remedy than to assassinate its prisoners. What we have bought at this enormous increase of expenditure is the change from King Log to King Stork—from the man who failed to punish petty theft to the man who plots the destruction of his own gaol and the death of his own prisoners.

On the return of the Chief Justice, the matter will be brought to his attention; but the cure of our troubles must come from home; it is from the Great Powers that we look for deliverance. They sent us the President. Let them either remove the man, or see that he is stringently instructed—instructed to respect public decency, so we be no longer menaced with doings worthy of a revolutionary committee; and instructed to respect the administration of the law, so if I be fined a dollar to-morrow for fast riding in Apia street, I may not awake next morning to find my sentence increased

to one of banishment or death by dynamite.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S., October 14.—I little expected fresh developments before the mail left. But the unresting President still mars the quiet of his neighbours. Even while I was writing the above lines, Apia was looking on in mere amazement on the continuation of his gambols. A white man had written to the King, and the King had answered the letter—crimes against Baron Senfft von Pilsach and (his private reading of) the Berlin Treaty. He offered to resign—I was about to say "accordingly," for the unexpected is here the normal—from the presidency of the municipal board, and to retain his position as the King's adviser. He was instructed that he must resign both, or neither; resigned both; fell out with the Consuls on details; and is now, as we are advised, seeking to resile from his resignations. Such an official I never remember to have read of, though I have seen the like, from across the footlights and the orchestra, evolving in similar figures to the strains of Offenbach.

R. L. S.

COPIES OF A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CERTAIN RESIDENTS OF APIA AND BARON SENFFT VON PILSACH

I

September 28, 1891.

BARON SENFFT VON PILSACH.

SIR,—We are requested to lay the enclosed appeal before you, and to express the desire of the signatories to meet your views as to the manner of the answer.

Should you prefer to reply by word of mouth, a deputation will be ready to wait upon you on Thursday, at any hour you may please to appoint.

Should you prefer to reply in writing, we are asked only to impress upon you the extreme desire of the signatories that no time should be unnecessarily lost.

Should you condescend in either of the ways suggested to set at rest our anxiety, we need scarce assure you that the step will be received with gratitude.—We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
E. W. GURR.

II

(*Enclosed in No.* 1)

The attention of the President of the Municipal Council is respectfully directed to the following rumours:

1. That at his suggestion, or with his authority, dynamite was purchased, or efforts were made to procure dynamite, and the use of an electrical machine was secured, or attempted to be obtained.

2. That this was for the purpose of undermining, or pretending to undermine, the gaol in which the Manono prisoners were confined.

3. That notification of this design was sent to the friends of the prisoners.

4. That a threat of blowing up the gaol and the prisoners, in the event of an attempted rescue, was made.

Upon all and upon each of these points severally the white residents anxiously expect and respectfully beg information.

It is suggested for the President's consideration that rumours uncorrected or unexplained acquire almost the force of admitted truth.

That any want of confidence between the governed and the Government must be fruitful in loss to both.

That the rumours in their present form tend to damage the white races in the native mind, and to influence for the worse the manners of the Samoans.

And that the President alone is in a position to deny, to explain, or to correct these rumours.

Upon these grounds the undersigned ask to be excused for any informality in their address, and they hope and humbly pray that the President will accept the occasion here presented, and take early and effectual means to inform and reassure the whites, and to relieve them from possible misjudgment on the part of the Samoans.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
E. W. GURR.

(*And nine other signatures.*)

III

Apia, September 30, 1891.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, ESQ.,
E. W. GURR, ESQ.

DEAR SIRS,—Thanking you for your kind letter dated 28th inst., which I received yesterday, together with the address in question, I beg to inform you that I am going to answer the address in writing as soon as possible.—I have the honour to be, dear Sirs, your obedient servant,

SENFFT.

IV

Apia, October 2, 1891.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, ESQ.,
E. W. GURR, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of an address without date which has been signed by you and some other foreign residents and handed to me on the 29th of September.

In this address my attention is directed to some rumours, specified therein, concerning which I am informed that "upon all and upon each of these points severally the white residents anxiously expect and respectfully beg information."

Generally, I beg to state that, with a view of successfully performing my official duties, I believe it is advisable for me to pay no attention to any anonymous rumour.

Further, I cannot forbear expressing my astonishment that in speaking to me so seriously in the name of "the white residents" the subscribers of the address have deemed it unnecessary to acquaint me with their authorisation for doing so. This omission is by no means a mere informality. There are white residents who in my presence have commented upon the rumours in question in a manner directly opposed to the meaning of the address.

This fact alone will justify me in objecting to the truth of the above-quoted statement so prominently set forth and so positively affirmed in the address. It will also justify me in abstaining from a reply to the further assertions of gentlemen who, in apostrophising me, care so little for the correctness of the facts they deal with.

If, in consequence, according to the apprehensions laid down in the address, those unexplained rumours will "damage the white races in the native mind," I think the signing parties will then remember that there are public authorities in Samoa officially and especially charged with the protection of "the white residents." If they present to them their complaints and their wishes I have no doubt by so doing they will get all information they may inquire.

I ask you, Gentlemen, to communicate this answer to the parties having signed the address in question.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

FRHR. SENFFT VON PILSACH.

V

October 9, 1891.

The signatories of the address are in receipt of the President's favour under date October 2. Much of his answer is occupied in dealing with a point foreign to the matter in hand, and in itself surprising to the signatories. Their address was an appeal for information on specific points and an appeal from specific persons, who correctly described themselves as "white residents," "the undersigned," and in the accompanying letter as the "signatories." They were so far from seeking to collect evidence in private that they applied frankly and directly to the person accused for explanation; and so far from seeking to multiply signatures or promote scandal that they kept the paper strictly to themselves. They see with regret that the President has failed to appreciate this delicacy. They

see with sorrow and surprise that, in answer to a communication which they believe to have been temperately and courteously worded, the President has thought fit to make an imputation on their honesty. The trick of which he would seem to accuse them would have been useless, and even silly, if attempted; and on a candid re-examination of the address and the accompanying letter, the President will doubtless see fit to recall the imputation.

By way of answer to the questions asked the signatories can find nothing but what seems to be a recommendation to them to apply to their Consuls for "protection." It was not protection they asked, but information. It was not a sense of fear that moved them, but a sense of shame. It is their misfortune that they cannot address the President in his own language, or they would not now require to explain that the words "tend to damage the white races in the native mind," quoted and misapplied by the President, do not express any fear of suffering by the hands of the Samoans, but in their good opinion, and were not the expression of any concern for the duration of peace, but of a sense of shame under what they conceived to be disgraceful imputations. While agreeing generally with the President's expressed sentiment as to "anonymous rumours," they feel that a line has to be drawn. Certain rumours they would not suffer to remain uncontradicted for an hour. It was natural, therefore, that when they heard a man of their own white race accused of conspiring to blow up the gaol and the prisoners who were there under the safeguard of his honour, they should attribute to the accused a similar impatience to be justified; and it is with a sense of painful surprise that they find themselves to have been mistaken.

(*Signatures as to No.* II.)

VI

Apia, October 9, 1891.

GENTLEMEN,—Being in receipt of your communication under to-day's date, I have the honour to inform you that I have undertaken the re-examination of your first address, which you believe would induce me to recall the answer I have given on the 2nd inst.

From this re-examination I have learned again that your appeal begins with the following statement:

"Upon all and upon each of these points severally the white residents anxiously expect and respectfully beg information."

I have called this statement a seriously speaking to me in the name of the white residents, and I have objected to the truth of that statement.

If after a "candid re-examination" of the matter from your part you may refute me in either or both points, I shall be glad, indeed, in recalling my answer.

At present I beg to say that I see no reason for your supposing I misunderstood your expression of damaging the white races in the native mind, unless you have no other notion of protection than that applying to the body.

Concerning the assertion contained in the last clause of your second address, that six Samoan prisoners having been sentenced by a Samoan judge for destroying houses were in the gaol of the Samoan Government "under the safeguard of my honour," I ask for your permission to recommend this statement also and especially to your re-examination.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

FRHR. SENFFT VON PILSACH.

III

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Samoa, April 9, 1892.

SIR,—A sketch of our latest difficulty in Samoa will be interesting, at least to lawyers.

In the Berlin General Act there is one point on which, from the earliest moment, volunteer interpreters have been divided. The revenue arising from the customs was held by one party to belong to the Samoan Government, by another to the municipality; and the dispute was at last decided in favour of the municipality by Mr. Cedarcrantz, Chief Justice. The decision was not given in writing; but it was reported by at least one of the Consuls to his Government, it was of public notoriety, it is not denied, and it was at once implicitly acted on by the parties. Before that decision, the revenue from customs was suffered to accumulate; ever since, to the knowledge of the Chief Justice, and with the daily countenance of the President, it has been preceived, administered, and spent by the municipality. It is the function of the Chief Justice to interpret the Berlin Act; its sense was thus supposed to be established beyond cavil; those who were dissatisfied with the result conceived their only recourse lay in a prayer to the Powers to have the treaty altered; and such a prayer was, but the other day, proposed, supported, and finally negatived, in a public meeting.

About a year has gone by since the decision, and the state of the Samoan Government has been daily growing more precarious. Taxes have not been paid, and the Government has not ventured to enforce them. Fresh taxes have fallen due, and the Government has not ventured to call for them. Salaries were running on,

and that of the Chief Justice alone amounts to a considerable figure for these islands; the coffers had fallen low, at last it was believed they were quite empty, no resource seemed left, and bystanders waited with a smiling curiosity for the wheels to stop. I should add, to explain the epithet "smiling," that the Government has proved a still-born child; and except for some spasmodic movements which I have already made the subject of remark in your columns, it may be said to have done nothing but pay salaries.

In this state of matters, on March 28, the President of the Council, Baron Senfft von Pilsach, was suddenly and privately supplied by Mr. Cedarcrantz with a written judgment, reversing the verbal and public decision of a year before. By what powers of law was this result attained? And how was the point brought again before his Honour? I feel I shall here strain the credulity of your readers, but our authority is the President in person. The suit was brought by himself in his capacity (perhaps an imaginary one) of King's adviser; it was defended by himself in his capacity of President of the Council; no notice had been given, the parties were not summoned, they were advised neither of the trial nor the judgment; so far as can be learned, two persons only met and parted—the first was the plaintiff and defendant rolled in one, the other was a judge who had decided black a year ago, and had now intimated a modest willingness to decide white.

But it is possible to follow more closely these original proceedings. Baron von Pilsach sat down (he told us) in his capacity of adviser to the King, and wrote to himself, in his capacity of President of the Council, an eloquent letter of reprimand three pages long; an unknown English artist clothed it for him in good language; and nothing remained but to have it signed by King Malietoa, to whom it was attributed.

"So long as he knows how to sign!"—a white official is said thus to have summed up, with a shrug, the qualifications necessary in a Samoan king. It was signed accordingly, though whether the King knew what he was signing is matter of debate; and thus regularised, it was forwarded to the Chief Justice enclosed in a letter of adhesion from the President. Such as they were, these letters appear to have been the pleadings on which the Chief Justice proceeded; such as they were, they seem to have been the documents in this unusual cause.

Suppose an unfortunate error to have been made, suppose a reversal of the Court's finding and the year's policy to have become immediately needful, wisdom would indicate an extreme frankness of demeanour. And our two officials preferred a policy of irritating dissimulation. While the revolution was being prepared behind the curtain, the President was holding night sessions of the municipal council. What was the business? No other than to prepare an ordinance regulating those very customs which he was secretly conspiring to withdraw from their control. And it was a piece of duplicity of a similar nature which first awoke the echoes of Apia by its miscarriage. The council had sent up for the approval of the Consular Board a project of several bridges, one of which, that of the Vaisingano, was of chief importance to the town. To sanction so much fresh expense, at the very moment when, to his secret knowledge, the municipality was to be left bare of funds, appeared to one of the Consuls an unworthy act; and the proposal was accordingly disallowed. The people of Apia are extremely swift to guess. No sooner was the Vaisingano bridge denied them than they leaped within a measurable distance of the truth. It was remembered that the Chief Justice had but recently (this time by a decision regularly obtained) placed the

municipal funds at the President's mercy; talk ran high of collusion between the two officials; it was rumoured the safe had been already secretly drawn upon; the newspaper being at this juncture suddenly and rather mysteriously sold; it was rumoured it had been bought for the officials with municipal money, and the Apians crowded in consequence to the municipal meeting on April 1, with minds already heated.

The President came on his side armed with the secret judgment; and the hour now being come, he unveiled his work of art to the municipal councillors. On the strength of the Chief Justice's decision, to his knowledge, and with the daily countenance of the President, they had for twelve months received and expended the revenue from customs. They learned now that this was wrong; they learned not only that they were to receive no more, but that they must refund what they had already spent; and the total sum amounting to about $25,000, and there being less than $20,000 in the treasury, they learned that they were bankrupt. And with the next breath the President reassured them; time was to be given to these miserable debtors, and the King in his clemency would even advance them from their own safe—now theirs no longer—a loan of $3,000 against current expenses. If the municipal council of Apia be far from an ideal body, at least it makes roads and builds bridges, at least it does something to justify its existence and reconcile the ratepayer to the rates. This was to cease: all the funds husbanded for this end were to be transferred to the Government at Mulinuu, which has never done anything to mention but pay salaries, and of which men have long ceased to expect anything else but that it shall continue to pay salaries till it die of inanition. Let us suppose this raid on the municipal treasury to have been just and needful. It is plain,

even if introduced in the most conciliatory manner, it could never have been welcome. And, as it was, the sting was in the manner—in the secrecy and the surprise, in the dissimulation, the dissonant decisions, the appearance of collusion between the officials, and the offer of a loan too small to help. Bitter words were spoken at the council-table; the public joined with shouts; it was openly proposed to overpower the President and seize the treasury key. Baron von Pilsach possesses the redeeming rudimentary virtue of courage. It required courage to come at all on such an errand to those he had deceived; and amidst violent voices and menacing hands he displayed a constancy worthy of a better cause. The council broke tumultuously up; the inhabitants crowded to a public meeting; the Consuls, acquainted with the alarming effervescency of feeling, communicated their willingness to meet the municipal councillors and arrange a compromise; and the inhabitants renewed by acclamation the mandate of their representatives. The same night these sat in council with the Consular Board, and a *modus vivendi* was agreed upon, which was rejected the next morning by the President.

The representations of the Consuls had, however, their effect; and when the council met again on April 6, Baron von Pilsach was found to have entirely modified his attitude. The bridge over the Vaisingano was conceded; the sum of $3,000 offered to the council was increased to $9,000, about one-half of the existing funds; the Samoan Government, which was to profit by the customs, now agreed to bear the expenses of collection; the President, while refusing to be limited to a specific figure, promised an anxious parsimony in the Government expenditure, admitted his recent conduct had been of a nature to irritate the councillors, and frankly proposed it should be brought under the

notice of the Powers. I should not be a fair reporter if I did not praise his bearing. In the midst of men whom he had grossly deceived, and who had recently insulted him in return, he behaved himself with tact and temper. And largely in consequence his *modus vivendi* was accepted under protest, and the matter in dispute referred without discussion to the Powers.

I would like to refer for one moment to my former letter. The Manono prisoners were solemnly sentenced to six months' imprisonment; and, by some unexplained and secret process, the sentence was increased to one of banishment. The fact seems to have rather amused the Governments at home. It did not at all amuse us here on the spot. But we sought consolation by remembering that the President was a layman, and the Chief Justice had left the islands but the day before. Let Mr. Cedarcrantz return, we thought, and Arthur would be come again. Well, Arthur is come. And now we begin to think he was perhaps an approving, if an absent, party to the scandal. For do we not find, in the case of the municipal treasury, the same disquieting features? A decision is publicly delivered, it is acted on for a year, and by some secret and inexplicable process we find it suddenly reversed. We are supposed to be governed by English law. Is this English law? Is it law at all? Does it permit a state of society in which a citizen can live and act with confidence? And when we are asked by natives to explain these peculiarities of white man's government and white man's justice, in what form of words are we to answer?

April 12.

Fresh news reaches me; I have once again to admire the accuracy of rumour in Apia, and that which I had passed over with a reference becomes the head and

front of our contention. The *Samoa Times* was nominally purchased by a gentleman who, whatever be his other recommendations, was notoriously ill off. There was paid down for it £600 in gold, a huge sum of ready money for Apia, above all in gold, and all men wondered where it came from. It is this which has been discovered: The wrapper of each rouleau was found to be signed by Mr. Martin, collector for the municipality as well as for the Samoan Government, and countersigned by Mr. Savile, his assistant. In other words, the money had left either the municipal or the Government safe.

The position of the President is thus extremely exposed. His accounts up to January 1 are in the hands of auditors. The next term of March 31 is already past, and although the natural course has been repeatedly suggested to him, he has never yet permitted the verification of the balance in his safe. The case would appear less strong against the Chief Justice. Yet a month has not elapsed since he placed the funds at the disposal of the President, on the avowed ground that the population of Apia was unfit to be entrusted with its own affairs. And the very week of the purchase he reversed his own previous decision and liberated his colleague from the last remaining vestige of control. Beyond the extent of these judgments, I doubt if this astute personage will be found to have committed himself in black and white; and the more foolhardy President may thus be left in the top of the breach alone.

Let it be explained or apportioned as it may, this additional scandal is felt to have overfilled the measure. It may be argued that the President has great tact and the Chief Justice a fund of philosophy. Give us instead a judge who shall proceed according to the forms of justice, and a treasurer who shall permit the verification of his balances. Surely there can be found

among the millions of Europe two frank and honest men, one of whom shall be acquainted with English law, and the other possess the ordinary virtues of a clerk, over whose heads, in the exercise of their duties, six months may occasionally pass without painful disclosures and dangerous scandals; who shall not weary us with their surprises and intrigues; who shall not amaze us with their lack of penetration; who shall not, in the hour of their destitution, seem to have diverted £600 of public money for the purchase of an inconsiderable sheet, or at a time when eight provinces of discontented natives threaten at any moment to sweep their ineffective Government into the sea to have sought safety and strength in gagging the local press of Apia. If it be otherwise—if we cannot be relieved, if the Powers are satisfied with the conduct of Mr. Cedarcrantz and Baron Senfft von Pilsach; if these were sent here with the understanding that they should secretly purchase, perhaps privately edit, a little sheet of two pages, issued from a crazy wooden building at the mission gate; if it were, indeed, intended that, for this important end, they should divert (as it seems they have done) public funds and affront all the forms of law—we whites can only bow the head. We are here quite helpless. If we would complain of Baron Pilsach, it can only be to Mr. Cedarcrantz; if we would complain of Mr. Cedarcrantz, and the Powers will not hear us, the circle is complete. A nightly guard surrounds and protects their place of residence, while the house of the King is cynically left without the pickets. Secure from interference, one utters the voice of the law, the other moves the hands of authority; and now they seem to have sequestered in the course of a single week the only available funds and the only existing paper in the islands.

But there is one thing they forget. It is not the

whites who menace the duration of their Government, and it is only the whites who read the newspaper. Mataafa sits hard by in his armed camp and sees. He sees the weakness, he counts the scandals of their Government. He sees his rival and "brother" sitting disconsidered at their doors, like Lazarus before the house of Dives, and, if he is not very fond of his "brother," he is very scrupulous of native dignities. He has seen his friends menaced with midnight destruction in the Government gaol, and deported without form of law. He is not himself a talker, and his thoughts are hid from us; but what is said by his more hasty partisans we know. On March 29, the day after the Chief Justice signed the secret judgment, three days before it was made public, and while the purchase of the newspaper was yet in treaty, a native orator stood up in an assembly. "Who asked the Great Powers to make laws for us; to bring strangers here to rule us?" he cried. "We want no white officials to bind us in the bondage of taxation." Here is the changed spirit which these gentlemen have produced by a misgovernment of fifteen months. Here is their peril, which no purchase of newspapers and no subsequent editorial suppressions can avert.

It may be asked if it be still time to do anything. It is, indeed, already late; and these gentlemen, arriving in a golden moment, have fatally squandered opportunity and perhaps fatally damaged white prestige. Even the whites themselves they have not only embittered, but corrupted. We were pained the other day when our municipal councillors refused, by a majority, to make the production of invoices obligatory at the Custom-house. Yet who shall blame them when the Chief Justice, with a smallness of capacity at which all men wondered, refused to pay, and, I believe still withholds, the duties on his imports? He was

above the law, being the head of it; and this was how he preached by example. He refused to pay his customs; the white councillors, following in his wake, refuse to take measures to enforce them against others; and the natives, following in his wake, refuse to pay their taxes. These taxes it may, perhaps, be never possible to raise again directly. Taxes have never been popular in Samoa; yet in the golden moment when this Government began its course, a majority of Samoans paid them. Every province should have seen some part of that money expended in its bounds; every nerve should have been strained to interest and gratify the natives in the manner of its expenditure. It has been spent instead on Mulinuu, to pay four white officials, two of whom came in the suite of the Chief Justice, and to build a so-called Government House, in which the President resides, and the very name of taxes is become abhorrent. What can still be done, and what must be done immediately, is to give us a new Chief Justice—a lawyer, a man of honour, a man who will not commit himself to one side, whether in politics or in private causes, and who shall not have the appearance of trying to coin money at every joint of our affairs. So much the better if he be a man of talent, but we do not ask so much. With an ordinary appreciation of law, an ordinary discretion, and ordinary generosity, he may still, in the course of time, and with good fortune, restore confidence and repair the breaches in the prestige of the whites. As for the President, there is much discussion. Some think the office is superfluous, still more the salary to be excessive; some regard the present man, who is young and personally pleasing, as a tool and scapegoat for another, and these are tempted to suppose that, with a new and firm Chief Justice, he might yet redeem his character. He would require at least to clear himself of the affair of the

rouleaux, or all would be against him.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IV

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Samoa, June 22, 1892.

SIR,—I read in a New Zealand paper that you published my last with misgiving. The writer then goes on to remind me that I am a novelist, and to bid me return to my romances and leave the affairs of Samoa to sub-editors and distant quarters of the world. "We, in common with other journals, have correspondents in Samoa," he complains, "and yet we have no news from them of the curious conspiracy which Mr. Stevenson appears to have unearthed, and which, if it had any real existence, would be known to everybody on the island." As this is the only voice which has yet reached me from beyond the seas, I am constrained to make some answer. But it must not be supposed that, though you may perhaps have been alone to publish, I have been alone to write. The same story is now in the hands of the three Governments from their respective Consuls. Not only so, but the complaint to the municipal council, drawn by two able solicitors, has been likewise laid before them.

This at least is public, and I may say notorious: The solicitors were authorised to proceed with their task at a public meeting. The President (for I was there and heard him) approved the step, though he refrained from voting. But he seemed to have entertained a hope of burking, or, at least, indefinitely postponing, the whole business, and, when the meeting

was over and its proceedings had been approved (as is necessary) by the Consular Board, he neglected to notify the two gentlemen appointed of that approval. In a large city the trick might have succeeded for a time; in a village like Apia, where all news leaks out and the King meets the cobbler daily, it did no more than to advertise his own artfulness. And the next he learned, the case for the municipal council had been prepared, approved by the Consuls, and despatched to the Great Powers. I am accustomed to have my word doubted in this matter, and must here look to have it doubted once again. But the fact is certain. The two solicitors (Messrs. Carruthers and Cooper) were actually cited to appear before the Chief Justice in the Supreme Court. I have seen the summons, and the summons was the first and last of this State trial. The proceeding, instituted in an hour of temper, was, in a moment of reaction, allowed to drop.

About the same date a final blow befell the Government of Mulinuu. Let me remind you, Sir, of the situation. The funds of the municipality had been suddenly seized, on what appears a collusive judgment, by the bankrupt Government of Mulinuu. The paper, the organ of opposition, was bought by a man of straw; and it was found the purchase-money had been paid in rouleaux from the Government safes. The Government consisted of two men. One, the President and treasurer, had a ready means to clear himself and dispose for ever of the scandal—that means, apart from any scandal, was his mere, immediate duty,—viz., to have his balance verified. And he has refused to do so, and he still refuses. But the other, though he sits abstruse, must not think to escape his share of blame. He holds a high situation; he is our chief magistrate, he has heard this miserable tale of the rouleaux, at which the Consuls looked so black, and

why has he done nothing? When he found that the case against himself and his colleague had gone to the three Powers a little of the suddenest, he could launch summonses (which it seems he was afterwards glad to disavow) against Messrs. Cooper and Carruthers. But then, when the whole island murmured—then, when a large sum which could be traced to the Government treasuries was found figuring in the hands of a man of straw—where were his thunderbolts then? For more than a month the scandal has hung black about his colleague; for more than a month he has sat inert and silent; for more than a month, in consequence, the last spark of trust in him has quite died out.

It was in these circumstances that the Government of Mulinuu approached the municipal council with a proposal to levy fresh taxes from the whites. It was in these circumstances that the municipal council answered, No. Public works have ceased, the destination of public moneys is kept secret, and the municipal council resolved to stop supplies.

At this, it seems, the Government awoke to a sense of their position. The natives had long ceased to pay them; now the whites had followed suit. Destitution had succeeded to embarrassment. And they made haste to join with themselves another who did not share in their unpopularity. This gentleman, Mr. Thomas Maben, Government surveyor, is himself deservedly popular, and the office created for him, that of Secretary of State, is one in which, under happier auspices, he might accomplish much. He is promised a free hand; he has succeeded to, and is to exercise entirely, those vague functions claimed by the President under his style of adviser to the King. It will be well if it is found to be so in the field of practice. It will be well if Mr. Maben find any funds left for his not exorbitant salary. It would doubtless

have been better, in this day of their destitution, and in the midst of growing Samoan murmurs against the high salaries of whites, if the Government could have fallen on some expedient which did not imply another. And there is a question one would fain have answered. The President claims to hold two offices—that of adviser to the King, that of President of the Municipal Council. A year ago, in the time of the dynamite affair, he proposed to resign the second and retain his whole emoluments as adviser to the King. He has now practically resigned the first; and we wish to know if he now proposes to retain his entire salary as President of the Council.—I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

V

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Apia, July 19, 1892.

SIR,—I am at last in receipt of your article upon my letter. It was as I supposed; you had a difficulty in believing the events recorded; and, to my great satisfaction, you suggest an inquiry. You observe the marks of passion in my letter, or so it seems to you. But your summary shows me that I have not failed to communicate with a sufficient clearness the facts alleged. Passion may have seemed to burn in my words; it has not, at least, impaired my ability to record with precision a plain tale. The "cold language" of Consular reports (which you say you would prefer) is doubtless to be had upon inquiry in the proper quarter; I make bold to say it will be found to bear me out. Of the law case for the municipality I can speak with more assur-

ance; for, since it was sent, I have been shown a copy Its language is admirably cold, yet it tells (it is possibl in a much better dialect) the same remarkable story But all these corroborations sleep in official keeping and, thanks to the generosity with which you hav admitted me to your columns, I stand alone before th public. It is my prayer that this may cease as soon a possible. There is other evidence gone home; let tha be produced. Or let us have (as you propose) a inquiry; give to the Chief Justice and the Presiden an opportunity to clear their characters, and to mysel that liberty (which I am so often requested to take) o returning to my private business.—I am, Sir, you obedient servant,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Apia, September 14, 1892.

SIR,—The peninsula of Mulinuu was claimed b the German firm; and in case their claim should b found good, they had granted to the Samoan Govern ment an option to buy at a certain figure. Hereo stand the houses of our officials, in particular that o the Chief Justice. It has long been a problem her whether this gentleman paid any rent, and the problen is now solved; the Chief Justice of Samoa was squatter. On the ground that the Government wa about to purchase the peninsula, he occupied a house on the ground that the Germans were about to sell it he refused to pay them any rent. The firm seemed t have no remedy but to summon the squatter befor himself, and hear over again from the official wha

they had heard already from the disastrous tenant. But even in Samoa an ingenious man, inspired by annoyance, may find means of self-protection. The house was no part of the land, nor included in the option; the firm put it up for sale; and the Government, under pain of seeing the Chief Justice houseless, was obliged to buy it.

In the meanwhile the German claim to Mulinuu was passed by the Land Commission and sent on to the Chief Justice on the 17th of May. He ended by confirming the report; but though his judgment bears date the 9th of August, it was not made public till the 15th. So far as we are aware, and certainly so far as Samoa has profited by his labours, his Honour may be said to have had nothing else to do but attend to this one piece of business; he was being paid to do so at the rate of £100 a month; and it took him ninety days, or about as long as it took Napoleon to recapture and to lose again his empire. But better late than never; and the Germans, rejoicing in the decision, summoned the Government to complete the purchase or to waive their option. There was again a delay in answering, for the policy of all parts of this extraordinary Government is on one model; and when the answer came it was only to announce a fresh deception. The German claim had passed the Land Commission and the Supreme Court, it was good against objections, but it appeared it was not yet good for registration, and must still be resurveyed by a "Government surveyor." The option thus continues to brood over the land of Mulinuu, the Government to squat there without payment, and the German firm to stand helpless and dispossessed. What can they do? Their adversary is their only judge. I hear it calculated that the present state of matters may be yet spun out for months, at the end of which period there must come at last a day

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of reckoning; and the purchase-money will have to be found or the option to be waived and the Government to flit elsewhere. As for the question of arrears of rent it will be in judicious hands and his Honour may be trusted to deal with it in a manner suitable to the previous history of the case.

But why (it will be asked) spin out by these excessive methods a thread of such tenuity? Why go to such lengths for four months longer of fallacious solvency? I expect not to be believed, but I think the Government still hopes. A war-ship, under a hot-headed captain might be decoyed into hostilities; the taxes might begin to come in again; the three Powers might become otherwise engaged and the little stage of Samoa escape observation—indeed, I know not what they hope but they hope something. There lives on in their breasts a remainder coal of ambition still unquenched. Or it is only so that I can explain a late astonishing sally of his Honour's. In a long and elaborate judgment he has pared the nails, and indeed removed the fingers of his only rival, the municipal magistrate. For eighteen months he has seen the lower Court crowded with affairs, the while his own stood unfrequented like an obsolete churchyard. He may have remarked with envy many hundred cases passing through his rival's hands cases of assault, cases of larceny, ranging in the last four months from 2s. up to £1, 12s.; or he may have viewed with displeasure that despatch of business which was characteristic of the Magistrate, Mr Cooper. An end, at least, has been made of these abuses; Mr. Cooper is henceforth to draw his salary for the *minimum* of public service; and all larcenies and assaults, however trivial, must go, according to the nationality of those concerned, before the Consular or the Supreme Courts.

To this portentous judgment there are two sides—

a practical and a legal. And first as to the practical. For every blow struck or shilling stolen the parties must now march out to Mulinuu and place themselves at the mercy of a Court, which if Hamlet had known, he would have referred with more emotion to the law's delays. It is feared they will not do so, and that crime will go on in consequence unpunished, and increased by indulgence. But this is nothing. The Court of the municipal magistrate was a convenient common-ground and clearing-house for our manifold nationalities. It has now been, for all purpose of serious utility, abolished, and the result is distraction. There was a recent trumpery case, heard by Mr. Cooper amid shouts of mirth. It resolved itself (if I remember rightly) into three charges of assault with counter-charges, and three of abusive language with the same; and the parties represented only two nationalities—a small allowance for Apia. Yet in our new world, since the Chief Justice's decision, this vulgar shindy would have split up into six several suits before three different Courts; the charges must have been heard by one judge, the counter-charges by another; the whole nauseous evidence six times repeated, and the lawyers six times fee'd.

Remains the legal argument. His Honour admits the municipality to be invested "with such legislative powers as generally constitute a police jurisdiction"; he does not deny the municipality is empowered to take steps for the protection of the person, and it was argued this implied a jurisdiction in cases of assault. But this argument (observes his Honour) "proves too much, and consequently nothing. For like reasons the municipal council should have power to provide for the punishment of all felonies against the person, and I suppose the property as well." And, filled with a just sense that a merely police jurisdiction should be limited, he limits

it with a vengeance by the exclusion of all assaults anc all larcenies. A pity he had not looked into the Berlir Act! He would have found it already limited there b the same power which called it into being—limited tc fines not exceeding $200 and imprisonment not ex tending beyond 180 days. Nay, and I think he migh have even reasoned from this discovery that he wa himself somewhat in error. For, assaults and larcenie being excluded, what kind of enormity is that which i to be visited with a fine of £40 or an imprisonment o half a year? It is perhaps childish to pursue furthe this childish controversialist. But there is one passage if he had dipped into the Berlin Act, that well migh have arrested his attention: that in which he is himsel empowered to deal with "crimes and offences, . . subject, however, to the provisions defining the juris diction of the municipal magistrate of Apia."

I trust, Sir, this is the last time I shall have to troubl you with these twopenny concerns. But until som step is taken by the three Powers, or until I have quit exhausted your indulgence, I shall continue to repor our scandals as they arise. Once more, one thing c other: Either what I write is false, and I should b chastised as a calumniator; or else it is true, and thes officials are unfit for their position.—I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—The mail is already closed when I receive last decisive confirmation of the purchase of the *Sam Times* by the Samoan Government. It has never bee denied; it is now admitted. The paper which the bought so recently, they are already trying to sell; ar have received and refused an offer of £150 for wh they bought for upwards of £600. Surely we may no demand the attention of the three Powers.

VII

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

I

September 4, 1893.

In June it became clear that the King's Government was weary of waiting upon Europe, as it had been clear long before that Europe would do nothing. The last commentary on the Berlin Act was read. Malietoa Laupepa had been in *ex auctoritate* by the Powers; the Powers would not support him even by a show of strength, and there was nothing left but to fall back on an "Election according to the Laws and Customs of Samoa"—by arbitrament of rifle-bullets and blackened faces. Instantly heaven was darkened by a brood of rumours, random calumnies, and idle tales. As we rode, late at night, through the hamlet near my house, we saw fires lighted in the houses, and eager talkers discussing the last report. The King was sick; he was dying; he was perfectly well; he was seen riding furiously by night in the back parts of Apia, and covering his face as he rode. Mataafa was in favour with the Germans; he was to be made a German king; he was secure of the support of all Samoa; he had no following whatsoever. The name of every chief and village (with many that were new to the hearer) came up in turn, to be dubbed Laupepa, or Mataafa, or both at the same time, or neither. Dr. George Brown, the missionary, had just completed a tour of the islands. There are few men in the world with a more mature knowledge of native character, and I applied to him eagerly for an estimate of the relative forces. "When the first shot is fired, and not before," said he, "you

will know who is who." The event has shown that h might have gone yet further; for even after shots wer fired and men slain, an important province was sti hesitating and trimming.

Mataafa lay in Malie. He had an armed picket a a ford some two miles from Apia, where they sat in prodigious state of vigilance and glee; and his whol troop, although not above five hundred strong, appeare animated with the most warlike spirit. For himself, h waited, as he had waited for two years; wrote eloquer letters, the time to answer which was quite gone by and looked on while his enemies painfully collecte their forces. Doubtless to the last he was assured an deceived by vain promises of help.

The process of gathering a royal army in Samoa cumbrous and dilatory in the extreme. There is he none of the expedition of the fiery cross and the bal fire; but every step is diplomatic. Each village, with great expense of eloquence, has to be wiled wit promises and spurred with threats, and the greate chieftains make stipulations ere they will marc Tamasese, son to the late German puppet, and heir his ambitions, demanded the vice-kingship as the pri of his accession, though I am assured that he demande it in vain. The various provinces returned various ar unsatisfactory answers. Atua was off and on; Tuam saga was divided; Tutuila recalcitrant; and for lor the King sat almost solitary under the windy palms Mulinuu. It seemed indeed as if the war was off, ar the whole archipelago unanimous (in the native phras to sit still and plant taro.

But at last, in the first days of July, Atua began come in. Boats arrived, thirty and fifty strong, a dru and a very ill-played bugle giving time to the oarsme the whole crew uttering at intervals a savage howl; ar on the decked fore-sheets of the boat the villa

champion, frantically capering and dancing. Parties were to be seen encamped in palm-groves with their rifles stacked. The shops were emptied of red handkerchiefs, the rallying-sign, or (as a man might say) the uniform of the Royal army. There was spirit shown; troops of handsome lads marched in a right manly fashion, with their guns on their shoulders, to the music of the drum and the bugle or the tin whistle. From a hamlet close to my own doors a contingent of six men marched out. Their leader's kit contained one stick of tobacco, four boxes of matches, and the inevitable red handkerchief; in his case it was of silk, for he had come late to the purchasing, and the commoner materials were exhausted. This childish band of braves marched one afternoon to a neighbouring hill, and the same night returned to their houses on the ground that it was "uncomfortable" in the bush. An excellent old fellow, who had had enough of war in many campaigns, took refuge in my service from the conscription, but in vain. The village had decided no warrior might hang back. One summoner arrived; and then followed some negotiations—I have no authority to say what: enough that the messenger departed and our friend remained. But, alas! a second envoy followed and proved to be of sterner composition; and with a basket full of food, kava, and tobacco, the reluctant hero proceeded to the wars. I am sure they had few handsomer soldiers, if, perhaps, some that were more willing. And he would have been better to be armed. His gun—but in Mr. Kipling's pleasant catchword, that is another story.

War, to the Samoan of mature years, is often an unpleasant necessity. To the young boy, it is a heaven of immediate pleasures, as well as an opportunity of ultimate glory. Women march with the troops—even the Taupo-sa, or sacred maid of the village, accompanies

her father in the field to carry cartridges, and brin him water to drink,—and their bright eyes are read to " rain influence " and reward valour. To what grin deeds this practice may conduct I shall have to sa later on. In the rally of their arms, it is at least wholl pretty; and I have one pleasant picture of a war-part marching out; the men armed and boastful, thei heads bound with the red handkerchief, their face blacked—and two girls marching in their midst unde European parasols.

On Saturday, July 8, by the early morning, th troops began to file westward from Apia, and abou noon found themselves face to face with the lines o Mataafa in the German plantation of Vaitele. Th armies immediately fraternised: kava was made by th ladies, as who should say tea, at home, and partaken o by the braves with many truculent expressions. On chief on the King's side, revolted by the extent o these familiarities, began to beat his followers with staff. But both parties were still intermingled betwee the lines, and the chiefs on either side were conversing and even embracing, at the moment when an accidental or perhaps a treacherous, shot precipitated the en gagement. I cannot find there was any decisive differ ence in the numbers actually under fire; but th Mataafas appear to have been ill posted and ill led Twice their flank was turned, their line enfiladed, an themselves driven, with the loss of about thirty, fro two successive cattle walls. A third wall afforded the a more effectual shelter, and night closed on the fiel of battle without further advantage. All night th Royal troops hailed volleys of bullets at this obstacl With the earliest light, a charge proved it to be qui deserted, and from farther down the coast smoke wa seen rising from the houses of Malie. Mataafa ha precipitately fled, destroying behind him the villag

which, for two years, he had been raising and beautifying.

So much was accomplished: what was to follow? Mataafa took refuge in Manono, and cast up forts. His enemies, far from following up this advantage, held *fonos* and made speeches and found fault. I believe the majority of the King's army had marched in a state of continuous indecision, and maintaining an attitude of impartiality more to be admired in the cabinet of the philosopher than in the field of war. It is certain at least that only one province has as yet fired a shot for Malietoa Laupepa. The valour of the Tuamasaga was sufficient and prevailed. But Atua was in the rear, and has as yet done nothing. As for the men of Crana, so far from carrying out the plan agreed upon, and blocking the men of Malie, on the morning of the 8th, they were entertaining an embassy from Mataafa, and they suffered his fleet of boats to escape without a shot through certain dangerous narrows of the lagoon, and the chief himself to pass on foot and unmolested along the whole foreshore of their province. No adequate excuse has been made for this half-heartedness—or treachery. It was a piece of the whole which was a specimen. There are too many strings in a Samoan intrigue for the merely European mind to follow, and the desire to serve upon both sides, and keep a door open for reconciliation, was manifest almost throughout. A week passed in these divided counsels. Savaii had refused to receive Mataafa—it is said they now hesitated to rise for the King, and demanded instead a *fono* (or council) of both sides. And it seemed at least possible that the Royal army might proceed no farther, and the unstable alliance be dissolved.

On Sunday, the 16th, Her British Majesty's ship *Katoomba*, Captain Bickford, C.M.G., arrived in Apia

with fresh orders. Had she but come ten days earlie the whole of this miserable business would have bee prevented, for the three Powers were determined t maintain Malietoa Laupepa by arms, and had declare finally against Mataafa. Right or wrong, it was a least a decision, and therefore welcome. It may not b best—it was something. No honest friend to Samo can pretend anything but relief that the three Power should at last break their vacillating silence. It is of piece with their whole policy in the islands that the should have hung in stays for upwards of two years— of a piece with their almost uniform ill-fortune that eight days before their purpose was declared, wa should have marked the country with burned house and severed heads.

II

There is another side to the medal of Samoan war fare. So soon as an advantage is obtained, a new an (to us) horrible animal appears upon the scene—th Head-hunter. Again and again we have reasoned wit our boys against this bestial practice ; but reason an (upon this one point) even ridicule are vain. The admit it to be indefensible; they allege its imperativ necessity. One young man, who had seen his fathe take a head in the late war, spoke of the scene wit shuddering revolt, and yet said he must go and d likewise himself in the war which was to come. Ho else could a man prove he was brave? and had not ever country its own customs?

Accordingly, as occasion offered, these same pleasin children, who had just been drinking kava with the opponents, fell incontinently on the dead and dyin and secured their grisly trophies. It should be said, fairness, that the Mataafas had no opportunity to tak

heads, but that their chief, taught by the lesson of Fangalii, had forbidden the practice. It is doubtful if he would have been obeyed, and yet his power over his people was so great that the German plantation, where they lay some time, and were at last defeated, had not to complain of the theft of a single cocoanut. Hateful as it must always be to mutilate and murder the disabled, there were in this day's affray in Vaitele circumstances yet more detestable. Fifteen heads were brought in all to Mulinuu. They were carried with parade in front of the fine house which our late President built for himself before he was removed. Here, on the verandah, the King sat to receive them, and utter words of course and compliment to each successful warrior. They were *spoila opima* in the number. Leaupepe, Mataafa's nephew—or, as Samoans say, his son—had fallen by the first wall, and whether from those sentiments of kindred and friendship that so often unite the combatants in civil strife, or to mark by an unusual formality the importance of the conquest, not only his head but his mutilated body also was brought in. From the mat in which the corpse was enveloped a bloody hand protruded, and struck a chill in white eyewitnesses. It were to attribute to [Malietoa] Laupepa sentiments entirely foreign to his race and training, if we were to suppose him otherwise than gratified.

But it was not so throughout. Every country has its customs, say native apologists, and one of the most decisive customs of Samoa ensures the immunity of women. They go to the front, as our women of yore went to a tournament. Bullets are blind; and they must take their risk of bullets, but of nothing else. They serve out cartridges and water; they jeer the faltering and defend the wounded. Even in this skirmish of Vaitele they distinguished themselves on either side. One dragged her skulking husband from

a hole, and drove him to the front. Another, seeing her lover fall, snatched up his gun, kept the head-hunters at bay, and drew him unmutilated from the field. Such services they have been accustomed to pay for centuries; and often, in the course of centuries, a bullet or a spear must have despatched one of these warlike angels. Often enough, too, the head-hunter, springing ghoul-like on fallen bodies, must have decapitated a woman for a man. But, the case arising, there was an established etiquette. So soon as the error was discovered the head was buried, and the exploit forgotten. There had never yet, in the history of Samoa, occurred an instance in which a man had taken a woman's head and kept it and laid it at his monarch's feet.

Such was the strange and horrid spectacle, which must have immediately shaken the heart of Laupepa, and has since covered the faces of his party with confusion. It is not quite certain if there were three, or only two; a recent attempt to reduce the number to one must be received with caution as an afterthought; the admissions in the beginning were too explicit, the panic of shame and fear had been too sweeping. There is scarce a woman of our native friends in Apia who can speak upon the subject without terror; scarce any man without humiliation. And the shock was increased out of measure by the fact that the head—or one of the heads—was recognised; recognised for the niece of one of the greatest of court ladies; recognised for a Tauposa, or sacred maid of a village from Savaii. It seemed incredible that she—who had been chosen for virtue and beauty, who went everywhere attended by the fairest maidens, and watched over by vigilant duennas, whose part it was, in holiday costume, to receive guests, to make kava, and to be the leader of the revels—should become the victim of a brutal rally

in a cow-park, and have her face exposed for a trophy to the victorious king.

In all this muttering of aversion and alarm, no word has been openly said. No punishment, no disgrace, has been inflicted on the perpetrators of the outrage. King, Consuls, and mission appear to have held their peace alike. I can understand a certain apathy in whites. Head-hunting, they say, is a horrid practice: and will not stop to investigate its finer shades. But the Samoan himself does not hesitate; for him the act is portentous; and if it go unpunished, and set a fashion, its consequences must be damnable. This is not a breach of a Christian virtue, of something half-learned by rote, and from foreigners, in the last thirty years. It is a flying in the face of their own native, instinctive, and traditional standard: tenfold more ominous and degrading. And, taking the matter for all in all, it seems to me that head-hunting itself should be firmly and immediately suppressed. "How else can a man prove himself to be brave?" my friend asked. But often enough these are but fraudulent trophies. On the morrow of the fight at Vaitele, an Atua man discovered a body lying in the bush; he took the head. A day or two ago a party was allowed to visit Manono. The King's troops on shore, observing them put off from the rebel island, leaped to the conclusion that this must be the wounded going to Apia, launched off at once two armed boats and overhauled the others—after heads. The glory of such exploits is not apparent; their power for degradation strikes the eyes. Lieutenant Ulfsparre, our late Swedish Chief of Police and Commander of the forces, told his men that if any of them took a head his own hand should avenge it. That was talking; I should like to see all in the same story—King, Consuls, and missionaries—included.

III

The three Powers have at last taken hold here in Apia. But they came the day after the fair; and the immediate business on hand is very delicate. This morning, 18th, Captain Bickford, followed by two Germans, sailed for Manono. If he shall succeed in persuading Mataafa to surrender, all may be well. If he cannot, this long train of blunders may end in—what is so often the result of blundering in the field of politics—a horrible massacre. Those of us who remember the services of Mataafa, his unfailing generosity and moderation in the past, and his bereavement in the present—as well as those who are only interested in a mass of men and women, many of them our familiar friends, now pent up on an island, and beleaguered by three war-ships and a Samoan army—await the issue with dreadful expectation.

VIII

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Vailima, Apia, April 23, 1894.

Sir,—I last addressed you on the misconduct of certain officials here, and I was so far happy as to have had my facts confirmed in every particular with but one exception. That exception, the affair of the dynamite, has been secretly smuggled away; you shall look in vain in either Blue Book or White Book for any mention even of the charge; it is gone like the conjurer's orange. I might have been tempted to inquire into the reason of this conspiracy of silence

whether the idea was conceived in the bosoms of the three Powers themselves, or whether in the breasts of the three Consuls, because one of their number was directly implicated. And I might have gone on to consider the moral effect of such suppressions, and to show you how very idle they were, and how very undignified, in the face of a small and compact population, where everybody sees and hears, where everybody knows, and talks, and laughs. But only a personal question remained, which I judged of no interest to the public. The essential was accomplished. Baron Senfft was gone already. Mr. Cedarcrantz still lingered among us in the character (I may say) of a private citizen, his Court at last closed, only his pocket open for the receipt of his salary, representing the dignity of the Berlin Act by sitting in the wind on Mulinuu Point for several consecutive months—a curious phantom or survival of a past age. The new officials were not as yet, because they had not been created. And we fell into our old estate of government by the three Consuls, as it was in the beginning before the Berlin Act existed; as it seems it will be to the end, after the Berlin Act has been swept away.

It was during the time of this triumvirate, and wholly at their instigation and under their conduct, that Mataafa was defeated, driven to Manono, and (three war-ships coming opportunely to hand) forced to surrender. I have been called a partisan of this chief's, and I accept the term. I thought him, on the whole, the most honest man in Samoa, not excepting white officials. I ventured to think he had been hardly used by the Treaty Powers; I venture to think so still. It was my opinion that he should have been conjoined with Malietoa as Vice-King; and I have seen no reason to change that opinion, except that the time for it is past. Mataafa has played and lost: an exile, and

stripped of his titles, he walks the exiguous beach of Jaluit, sees the German flag over his head, and yearns for the land-wind of Upolu. In the politics of Samoa he is no longer a factor; and it only remains to speak of the manner in which his rebellion was suppressed and punished. Deportation is, to the Samoan mind, the punishment next to death, and thirteen of the chiefs engaged were deported with their leader. Twenty-seven others were cast into the gaol. There they lie still; the Government makes almost no attempt to feed them, and they must depend on the activity of their families and the charity of pitying whites. In the meantime, these very families are overloaded with fines, the exorbitant sum of more than £6,600 having been laid on the chiefs and villages that took part with Mataafa.

So far we can only complain that the punishments have been severe and the prison commissariat absent. But we have, besides, to regret the repeated scandals in connection with the conduct of the war, and we look in vain for any sign of punishment. The Consuls had to employ barbarous hands; we might expect outrages; we did expect them to be punished, or at least disowned. Thus, certain Mataafa chiefs were landed, and landed from a British man-of-war, to be shamefully abused, beaten, and struck with whips along the main street of Mulinuu. There was no punishment, there was even no injury; the three Consuls winked. Only one man was found honest and bold enough to open his mouth, and that was my old enemy, Mr. Cedarcrantz. Walking in Mulinuu, in his character of disinterested spectator, gracefully desipient, he came across the throng of these rabblers and their victims. He had forgotten that he was an official, he remembered that he was a man. It was his last public appearance in Samoa to interfere; it was certainly his best. Again,

the Government troops in the field took the heads of girls, a detestable felony even in Samoan eyes. They carried them in procession to Mulinuu, and made of them an oblation to that melancholy effigy the King, who (sore against his will) sat on the verandah of the Government building, publicly to receive this affront, publicly to utter the words of compliment and thanks which constitute the highest reward known to Samoan bravery, and crowned as heroes those who should have been hanged like dogs. And again the three Consuls unanimously winked. There was no punishment, there was even no inquiry.

Lastly, there is the story of Manono. Three hours were given to Mataafa to accept the terms of the ultimatum, and the time had almost elapsed when his boats put forth, and more than elapsed before he came alongside the *Katoomba* and surrendered formally to Captain Bickford. In the dusk of the evening, when all the ships had sailed, flames were observed to rise from the island. Mataafa flung himself on his knees before Captain Bickford, and implored protection for his women and children left behind, and the captain put back the ship and despatched one of the Consuls to inquire. The *Katoomba* had been about seventy hours in the islands. Captain Bickford was a stranger; he had to rely on the Consuls implicitly. At the same time, he knew that the Government troops had been suffered to land for the purpose of restoring order, and with the understanding that no reprisals should be committed on the adherents of Mataafa; and he charged the emissary with his emphatic disapproval, threats of punishment on the offenders, and reminders that the war had now passed under the responsibility of the three Powers. I cannot condescend on what this Consul saw during his visit; I can only say what he reported on his return. He reported all well, and

the chiefs on the Government side fraternising and making *ava* with those on Mataafa's. It may have been; at least it is strange. The burning of the island proceeded, fruit-trees were cut down, women stripped naked; a scene of brutal disorder reigned all night, and left behind it, over a quarter of the island, ruin. If they fraternised with Mataafa's chieftains they must have been singularly inconsistent, for, the next we learn of the two parties, they were beating, spitting upon, and insulting them along the highway. The next morning in Apia I asked the same Consul if there had not been some houses burned. He told me no. I repeated the question, alleging the evidence of officers on board the *Katoomba* who had seen the flames increase and multiply as they steamed away; whereupon he had this remarkable reply—" O! huts, huts, huts! There isn't a house, a frame house, on the island." The case to plain men stands thus: The people of Manono were insulted, their food-trees cut down, themselves left houseless; not more than ten houses—I beg the Consul's pardon, huts—escaped the rancour of their enemies; and to this day they may be seen to dwell in shanties on the site of their former residences, the pride of the Samoan heart. The ejaculation of the Consul was thus at least prophetic; and the traveller who revisits to-day the shores of the " Garden Island " may well exclaim in his turn, " Huts, huts, huts! "

The same measure was served out, in the mere wantonness of clan hatred, to Apolima, a nearly inaccessible islet in the straits of the same name; almost the only property saved there (it is amusing to remember) being a framed portrait of Lady Jersey, which its custodian escaped with into the bush, as it were the palladium and chief treasure of the inhabitants. The solemn promise passed by Consuls and captains in the name of the three Powers was thus broken; the troops employed

were allowed their bellyful of barbarous outrage. And again there was no punishment, there was no inquiry; there was no protest, there was not a word said to disown the act or disengage the honour of the three Powers. I do not say the Consuls desired to be disobeyed, though the case looks black against one gentleman, and even he is only to be accused of levity and divided interest; it was doubtless important for him to be early in Apia, where he combines with his diplomatic functions the management of a thriving business as commission agent and auctioneer. I do say of all of them that they took a very nonchalant view of their duty.

I told myself that this was the government of the Consular Triumvirate. When the new officials came it would cease; it would pass away like a dream in the night; and the solid *Pax Romana* of the Berlin General Act would succeed. After all, what was there to complain of? The Consuls had shown themselves no slovens and no sentimentalists. They had shown themselves not very particular, but in one sense very thorough. Rebellion was to be put down swiftly and rigorously, if need were with the hand of Cromwell; at least it was to be put down. And in these unruly islands I was prepared almost to welcome the face of Rhadamanthine severity.

And now it appears it was all a mistake. The government by the Berlin General Act is no more than a mask, and a very expensive one, for government by the Consular Triumvirate. Samoa pays (or tries to pay) £2,200 a year to a couple of helpers; and they dare not call their souls their own. They take their walks abroad with an anxious eye on the three Consuls, like two well-behaved children with three nurses; and the Consuls, smiling superior, allow them to amuse themselves with the routine of business. But let trouble come, and the

farce is suspended. At the whistle of a squall these heaven-born mariners seize the tiller, and the £2,200 amateurs are knocked sprawling on the bilge. At the first beat of the drum, the treaty officials are sent below gently protesting, like a pair of old ladies, and behold the indomitable Consuls ready to clear the wreck and make the deadly cutlass shine. And their method studied under the light of a new example, wears another air. They are not so Rhadamanthine as we thought. Something that we can only call a dignified panic presides over their deliberations. They have one idea to lighten the ship. "Overboard with the ballast, the mainmast, and the chronometer!" is the cry. In the last war they got rid (first) of the honour of their respective countries, and (second) of all idea that Samoa was to be governed in a manner consistent with civilisation, or Government troops punished for any conceivable misconduct. In the present war they have sacrificed (first) the prestige of the new Chief Justice and (second) the very principle for which they had contended so vigorously and so successfully in the war before—that rebellion was a thing to be punished.

About the end of last year, that war, a war of the Tupuas under Tamesese the younger, which was a necessary pendant to the crushing of Mataafa, began to make itself heard of in obscure grumblings. It was but a timid business. One half of the Tupua party, the whole province of Atua, never joined the rebellion but sulked in their villages, and spent the time in indecisive eloquence and barren embassies. Tamasese, by a trick eminently Samoan, "went in the high bush and the mountains," carrying a gun like a private soldier—served, in fact, with his own troops *incognito* —and thus, to Samoan eyes, waived his dynastic pretensions. And the war, which was announced in the beginning with a long catalogue of complaints against

the King and a distinct and ugly threat to the white population of Apia, degenerated into a war of defence by the province of Aána against the eminently brutal troops of Savaii, in which sympathy was generally and justly with the rebels. Savaii, raging with private clan hatred and the lust of destruction, was put at free quarters in the disaffected province, repeated on a wider scale the outrages of Manono and Apolima, cut down the food-trees, stripped and insulted the women, robbed the children of their little possessions, burned the houses, killed the horses, the pigs, the dogs, the cats, along one-half the seaboard of Aána, and in the prosecution of these manly exploits managed (to the joy of all) to lose some sixty men killed, wounded, and drowned.

Government by the Treaty of Berlin was still erect when, one fine morning, in walked the three Consuls, totally uninvited, with a proclamation prepared and signed by themselves, without any mention of anybody else. They had awoke to a sense of the danger of the situation and their own indispensable merits. The two children knew their day was over; the nurses had come for them. Who can blame them for their timidity? The Consuls have the ears of the Governments; they are the authors of those despatches of which, in the leisureness of time, Blue-books and White-books are made up; they had dismissed (with some little assistance from yourself) MM. Cedarcrantz and Senfft von Pilsach, and they had strangled, like an illegitimate child, the scandal of the dynamite. The Chief Justice and the President made haste to disappear between decks, and left the ship of the State to the three volunteers. There was no lack of activity. The Consuls went up to Atua, they went down to Aána; the oarsmen toiled, the talking men pleaded; they are said to have met with threats in Atua, and to have yielded to them

—at least, in but a few days' time they came home t us with a new treaty of pacification. Of course, and a before, the Government troops were whitewashed the Savaii ruffians had been stripping women an killing cats in the interests of the Berlin Treaty; ther was to be no punishment and no inquiry; let ther retire to Savaii with their booty, and their dead Offensive as this cannot fail to be, there is still som slight excuse for it. The King is no more than on out of several chiefs of clans. His strength resides i the willing obedience of the Tuamasaga, and a portio —I have to hope a bad portion—of the island of Savai To punish any of these supporters must always be t accept a risk; and the golden opportunity had bee allowed to slip at the moment of the Mataafa war.

What was more original was the treatment of th rebels. They were under arms that moment agains the Government; they had fought and sometime vanquished; they had taken heads and carried them t Tamasese. And the terms granted were to surrende fifty rifles, to make some twenty miles of road, to pa some old fines—and to be forgiven! The loss of fift rifles to people destitute of any shadow of a gunsmit to repair them when they are broken, and alread notoriously short of ammunition, is a trifle; the numbe is easy to be made up of those that are out of con mission; for there is not the least stipulation as to the value; any synthesis of old iron and smashed woo that can be called a gun is to be taken from its forc The road, as likely as not, will never be made. Tl fines have nothing to say to this war; in any reasonab governed country they should never have figured the treaty; they had been inflicted before, and we due before. Before the rebellion began, the beach h rung with I know not what indiscreet bluster: t natives were to be read a lesson; Tamasese (by nam

was to be hanged; and after what had been done to Mataafa, I was so innocent as to listen with awe. And now the rebellion has come, and this was the punishment! There might well have been a doubt in the mind of any chief who should have been tempted to follow the example of Mataafa; but who is it that would not dare to follow Tamasese?

For some reason—I know not what, unless it be fear—there is a strong prejudice amongst whites against any interference with the bestial practice of head-hunting. They say it would be impossible to identify the criminals—a thing notoriously contrary to fact. A man does not take a head, as he steals an apple, for secret degustation; the essence of the thing is its publicity. After the girls' heads were brought into Mulinuu I pressed Mr. Cusack-Smith to take some action. He proposed a paper of protest, to be signed by the English residents. We made rival drafts; his was preferred, and I have heard no more of it. It has not been offered me to sign; it has not been published; under a paper-weight in the British Consulate I suppose it may yet be found! Meanwhile, his Honour, Mr. Ide, the new Chief Justice, came to Samoa and took spirited action. He engineered an ordinance through the House of Faipule, inflicting serious penalties on any who took heads, and the papers at the time applauded his success. The rebellion followed, the troops were passing to the front, and with excellent resolution Mr. Ide harangued the chiefs, reiterated the terms of the new law, and promised unfailing vengeance on offenders. It was boldly done, and he stood committed beyond possibility of retreat to enforce this his first important edict. Great was the commotion, great the division, in the Samoan mind. "O! we have had Chief Justices before," said a visitor to my house; "we know what they are; I will

take a head if I can get one." Others were mo
doubtful, but thought none could be so bold as lay
hand on the peculiar institution of these islands. Y
others were convinced. Savaii took heads; but whe
they sent one to Mulinuu a messenger met them b
the convent gates from the King; he would none
it, and the trophy must be ingloriously buried. Sava
took heads also, and Tamasese accepted the present
tion. Tuamasaga, on the other hand, obeyed the Chi
Justice, and (the occasion being thrust upon then
contented themselves with taking the dead man's ear
On the whole, about one-third of the troops engage
and our not very firm Monarch himself, kept the lett
of the ordinance. And it was upon this scene of partia
but really cheering, success that the Consuls returne
with their general pardon! The Chief Justice was n
six months old in the islands. He had succeeded to
position complicated by the failure of his predecesso
Personally, speaking face to face with the chiefs,
had put his authority in pledge that the ordinan
should be enforced. And he found himself either fo
gotten or betrayed by the three Consuls. These volu
teers had made a liar of him; they had administered
him, before all Samoa, a triple buffet. I must n
wonder, though I may still deplore, that Mr. I
accepted the position thus made for him. There w
a deal of alarm in Apia. To refuse the treaty th
hastily and shamefully cobbled up would have increas
it tenfold. Already, since the declaration of war a
the imminence of the results, one of the papers h
ratted, and the white population were girding at t
new ordinance. It was feared besides that the nati
Government, though they had voted, were secre
opposed to it. It was almost certain they would try
prevent its application to the loyalist offenders
Savaii. The three Consuls in the negotiations of t

treaty had fully illustrated both their want of sympathy with the ordinance and their want of regard for the position of the Chief Justice. "In short, I am to look for no support, whether physical or moral?" asked Mr. Ide; and I could make but the one answer—"Neither physical nor moral." It was a hard choice; and he elected to accept the terms of the treaty without protest. And the next war (if we are to continue to enjoy the benefits of the Berlin Act) will probably show us the result in an enlarged assortment of heads, and the next difficulty perhaps prove to us the diminished prestige of the Chief Justice. Mr. Ide announces his intention of applying the law in the case of another war; but I very much fear the golden opportunity has again been lost. About one-third of the troops believed him this time; how many will believe him the next?

It will doubtless be answered that the Consuls were affected by the alarm in Apia and actuated by the desire to save white lives. I am far from denying that there may be danger; and I believe that the way we are going is the best way to bring it on. In the progressive decivilisation of these islands—evidenced by the female heads taken in the last war and the treatment of white missionaries in this—our methods of pull devil, pull baker, general indecision, and frequent (though always dignified) panic are the best calculated in the world to bring on a massacre of whites. A consistent dignity, a consistent and independent figure of a Chief Justice, the enforcement of the laws, and, above all, of the laws against barbarity, a Consular Board the same in the presence as in the absence of war-ships, will be found our best defence.

Much as I have already occupied of your space, I would yet ask leave to draw two conclusions.

And first, Mataafa and Tamasese both made war.

Both wars were presumably dynastic in characte
though the Tupua not rallying to Tamasese as he ha
expected led him to cover his design. That he carrie
a gun himself, and himself fired, will not seem t
European ears a very important alleviation. Tamases
received heads, sitting as a king, under whatever name
Mataafa had forbidden the taking of heads—of hi
own accord, and before Mr. Ide had taken offic
Tamasese began with threats against the white popu
lation; Mataafa never ceased to reassure them and t
extend an effectual protection to their property. Wha
is the difference between their cases? That Mataaf
was an old man, already famous, who had served h
country well, had been appointed King of Samoa, ha
served in the office, and had been set aside—no
indeed, in the text, but in the protocols of the Berli
Act, by name? I do not grudge his good fortune
Tamasese, who is an amiable, spirited, and handson
young man; and who made a barbarous war, indee
since heads were taken after the old Samoan practic
but who made it without any of the savagery which v
have had reason to comment upon in the camp of h
adversaries. I do not grudge the invidious fate th
has befallen my old friend and his followers. At fi
I believed these judgments to be the expression of
severe but equal justice. I find them, on furth
experience, to be mere measures of the degree of par
in the Consuls, varying directly as the distance of t
nearest war-ship. The judgments under which th
fell have now no sanctity; they form no longer a pre
dent; they may perfectly well be followed by a pard
or a partial pardon, as the authorities shall plea
The crime of Mataafa is to have read strictly the fi
article of the Berlin Act, and not to have read at
(as how should he when it has never been translate
the insidious protocol which contains its significan

the crime of his followers is to have practised clan fidelity, and to have in consequence raised an *imperium in imperio*, and fought against the Government. Their punishment is to be sent to a coral atoll and detained there prisoners. It does not sound much; it is a great deal. Taken from a mountain island, they must inhabit a narrow strip of reef sunk to the gunwale in the ocean. Sand, stone, and cocoanuts, stone, sand, and pandanus, make the scenery. There is no grass. Here these men, used to the cool, bright mountain rivers of Samoa, must drink with loathing the brackish water of the coral. The food upon such islands is distressing even to the omnivorous white. To the Samoan, who has that shivering delicacy and ready disgust of the child or the rustic mountaineer, it is intolerable. I remember what our present King looked like, what a phantom he was, when he returned from captivity in the same place. Lastly, these fourteen have been divorced from their families. The daughter of Mataafa somehow broke the *consigne* and accompanied her father; but she only. To this day one of them, Palepa, the wife of Faamoina, is dunning the authorities in vain to be allowed to join her husband—she a young and handsome woman, he an old man and infirm. I cannot speak with certainty, but I believe they are allowed no communication with the prisoners, nor the prisoners with them. My own open experience is brief and conclusive—I have not been suffered to send my friends one stick of tobacco or one pound of *ava*. So much to show the hardships are genuine. I have to ask a pardon for these unhappy victims of untranslated protocols and inconsistent justice. After the case of Tamasese, I ask it almost as of right. As for the other twenty-seven in gaol, let the doors be opened at once. They have shown their patience, they have proved their loyalty long enough. On two occasions,

when the guards deserted in a body, and again wher the Aána prisoners fled, they remained—one may truly say—voluntary prisoners. And at least let them be fed! I have paid taxes to the Samoan Governmen for some four years, and the most sensible benefit I have received in return has been to be allowed to feed their prisoners.

Second, if the farce of the Berlin Act is to be gone on with, it will be really necessary to moderate among our five Sovereigns—six if we are to count poor Malietoa, who represents to the life the character of the Hare and Many Friends. It is to be presumed that Mr. Ide and Herr Schmidt were chosen for their qualities; it is little good we are likely to get by them if, at every wind of rumour, the three Consuls are to intervene. The three Consuls are paid far smaller salaries, they have no right under the treaty to interfere with the government of autonomous Samoa, and they have contrived to make themselves all in all. The King and a majority of the Faipule fear them and look to them alone, while the legitimate adviser occupies a second place, if that. The misconduct of MM. Cedar crantz and Senfft von Pilsach was so extreme that the Consuls were obliged to encroach; and now when these are gone the authority acquired in the contest remains with the encroachers. On their side they have no rights, but a tradition of victory, the ear of the Governments at home, and the *vis viva* of the war-ships. For the poor treaty officials, what have they but rights very obscurely expressed and very weakly defended by their predecessors? Thus it comes about that people who are scarcely mentioned in the text of the treaty are, to all intents and purposes, our only rulers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IX

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

Vailima, Samoa, May 22, 1894.

Sir,—I told you in my last that the Consuls had tinkered up a treaty of peace with the rebels of Aána. A month has gone by, and I would not weary your readers with a story so intricate and purposeless. The Consuls seem to have gone backward and forward, to and fro. To periods of agitated activity, comparable to that of three ants about a broken nest, there succeeded seasons in which they rested from their labours and ruefully considered the result. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that this treaty was at least twice rehandled, and the date of submission changed, in the interval. And yesterday at length we beheld the first-fruits of the Consular diplomacy. A boat came in from Aána bearing the promised fifty stand of arms—in other words, a talking man, a young chief, and some boatmen in charge of a boat-load of broken ironmongery. The Government (well advised for once) had placed the Embassy under an escort of German blue-jackets, or I think it must have gone ill with the Ambassadors.

So much for Aána and the treaty. With Atua, the other disaffected province, we have been and are on the brink of war. The woods have been patrolled, the army sent to the front, blood has been shed. It consists with my knowledge that the loyalist troops marched against the enemy under a hallucination. One and all believed, a majority of them still believe, that the war-ships were to follow and assist them. Who told them so? If I am to credit the rumours of the natives, as well as the gossip of official circles, a promise

had been given to this effect by the Consuls, or least by one of the Consuls. And when I say that promise had been given, I mean that it had been sol I mean that the natives had to buy it by submissions

Let me take an example of these submissions. Th native Government increased the salary of Mr. Gur the natives' advocate. It was not a largesse; it w rather an act of tardy justice, by which Mr. Gu received at last the same emoluments as his predecess in the office. At the same time, with a bankru treasury, all fresh expenses are and must be regarde askance. The President, acting under a so-calle Treasury regulation, refused to honour the King order. And a friendly suit was brought, which turne on the validity of this Treasury regulation. This w more than doubtful. The President was a trea official; hence bound by the treaty. The three Consu had been acting for him in his absence, using his powe and no other powers whatever under the treaty; ar the three Consuls so acting had framed a regulation which the powers of the President were greatly e tended. This was a vicious circle with a vengeanc But the Consuls, with the ordinary partiality of parer for reformed offspring, regarded the regulation as t apple of their eye. They made themselves busy in defence, they held interviews, it is reported they dr pleas; and it seemed to all that the Chief Justi hesitated. It is certain at least that he long delay sentence. And during this delay the Consuls show their power. The native government was repeate called together, and at last forced to rescind the or in favour of Mr. Gurr. It was not done voluntari for the Government resisted. It was not done by c viction, for the Government has taken the first opp tunity to restore it. If the Consuls did not app personally in the affair—and I do not know that th

did not—they made use of the President as a mouthpiece; and the President delayed the deliberations of the Government until he should receive further instructions from the Consuls. Ten pounds is doubtless a considerable affair to a bankrupt Government. But what were the Consuls doing in this matter of inland administration? What was their right to interfere? What were the arguments with which they overcame the resistance of the Government? I am either very much misinformed, or these gentlemen were trafficking in a merchandise which they did not possess, and selling at a high price the assistance of the war-ships over which (as now appears) they have no control.

Remark the irony of fate. This affair had no sooner been settled, Mr. Gurr's claim cut at the very root, and the Treasury regulation apparently set beyond cavil, than the Chief Justice pulled himself together, and, taking his life in his right hand, delivered sentence in the case. Great was the surprise. Because the Chief Justice had balked so long, it was supposed he would never have taken the leap. And here, upon a sudden, he came down with a decision flat against the Consuls and their Treasury regulation. The Government have, I understand, restored Mr. Gurr's salary in consequence. The Chief Justice, after giving us all a very severe fright, has reinstated himself in public opinion by his tardy boldness; and the Consuls find their conduct judicially condemned.

It was on a personal affront that the Consuls turned on Mr. Cedarcrantz. Here is another affront, far more galling and public! I suppose it is but a coincidence that I should find at the same time the clouds beginning to gather about Mr. Ide's head. In a telegram, dated from Auckland, March 30, and copyrighted by the Associated Press, I find the whole blame of the late troubles set down to his account. It is the work of a

person worthy of no trust. In one of his charges, an in one only, he is right. The Chief Justice fined an imprisoned certain chiefs of Aána under circumstance far from clear; the act was, to say the least of it, sus ceptible of misconstruction, and by natives will alway be thought of as an act of treachery. But, even fo this, it is not possible for me to split the blame justl between Mr. Ide and the three Consuls. In thes early days, as now, the three Consuls were always to eager to interfere where they had no business, and th Chief Justice was always too patient or too timid t set them in their place. For the rest of the telegram n qualification is needed. "The Chief Justice was com pelled to take steps to disarm the natives." He too no such steps; he never spoke of disarmament excep publicly and officially to disown the idea; it was durin the days of the Consular Triumvirate that the cr began. "The Chief Justice called upon Malietoa t send a strong force," etc., the Chief Justice "dis regarded the menacing attitude assumed by th Samoans," etc.—these are but the delusions of a feve The Chief Justice has played no such part; he neve called for forces; he never disregarded menacin attitudes, not even those of the Consuls. What w have to complain of in Mr. Ide and Mr. Schmidt i strangely different. We complain that they have bee here since November, and the three Consuls are sti allowed, when they are not invited, to interfere in th least and the greatest; that they have been here fo upwards of six months, and government under th Berlin Treaty is still overridden—and I may say ove laid—by the government of the Consular Triumvirat

This is the main foundation of our present discon tents. This it is that we pray to be relieved from. Ou of six Sovereigns, exercising incongruous rights o usurpations on this unhappy island, we pray to b

relieved of three. The Berlin Treaty was not our choice; but if we are to have it at all, let us have it plain. Let us have the text, and nothing but the text. Let the three Consuls who have no position under the treaty cease from troubling, cease from raising war and making peace, from passing illegal regulations in the face of day, and from secretly blackmailing the Samoan Government into renunciations of its independence. Afterwards, when we have once seen it in operation, we shall be able to judge whether government under the Berlin Treaty suits or does not suit our case.—I am, Sir, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

X

FROM THE "DAILY CHRONICLE," MARCH 18, 1895

(Subjoined is the full text of the late Robert Louis Stevenson's last letter to Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P. Apart from its pathetic interest as one of the final compositions of the distinguished novelist, its eloquent terms of pleading for his exiled friend Mataafa, and the light it sheds on Samoan affairs, make it a very noteworthy and instructive document.—Ed. *D. C.*)

Vailima, October 7, 1894.

J. F. HOGAN, ESQ., M.P.

DEAR SIR,—My attention was attracted the other day by the thoroughly pertinent questions which you put in the House of Commons, and which the Govern-

ment failed to answer. It put an idea in my head that you were perhaps the man who might take up a task which I am almost ready to give up. Mataafa is now known to be my hobby. People laugh when they see any mention of his name over my signature and the *Times*, while it still grants me hospitality, begins to lead the chorus. I know that nothing can be more fatal to Mataafa's cause than that he should be made ridiculous, and I cannot help feeling that a man who makes his bread by writing fiction labours under the disadvantage of suspicion when he touches on matters of fact. If I were even backed up before the world by one other voice, people might continue to listen, and in the end something might be done. But so long as I stand quite alone, telling the same story, which becomes, apparently, not only more tedious, but less credible by repetition, I feel that I am doing nothing good, possibly even some evil.

Now, Sir, you have shown by your questions in the House, not only that you remember Mataafa, but that you are instructed in his case, and this exposes you to the trouble of reading this letter.

Mataafa was made the prisoner of the three Powers. He had been guilty of rebellion; but surely rather formally than really. He was the appointed King of Samoa. The treaty set him aside, and he obeyed the three Powers. His successor—or I should rather say his successor's advisers and surroundings—fell out with him. He was disgusted by the spectacle of their misgovernment. In this humour he fell to the study of the Berlin Act, and was misled by the famous passage "His successor shall be duly elected according to the laws and customs of Samoa." It is to be noted that what I will venture to call the infamous protocol—a measure equally of German vanity, English cowardice and American *incuria*—had not been and *has never*

yet been translated into the Samoan language. They feared light because their works were darkness. For what he did during what I can only call his candidature, I must refer you to the last chapter of my book. It was rebellion to the three Powers; to him it was not rebellion. The troops of the King attacked him first. The sudden arrival and sudden action of Captain Bickford concluded the affair in the very beginning. Mataafa surrendered. He surrendered to Captain Bickford. He was brought back to Apia on Captain Bickford's ship. I shall never forget the captain pointing to the British ensign and saying, "Tell them they are safe under that." And the next thing we learned, Mataafa and his chiefs were transferred to a German war-ship and carried to the Marshalls.

Who was responsible for this? Who is responsible now for the care and good treatment of these political prisoners? I am far from hinting that the Germans actually maltreat him. I know even that many of the Germans regard him with respect. But I can only speak of what I know here. It is impossible to send him or any of his chiefs either a present or a letter. I believe the mission (Catholic) has been allowed some form of communication. On the same occasion I sent down letters and presents. They were refused; and the officer of the deck on the German war-ship had so little reticence as to pass the remark, "O, you see, you like Mataafa; we don't." In short, communication is so completely sundered that for anything we can hear in Samoa, they may all have been hanged at the yard-arm two days out.

To take another instance. The high chief Faamoina was recently married to a young and pleasing wife. She desired to follow her husband, an old man, in bad health, and so deservedly popular that he had been given the by-name of "*Papalagi Mativa*," or "Poor

White Man," on account of his charities to ou countrymen. She was refused. Again and again sh has renewed her applications to be allowed to rejoi him, and without the least success.

It has been decreed by some one, I know not whom that Faamoina must have no one to nurse him, and tha his wife must be left in the anomalous and dangerou position which the Treaty Powers have made for he I have wearied myself, and I fear others, by my attempt to get a passage for her or to have her letters sen Every one sympathises. The German ships now i port are loud in expressions of disapproval and pro fessions of readiness to help her. But to whom can w address ourselves? Who is responsible? Who is th unknown power that sent Mataafa in a German shi to the Marshalls, instead of in an English ship to Fiji that has decreed since that he shall receive not eve inconsiderable gifts and open letters? and that keep separated Faamoina and his wife?

Now, dear Sir, these are the facts, and I think tha I may be excused for being angry. At the same tim I am well aware that an angry man is a bore. I am man with a grievance, and my grievance has the mis fortune to be very small and very far away. It is ver small, for it is only the case of under a score of brown skinned men who have been dealt with in the dark b I know not whom. And I want to know. I want t know by whose authority Mataafa was given over int German hands. I want to know by whose authorit and for how long a term of years, he is condemned t the miserable exile of a low island. And I want t know how it happens that what is sauce for the goos is not sauce for the gander in Samoa?—that the Germa enemy Mataafa has been indefinitely exiled for wha is after all scarce more than constructive rebellion and the German friend Tamasese, for a rebellion whic

has lasted long enough to threaten us with famine, and was disgraced in its beginning by ominous threats against the whites, has been punished by a fine of fifty rifles?

True, I could sympathise with the German officers in their embarrassment. Here was the son of the old King whom they had raised, and whom they had deserted. What an unenviable office was theirs when they must make war upon, suppress, and make a feint of punishing, this man to whom they stood bound by a hereditary alliance, and to whose father they had already failed so egregiously. They were loyal all round. They were loyal to their Tamasese, and got him off with his fine. And shall I not be a little loyal to Mataafa? And will you not help me? He is now an old man, very piously inclined, and I believe he would enter at least the lesser orders of the Church if he were suffered to come back. But I do not even ask so much as this, though I hope it. It would be enough if he were brought back to Fiji, back to the food and fresh water of his childhood, back into the daylight from the darkness of the Marshalls, where some of us could see him, where we could write to him and receive answers, where he might pass a tolerable old age. If you can help me to get this done, I am sure that you will never regret it. In its small way, this is another case of Toussaint L'Ouverture, not so monstrous if you like, not on so large a scale, but with circumstances of small perfidy that make it almost odious.

I may tell you in conclusion that, circumstances co-operating with my tedious insistence, the last of the Mataafa chiefs here in Apia has been liberated from jail. All this time they stayed of their own free-will, thinking it might injure Mataafa if they escaped when others did. And you will see by the enclosed paper how these poor fellows spent the first hours of their

liberty.* You will see also that I am not the firebrand that I am sometimes painted, and that in helping me, if you shall decide to do so, you will be doing nothing against the peace and prosperity of Samoa.

With many excuses for having occupied so much of your valuable time, I remain, yours truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—On revisal, I observe some points: in the first place, I do not believe Captain Bickford was to blame; I suspect him to have been a victim. I have been told, but it seems incredible, that he underwent an examination about Mataafa's daughter having been allowed to accompany him. Certainly he liked his job little, and some of his colleagues less.

R. L. S.

October 9.

Latest intelligence. We have received at last a letter from Mataafa. He is well treated and has good food; only complains of not hearing from Samoa. This has very much relieved our minds. But why were the previously left in the dark?

R. L. S.

* *i.e.*, in building a section of a new road to Mr. Stevenson's house. The paper referred to is a copy of the *Samoa Times*, containing a report of the dinner given by Mr. Stevenson at Vailima to inaugurate this new road. (See Appendix to *Vailima Letters*.)

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

I

A PEARL ISLAND: PENRHYN

Upolu, Samoan Islands, December, 1890.

IN the Lagoon of Fakarava there was little pearl shell and there were many sharks. I know not if the *rahui*, or closure, was applied; at least there was no fishing, and it seemed unfit to leave the archipelago of pearls and have no sight of that romantic industry. On all other sides were isles, if only I could reach them, where divers were at work: but Captain Otis properly enough refused to approach them with the *Casco*, and my attempts to hire another vessel failed. The last was upon François's cutter, where she lay drawn up from her late shipwreck. She might be compared for safety to a New York catboat fortified with a bowsprit and a jib, and as I studied her lines and spars, desire to sail in her upon the high seas departed from my mind. "*Je le pensais bien*," said François, which may be idiomatically rendered, "I told you so."

Nearly two years had passed before I found myself in the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll* heading for the entrance of Penrhyn or Tongarewa. In front the line of the atoll showed like a narrow sea-wall of bare coral, where the surges broke: on either hand the tree-tops of a *motu* showed some way off—one, the site of the chief village, the other, then empty, but now inhabited and known by the ill-omened name of Molokai. We steamed through the pass and were instantly involved amid a multiplicity of coral lumps, or *horses' heads* as they are called by sailors. Through these our way meandered; we would have horses' heads athwart the bows, one astern, one upon either board; and the

tortuous fairway was at times not more than twice the vessel's beam. The *Janet* was besides an iron ship; half the width of the Pacific severed us from the next yard of reparation; one rough contact, and our voyage might be ended, and ourselves consigned to half a year of Penrhyn. On the topgallant foremast stood a native pilot, used to conning smaller ships and unprepared for the resources of a steamer; his cries rang now with agony, now with wrath. The best man was at the bridge wheel; and Capt. Henry, with one hand on the engine signal, one trembling toward the steersman, juggled his long ship among these dangers, with the patient art of one fitting up a watch, with the swift decision of a general in the field. I stood by, thrilling at once with the excitement of a personal adventure and the admiration due to perfect skill.

We were presently at anchor in a singular berth, boxed all about, our late entrance, our future exit, not to be discovered; in front the lagoon, where I counted the next day upward of thirty horses' heads in easy view; behind, the groves of the isle and the crowded houses of the village. Many boats lay there at moorings; in the verandah folk were congregated, gazing at the ship; children were swimming from the shore to board us; and from the lagoon, before a gallant breeze other boats came skimming homeward. The boat were gay with white sails and bright paint; the men were clad in red and blue, they were garlanded with green leaves or gay with kerchiefs; and the busy, many coloured scene was framed in the verdure of the palm and the opal of the shallow sea.

It was a pretty picture, and its prettiest element the coming of the children. Every here and there we saw a covey of black heads upon the water. Boys and girls they had stripped off their gaily coloured kilts. Some held the kilt aloft in one hand as they swam; others had

embarked it on a piece of wreck, such as then abounded on the island, and thrust in front of them that little ship and its bright cargo. I studied with inexpressible entertainment the carnival of one company of girls. A boat lay alongside, on board of which a young lady (aged about eight) laboriously clambered, her raiment in her hand, ready for instant application. It was a delicate task, adroitly achieved, and island decency was perfectly observed. The rest was easier. As each of her companions clambered up, the first adventurer stood with a kilt extended, like a prudent mother, and the emergent naiad was enrobed. Soon they trooped up the side ladder, a healthy, comely company of kilted children, and had soon taken post upon the after hatch, where they sat in a double row singing with solemn energy. Part of the hatch was open; boxes and bales and broken shell were all about them; boxes and bales swung on a tackle past their faces and above their heads; no man regarded them; but the conscientious artists paused not in their performance, and the sound of their young voices and their clapping hands now rose above, and was now drowned by the clatter of working cargo.

This inimitable seriousness at first attracted me, and I became their slave. A girl of eleven or twelve was my especial commandant. I could not say she was pretty, but she was highly attractive, alive with energy and sense, sang her songs as if life depended on them, and, with the note of a young scold, marshalled and corrected her companions. My fidelity was precious in their eyes; even by the artists of Penrhyn some shadow of a public is desired. My young mistress, if I sought to withdraw, hoarsely forbade and imperiously signed me to my place; and so soon as I had sat down the sirens would launch on a new song, apparently regardless of my presence. Their repertory and their

diligence amazed me ; all one afternoon and most of the next day the shrill but pleasing concert was prolonged. To sing appeared not so much a pleasure as the acknowledged end of man's existence. They were glad enough, for a passing moment, to observe the curiosities of the ship; they were glad enough to accept and stow under their kilts my offerings of goodies, tobacco, and ships' bread; but the curio regarded, the gift shared, down they sat again with a fresh appetite to minstrelsy, the leader roused with a glance her little band, the hands clapped together, and the song was raised. They were excellently well behaved. If I had passed a girl over, my mistress pounced on me at once; just-minded little scold, she would accept no favour for herself (except once or twice a goody) that was not equally shared with all her comrades. Although she thus ordered me about, and even shook and punched me, it was no real presumption, only the pretty freedom of a girl that knows herself in favour, and when I had anything to forbid, a shade of intonation secured obedience.

My minstrels were the best thing on Penrhyn, which, indeed, attracted us but little. The boys who came on board were rowdy fellows; they pillaged the swill tub; they pursued and robbed each other of the fruits of robbery; the deck was filled, and sometimes our concert almost overwhelmed, by their alarms and excursions. The grown folk were diffident and jeering; we thought they had a savage air; and their reputation fitted with their looks. As for the isle, it was an atoll; we had seen too many atolls; hackney cabs have more variety than they. The village had a rough, unkempt appearance of prosperity; possibly we saw it to its disadvantage, for it extends from the lagoon to the seaside and a part of it was levelled recently by the sea. Perhaps, too, the ill-tended church and the unweeded

green were marks of a more sad calamity, for although then we knew it not, the place was plague-struck.

All that was here and that could be called wealth came from the sea. Pearl shell and wreck wood were everywhere. On one side of the trader's house they were weighing shell; on the other was a yard of stacked timber that had never grown upon that island; between, on the verandah, the figurehead of the lost ship stood sentinel; a very white and haughty lady, Roman nosed and dressed in the costume of the Directory, contumeliously, with head thrown back, she gazed on the house and the crowding natives. There was a piano in the sitting-room, but the poor instrument had suffered in the shipwreck, and when the notes were struck, replied at random. Yet another waif from that disaster was a lad of my own land and city, and I thought it strange to stand by the figurehead, in the tropic sun, beset by a throng of Penrhyn islanders, and be talking of the Glasgow Road, the Haymarket Station, and the huge distillery.

It is the worst of a pearl island, that when a ship arrives the diving ceases; unless the traveller be come to stay, the return of the boats and the piles of shell are all that he will see of pearling. But the boats themselves are eloquent. The flotilla of Penrhyn must have cost a pretty penny; the same may be said of Manihiki; and, indeed, it is hard to overestimate the wealth of the inhabitants. A good diver at Penrhyn can make one, two, or even three pounds a day; the least of them seems equivalent to opulence at home. Yet, I am told, the houses of good divers are notoriously poor, and they and their families often meanly dressed. When the man touches his pay, he goes direct into the store, with a following of the incompetent and idle, come to sponge. This is his reward, for this he labours, to be the centre of some minutes' admiration and gratitude

before the trader's counter; and he will sometim
return to his home and family empty-handed, a
having gone in largess. We may smile at his ideal, bu
this, too, is popularity; and what is the reward of M
Gladstone? Applause at a Scottish railway station
not to be essentially distinguished from acclamation i
a Penrhyn island store.

Here at least is a strange variety of Polynesia
character. The Penrhyn islander is industrious as
Paumotuan, and more prodigal than a Samoan. Bu
even his prodigality is energetic; he gives, scatterin
wealth publicly and with a certain rapture; the Samoa
only suffers himself to be drained by trafficking co
nections, escaping when he can, lamenting when h
can not. The tongue of Penrhyn is said to prese
affinities with old Paumotuan; and the rough an
lawless manners of the race suggest a similar relatio
Till recently the isle was counted dangerous; bloo
had been shed often; and when natives quarrel with
trader they will boast of his predecessors whom the
slew. I could hear, within man's memory, of but on
chief who had maintained authority, and he wi
stripes, binding offenders to a tree and lashing the
with his own hand. With turbulent women he w
very sharp; and perhaps one of these took a pos
mortem vengeance. For this was the same chief wh
rose again and was reburied prone. At the ma
village law is to-day respected; the laws were broug
on board as soon as we anchored, exhibiting a good
list of fines, some wise, some fantastically funny; an
our cook, having gone ashore late, found himself
prisoner at curfew and was not suffered to leave th
house till morning. All the while, at the other side
the atoll, the people lived in mere misrule, and fightin
particularly combats of women, were frequent. Th
women of Penrhyn are still great belligerents. Whe

my little minstrel is grown up, she should be a woman of her hands.

Poor little mistress! where is she now? Where are my minstrels? There was a cloud upon their island. They sang that day under its shadow; it has burst since then.

Some ten years ago, Mr. Ben Hird was trading in the atoll. Several whites had then recently been murdered; and the traders carried their lives in their hands. Once in particular Mr. Hird believes there was a plan to slay him. He had gone down from one settlement to another on affairs. A little girl came to him when he was alone and pressed him to return. "You had better come with me," was her word. He asked her why; he told her of his business; he pressed her for a reason. To all she had but one answer: "You had better come with me." He was growing impatient of her iteration; when of a sudden the fear of death fell cold upon his spirit, and he caught her by the hand, ran for his boat, and fled with her alone on the lagoon. I have seen her, now grown a stalwart woman, and never from that day to this, has she explained her conduct.

In 1890, when I was at Penrhyn, Mr. Hird was supercargo on the *Janet Nicoll;* and knowing I had visited the lazaretto on Molokai, he called me in consultation. "It is strange," said he. "When I was here there was no such thing as leprosy upon the island; and now there seems a great deal. Look at that man, and tell me what you think." The man was leprous as Naaman.

The story goes that a leper escaped from Molokai in an open boat, and landed, some say in Penrhyn, some say first in Manihiki. There are many authentic boat voyages difficult to credit; but this of thirty degrees due north and south, and from the one Trade to the other across the equatorial doldrums, ranks with

the most extraordinary. We may suppose the weste current to have been entirely intermitted, the easte strong, and the fugitive well supplied with food. we may explain the tale to be a legend, framed to co ceal the complaisance of some ill-judging skipp One thing at least is sure: a Hawaiian leper, in advanced stage of the disease, and admitting that had escaped from Molokai, appeared suddenly these distant islands, and was seen by Mr. H. J. Mo of Apia walking at large in Penrhyn. Mr. Moors not quite certain of the date, for he visited the atoll '83 and again in '84; but another of my neighbou Mr. Harper, was trading in Penrhyn all the first ye He saw nothing of the Hawaiian, and this pins us the later date. I am tediously particular on this poi because the result is amazing. Seven years is suppos to be the period of leprous incubation; and the wh of my tale, from the first introduction of the taint the outbreak of a panic in the island, passes (at t outside) in a little more than six. At the time when should have scarce looked for the appearance of t earliest case, the population was already steeped leprosy.

The Polynesians assuredly derive from Asia; a Asia, since the dawn of history, has been a campir ground for this disease. Of two things, either t Polynesian left, ere the disease began, and is now the first time exposed to the contagion, or he has be so long sequestered that Asiatic leprosy has had t time to vary, and finds in him a virgin soil. The fa are not clear; we are told, on one hand, that so indigenous form of the disease was known in Sam within the memory of man; we are assured, on t other, that there is not a name for it in any isla language. There is no doubt, at least, about the sava rapidity with which it spreads when introduced. A

there is none that, when a leper is first seen, the islanders approach him without disaffection and are never backward to supply him with a wife. I find this singular; for few races are more sensitive to beauty, of which their own affords so high a standard; and I have observed that when the symptoms are described to him in words, the islander displays a high degree of horror and disgust. His stringent ideals of courtesy and hospitality and a certain debile kindliness of disposition must explain his conduct. As for the marriage, the stranger once received, it follows as a thing of course. To refuse the male is still considered in most parts of Polynesia a rather unlovely rigour in the female; and if a man be disfigured, I believe it would be held a sort of charity to console his solitude. A kind island girl might thus go to a leper's bed in something of the same spirit as we visit the sick at home with tracts and pounds of tea.

The waif who landed on Penrhyn was much marred with the disease; his head deformed with growths; a thing for children to flee from screaming. Yet he was received with welcome, entertained in families, and a girl was found to be his wife. It is hard to be just to this Hawaiian. Doubtless he was a man of a wild strain of blood, a lover of liberty and life; doubtless he had harboured in the high woods and the rains, a spectral Robin Hood, armed to defend his wretched freedom; perhaps he was captured fighting; and of the thing we may be sure, that he had escaped early from the lazaretto, still untamed, still hot with resentment. His boat voyage was a discipline well fitted to inspire grave thoughts; in him it may have only sharpened the desire of pleasure; for to certain shallow natures the imminence of death is but a whet. In his own eyes he was an innocent prisoner escaped, the victim of a nameless and senseless tyranny. What did

he ask? To taste the common lot of men, to sit wi the house folk, to hear the even-song, to share in t day's gossip, to have a wife like others, and to s children round his knees. He landed in Penrhy enjoyed for a while simple pleasures, died, a bequeathed to his entertainers a legacy of doom.

They were early warned. Mr. Moors warned the in '84, and they made light of his predictions, the lo incubation of the malady deceiving them. The lep lived among them; no harm was seen. He died, a still there was no harm. It would be interesting, it probably impossible, to learn how soon the plag appeared. By the midst of 1890, at least, the isla was dotted with lepers, and the *Janet Nicoll* had n long gone before the islanders awoke to an appr hension of their peril. I have mentioned already tra which they share with their Paumotuan kindre their conduct in this hour of awakening is anothe There were certain families—twenty, I was told; may imply a corrective and guess ten—entirely co taminated, the clean waited on these sick and bade the leave the settlement. Some six years before they h opened their doors to a stranger; now they must clo them on their next of kin.

It chanced that among the tainted families were son of chief importance, some that owned the *solum* of t village. It was their first impulse to resent the measu of expulsion.

"The land is ours," they argued. "If any are leave, let it be you," and they were thought to ha answered well; "let them stay" was the reconsider verdict; and the clean people began instead to prepa their own secession. The coming of the missiona ship decided otherwise; the lepers were persuade a *motu* of some size, hard by the south entrance, w now named Molokai, after its sad original; a

thither, leaving their lands and the familiar village, self-doomed, self-sacrificed, the infected families went forth into perpetual exile.

The palms of their lost village are easily in view from Molokai. The sequestered may behold the smoke rise from their old home, they can see the company of boats skim forth with daylight to the place of diving. And they have yet nearer sights. A pier has been built in the lagoon; a boat comes at intervals, leaves food upon its seaward end, and goes again, the lepers not entering on the pier until it be gone. Those on the beach, those in the boat, old friends and kinsfolk thus behold each other for a moment silently. The girl who bid Mr. Hird flee from the settlement opened her heart to him on his last visit. She would never again set eyes, she told him, on her loved ones, and when he reminded her that she might go with the boat and see them from a distance on the beach; Never! she cried. If she went, if she saw them, her heart would pluck her from the boat; she must leap on the pier, she must run to the beach, she must speak again with the lost; and with the act the doors of the prison isle would close upon herself. So sternly is the question of leprosy now viewed, under a native rule, in Penrhyn.

Long may it so continue! and I would I could infect with a like severity every isle of the Pacific. But self-indulgence and sentiment menace instead the mere existence of the island race; perhaps threaten our own with a new struggle against an enemy refreshed. Nothing is less proved than this peril to ourselves; yet it is possible. To our own syphilis we are inured, but the syphilis of eastern Asia slays us; and a new variety of leprosy, cultivated in the virgin soil of Polynesian races, might prove more fatal than we dream.

So that ourselves, it may be, are no strangers to the case; it may be it was for us the men of Penrhyn

B-KENSING

resigned their acres, and when the defaced chimer sailed from Molokai, bringing sorrow and death t isles of singing, we also, and our babes, may have bee the target of his invisible arrows. But it needs not thi The thought of that hobgoblin boatman alone upon th sea, of the perils he escaped, of the evil he lavished o the world, may well strike terror in the minds even o the distant and the unconcerned. In mine, at th memory of my termagant minstrel, hatred glows.

II

THE LAZARETTO

Upolu, Samoan Islands, January, 1891.

The windward coast of Molokai is gloomy and abrupt. A wall of cliff of from two or three thousand feet in height extends the most part of the length (some forty miles), from east to west. Wood clusters on its front like ivy; and in the wet season streams descend in waterfalls and play below on the surface of the ocean. For in almost the whole of its length the cliff, without the formality of any beach, plunges in the Pacific. Bold water follows the coast; ships may almost everywhere approach within a trifling distance of the towering shore; and immediately in front of Molokai surveyors have found some of the deepest soundings of that ocean. This unusual depth of water, the continuity of the Trade, and the length of which *fetch* extends unbroken from the shores of California, magnify the sea. The swell is nursed by the steady wind, it grows in that long distance, it draws near through the deep soundings without combing, and spends itself undiminished on the cliffs of Molokai.

Toward the eastern end a river in a winding glen descends from the interior; the barrier is quite broken here, and a beach is formed and makes a place of call, Wailau. A few miles farther east, the cove of Pelekunu offers a doubtful chance of landing, and is also visited by steamers. The third and last place of approach is at the Lazaretto. A shelf of undercliff here borders the precipice, expanding toward its western end in a blunt promontory, a little more than a mile square. The lee of this precipice offers unusual facilities for landing, and in favourable states of wind and sea ships may anchor. But these facilities to seaward are more than counterbalanced by the uncompromising character

of the barrier behind. The *Pali* (as the precipice
called) in the extent of this strip of undercliff mak
three recesses, Waihanau, Waialeia, and Waikolu—
their names imply, three gutters of the mountai
These are clothed in wood; from a distance they sho
like verdant niches and retreats for lovers; but the fac
of the rock is so precipitous that only in the firs
Waihanau, is there a practicable path. The rains co
tinually destroy it; it must be renewed continually;
ride there is impossible; to mount without frequen
falls seems unexpected; and even the descent exhaus
a powerful man. The existence of another path mo
to the westward was affirmed to me by some, denie
by others. At the most, therefore, in two points, th
cliff is scantly passable upward. Passage coastwise
beyond expectation to any creature without wings. T
the west, the strip of undercliff simply discontinue
To the east, the wall itself thrusts forth a huge pro
trusion, and the way is barred except to fish and sea
birds. Here, then, is a prison fortified by nature,
place where thousands may be quartered and a pair o
sentinels suffice to watch and hold the only issues.

The undercliff is in itself narrow; it is widened o
one hand by the recesses of the cliff; and on the othe
by the expansion of the foreland; and the last contai
(for a guess) two-thirds of the whole territory. It ris
in the midst to a low hill enclosing a dead crater, like
quarry hole; the interior sides clothed with trees;
the foot a salt pool, unsoundable, at least unsounde
Hence the land slopes to the sea's edge and upwa
toward the Pali in grassy downs. A single sick pa
danus breaks, or broke while I was there, that nak
heath; except in man's enclosures, I can recall nowhe
else one switch of timber. The foreland is grazed b
some 1,500 head of stock, 700 of them horses, for th
patients are continual and furious riders; the rest co

and asses. These all do excellently well. The horrid pest to which the place is sacred spares them, being man's prerogative. It was strange to see those droves of animals feeding and sporting in exuberant health by the sea margin, and to reflect upon their destiny, brought from so far, at so much cost and toil, only to be ridden to and fro upon and eaten by the defeatured and dying.

The shaven down, the scattered boulders, the cry of the wind in the grass, the frequent showers of rain, the bulk of the Pali, the beating of the near sea, all the features and conditions strike the mind as northern, and to the Northerner the scene is in consequence grateful, like one of his native minor tunes. It is stirring to look eastward and see the huge viridescent mountain front sunder the settlement from the next habitations of clean men at Pelekunu—at its foot, in the sea, two tilted islets. It is pleasant in the early morning to ride by the roots of the Pali, when the low sun and the cool breeze are in your face, and from above, in the cliffside forest, falls a perpetual chirruping of birds. It is pleasant, above all, to wander by the margin of the sea. The heath breaks down, like Helicon, in cliffs. A narrow fringe of emerald edges the precipitous shore; close beyond the blue show the bold soundings; the wanderer stands plainly on a mere buttress of the vast cathedral front of the island, and above and below him, in the air and in the water, the precipice continues. Along the brink, rock architecture and sea music please the senses, and in that tainted place the thought of the cleanness of the antiseptic ocean is welcome to the mind.

Yet this is but one side of the scenery of the Lazaretto: and I received an impression strongly contrasted when I entered the recess of Waialeia. The sides were niched and channelled with dry tracks of torrents, grass clung on the sheer precipice, forest clustered on

the smallest vantage of a shelf. The floor of the amph theatre was piled with shattered rock, detritus of th mountain, with which in the time of the rains, th torrents had maintained a cannonade. Vigorousl black themselves, these were spotted with snow-whi lichen and shaded and intermingled with plants an trees of a vivid green. The day was overcast; cloud ran low about the edges of the basin; and yet th colours glowed as though immersed in sunshine. O the downs the effect is of some bleak, noble coast o Scotland or Scandinavia; here in the recess I fe myself transported to the tropics.

There are two villages, Kalaupapa, on the wester shore of the promontory, Kalawao, toward the east upo the strip of undercliff; and along the road which join them, each reaches forth scattered habitations.

Kalaupapa, the most sheltered in prevailing wind is the customary landing-place. When the run of th sea inclines the other way, ships pass far to the eas ward near the two islets, and passengers are lande with extreme difficulty, and I was assured not witho danger, on a spur of rock. Kalaupapa, being qui upon the downs, is the more bleak; a long, bar irregular, ungardened village of unsightly house Here are two churches, Protestant and Catholic, ar the Bishop Home for Girls. Kalawao is even beautifu pleasant houses stand in gardens of flowers; the P rises behind; in front, across the sea, the eye comman the islets and the huge green face of cliff excludi Pelekunu. This is the view from the window of t lay brother, Mr. Dutton, and he assured me he fou its beauty far more striking than the deformations the sick. The passing visitor can scarce attain to su philosophy. Here is Damien's Home for Boys. Clo behind is a double graveyard, where some of the de retain courtesy titles, and figure in their epitaphs

"Mr." or as "Mrs." The inevitable twin churches complete the village. A fifth church, the church of the Mormons, exists somewhere in the settlement; but I could never find it. On the westward end of Kalawao what we may call the official quarter stretches toward the promontory. The main feature is the enclosure of the hospital and prison, where bad cases and bad characters are kept in surveillance; a green in a stockade with a few papaias and one flowering oleander, surrounded on three sides by low white houses. A little way off, enclosed in walls and hedges, stands the Guest House of Kalawao, and, beyond that again, the quarters of the doctor.

The Guest House is kept ready for the visits of members of the Board. I arrived there early in the day, opened the gate, turned my horse loose, and entered in possession of the vacant house. I wandered through its chambers, visited the bathroom and the kitchen, and at last, throwing myself upon a bed, I fell asleep. Not before the hour of dinner, Dr. Swift, returning from his duties, wakened me and introduced himself. A similar arrival may be read of in the tale of the Three Bears; and that is well called a guest house where there is no host. Singular indeed is the isolation of the visitor in the Lazaretto. No patient is suffered to approach his place of residence. His room is tidied out by a clean helper during the day and while he is abroad. He returns at night to solitary walls. For a while a bell sounds at intervals from the hospital; silence succeeds, only pointed by the humming of the surf or the chirp of crickets. He steps to his door; perhaps a light still shines in the hospital; all else is dark. He returns and sits by his lamp and the crowding experiences besiege his memory; sights of pain in a land of disease and disfigurement, bright examples of fortitude and kindness, moral beauty, physical horror, intimately knit. He

must be a man very little impressionable if he recal not these hours with an especial poignancy; he mus be a man either very virtuous or very dull, if they wer not hours of self-review and vain aspirations after good

When the Hawaiian Government embraced the pla of segregation they were doubtless (as is the way o Governments) unprepared, and the constitution of th Lazaretto, as it now exists, was approached by blunde and reached by accident. There was no design t pauperise; the lepers were to work, and in the whole o part be self-supporting; and when a site fell to b chosen, some extent of cultivable soil was first required In this, as in other conditions, Kalawao was wholly fitte for the purpose. In the old days, when Moloka swarmed with population, the foreland must have bee a busy and perhaps a holy place; and thirty years ag it was covered with the ruins of heiaus, but still in habited and still in active cultivation. Terms of sal were easily agreed upon. Unhappily, the Governmen coquetted; the farmers were held for months unde suspense; for months, in consequence, their house were left unrepaired; their fields untilled, and th property was already much deteriorated before th purchase was confirmed and the clean inhabitant ejected from the foreland. The history of misgoverr ment by Board followed the common course to th customary end; *too late* was coupled as usual with *t early;* the Government had procrastinated to its los yet even then it was unready, and for another period months the deserted farms lay idle. At length the fir shipment of lepers landed (1865) with a small kit blankets, tin dishes, and the like, but neither food n money, to find the roofs fallen from the houses and th taro rotting in the ground.

They were strangers to each other, collected b common calamity, disfigured, mortally sick, banishe

without sin from home and friends. Few would understand the principle on which they were thus forfeited in all that makes life dear; many must have conceived their ostracism to be grounded in malevolent caprice; all came with sorrow at heart, many with despair and rage. In the chronicle of man there is perhaps no more melancholy landing than this of the leper immigrants among the ruined houses and dead harvests of Molokai. But the spirit of our race is finely tempered and the business of life engrossing to the last. As the spider, when you have wrecked its web, begins immediately to spin fresh strands, so these exiles, widowed, orphaned, unchilded, legally dead and physically dying, struck root in their new place. By a culpable neglect in the authorities they were suffered to divide among themselves the whole territory of the settlement; fell to work with growing hope, repaired the houses, replanted the fields, and began to look about them with the pride of the proprietor. Upon this scene of reviving industry a second deportation arrived, and the first were called upon to share and subdivide their lots. They did so, not without complaint, which the authorities disregarded; a third shipment followed shortly after in the same conditions, and a further redistribution of the land was imposed upon the early settlers. Remuneration was demanded; Government demurred upon the price; the lepers were affronted, withdrew their offer, and stood upon their rights, and a new regimen arose of necessity. The two first companies continued to subsist upon their farms; but the third, and all subsequent shipments, must be fed by the Government. Pauperism had begun, and the original design miscarried. To-day all are paupers; the single occasion of healthy interest and exercise subducted, and the country at large saddled with the support of many useless mouths.

The lepers, cast out from society and progressively deprived of employment, swiftly decivilised. "*Aole Kanawai ma Keia Wahi!*"—"There is no law in this place"—was their word of salutation to newcomers; cards, dancing, and debauch were the diversions; the women served as prostitutes, the children as drudges; the dying were callously uncared for; heathenism revived; *okolehau* was brewed and in their orgies the disfigured sick ran naked by the sea. This is Damien's picture; these traits were viewed through the tarnish of missionary spectacles; but they seem all true to the human character in that unnatural and gloomy situation, nor is there one that need surprise a student of his fellow men. What may, indeed, surprise him—and what Damien, true to the clerical prevention, neglected to commemorate—is the lack of crime. Since 1865, the year of the landing, blood has been shed but once in the precinct; and the chief difficulty felt by successive rulers has been one inevitable in a colony of paupers, that of administration.

There has been but one chief luna (or overseer) from the first—Mr. Meyer, a man of much sagacity and force of character. But Mr. Meyer dwells in his own house on the top of the Pali; comes to the settlement only at fixed intervals or upon some emergency, and even then approaches it with precautions, which I could not but admire, and to which, in all likelihood he owes his long immunity from the disease. He may thus be rather regarded as a visiting inspector, and the sub-luna resident among the lepers and most frequently a leper himself as the proper ruler of Kalawao. No less than ten persons have held this post in little more than twenty years, a fact which gives a measure at once of the difficulty of the office and the brevity of leper life.

The first was a Frenchman of the name of Lepart, a capable, high-spirited man; he was calumniated to

the Government, justified himself and resigned. A British officer of the name of Walsh succeeded, soon died, and on his death-bed prayed to have the office continued to his wife. As this lady suffered from some deficiency of sight, and spoke no Hawaiian, there was conjoined with her an old ship captain, "a rough, honest, bawling good fellow," as ignorant of Hawaiian as herself. This unpromising Ministry fell at last, not by its own weakness, but the fault of others. The Board of Health was already giving a ration of butcher's meat, so many pounds a week to every patient; and the Ministry of the Interior, alarmed at the growing expense, issued an order limiting the number of cattle to be slaughtered. The figures were inconsistent; Mrs. Walsh quite properly obeyed the last command; the ration was in consequence reduced, and the lepers, under the lead of an able half-white, took out more cattle and killed them for themselves. A ship with police was despatched from Honolulu to quell this horrid rising; the half-white was imprisoned, and Mrs. Walsh and the skipper removed. A full-blood Hawaiian, who had been Captain of the King's guard, was chosen to succeed. He was a good man, a very bad luna; stood in fear of every one; always supposed he should be "prayed to death" and did, in fact, whether from the result of enchantments or the fear of them, die within the year. The next appointment was equally daring and successful. The ablest man in the lazaretto, the half-white who had killed the cattle, was installed as ruler—from the prison to the throne. He was one of those who must either rule or rebel, and as soon as he held the chief place and till death removed him the settlement was quiet.

Another half-white followed, the famous Billy Ragsdale, who had left a broad mark on the traditions of the colony. They tell that he sat in his porch and

suitors approached him on their knees; that he se
his glove to the store or the butcher's for a token, an
that Mrs. Ragsdale went to church on Sunday wit
two boys bearing her train and a third holding h
umbrella. Mr. Meyer (I am aware) denies thes
scandals; he might have been the last to hear of ther
had they existed, and man, though he delights i
making myths, is usually inspired by some origin
in fact. That Ragsdale was arrogant is, besides, u
doubted, for his arrogance came near plunging th
settlement in war. Hawaiians readily obey a hal
white, still more readily a man of chiefly caste. No
there lived in the settlement, in Ragsdale's day,
brother of Queen Emma, Prince Peter Kaiu. Of
sudden Mr. Meyer received (by a messenger comin
breathless up the Pali) a curt, civil, menacing note fro
Prince Peter. If Ragsdale were going on in this way-
the way not specified—Prince Peter would show hi
which had the most friends in the settlement. Som
minutes later a second note came from Ragsdal
breathing wrath and consternation, but not mo
explicit than the first. Mr. Meyer put a bottle of clar
in his pocket, hastened down the cliff, and came to th
house of the Prince. A crowd of men surrounded i
the friends referred to, or their van; it seems not know
if they were armed, but their looks were martia
Prince Peter himself, although incensed, prove
malleable in debate, owned it was disgraceful for th
two best-educated men in Kalawao to quarrel, and co
sented to leave his friends behind and go alone wit
Mr. Meyer to the luna's. Ragsdale lived in a gra
house on the foreland; it was garrisoned by some sco
of men with guns, axes, shovels, and fish spear
Ragsdale himself was on the watch, but the sight o
two men coming empty-handed made him ashamed o
his preparations and he received them civilly. A co

versation followed; some misunderstandings were explained away; an apology handsomely offered by Ragsdale was handsomely accepted by the Prince; the bottle of claret was drunk in company, and the friends on either side disbanded. Thus ended the alarm of war, and the opponents continued in a serviceable alliance until death divided them.

It was in the reign of Ragsdale that Father Damien arrived, May, '73. He draws no very favourable picture of the society that paid homage to King Billy; but the reign was efficient, and save for the episode of Prince Peter, quiet. So much could not be said for that of his critic and successor, Damien himself, whose term of office served only to publish the weakness of a noble man. He was rough in his ways and he had no control; authority was relaxed, the luna's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign. Two more conclude the list: Mr. Strahan, who was still alive at the time of my visit, and Mr. Ambrose Hutchinson, who still held the reins of office.

Mr. Strahan, born of Scottish parents in Philadelphia, ran away to sea in a whaler and deserted in Tahiti. He learned carpentering, coopering, and seamanship; sailed mate in ships, made copra in the Palmyras, worked on the guano islands, and led in all ways the career of the South Sea adventurer. For two years he lived in Easter Island, the isle of nameless gods and forgotten pieties. A mysterious sickness, brought from the mainland by labour slaves, struck and prostrated the population. Mr. Strahan was seen sometimes alone to go out fishing, and he made with his own hands a barrow to convey the corpses to the grave, and crutches on which the native clergyman might accompany the funerals. "That was my best time," said the old gentleman, regretfully. At last, when he was mate of a schooner, he chanced one day

to be shaving, as I have received the story, in the cabin "Good God, Strahan!" cried the Captain, "you have cut off a piece of your ear." He had cut off a piece of his ear and did not know it; the plague, long latent in his blood, was now declared, and the wanderer found a home in Kalawao. As a luna he did well reducing at once the previous discontents. He claims to have introduced coffee shops, sewing-machines, musical instruments—"I wanted to put some life in the thing," says he—and the system of medals by which the drawing of double rations was at length prevented. Some of his claims are called in question; it is said he must certainly be under illusion as to the sewing-machines and the musical instruments; but all agree as to the efficiency of his administration. His worst trouble arose by accident, and depicts well the jealous suspicion and the vain and passing agitations of a pauperised society. From a chance boat he purchased a load of native food which (as it had not been made expressly for the settlement) was packed in bundles larger than the regulation size. These he set his assistants to break up and weigh out afresh. Word of it got abroad; it was rumoured that Strahan was secretly diminishing the rations; and he was suddenly surrounded as he rode by some fifty or a hundred horsemen menacing his life. "I sat right in my saddle like this. Says I: 'You may kill me; I'll be the sooner through with this leprosy. Why don't you do it?' I says: 'Barking dogs don't bite.' I was a hard old coon," added the ex-luna. In the progress of the disease blindness at last unfitted him for further duty; and he now dwells in a cottage by the hospital, delighting to receive visitors, to recall his varied experiences, and to recite his poetry. "It's dogg'rel, that's what it is," he says. "I'm not an educated man, but the idea's there. You see," he adds, "I've got nothing to do but

to sit here and think." The surroundings of his later life have lent a colour to these musings, and he awaits death in his clean cottage, sightless; after so many joyous and so many rude adventures, so much ploughing the sea, so much frequentation of fair islands, one subject inspires and occupies his verse; he will speak to you gladly of old comrades or old days of pleasure and peril; but when he takes his pen it is to treat, with womanly tenderness, of the child that is a leper.

One incident remains—that of the murder. The Kapiolani Home was founded in Oahu for clean children born within the precinct, and Mr. Meyer was instructed to obtain the consent of the parents. It was given (to their honour be it said) by all, and the condition made, that one of the parents should accompany each child upon a visit of inspection, was naturally granted. There was an old leper in the settlement, a widower, with a leper son and two clean daughters, children. He was himself too far advanced to be allowed beyond the precinct, and he asked and obtained leave for his son to accompany the children in his place. The steamer came late, about 6 at night, and the children and their friends were bundled on board with extreme, perhaps indecent, haste. The Harbour Master came breathing hurry, to a shed after the baggage, and found the old man sitting in despair upon his children's trunk. He bid him rise; was unanswered, possibly unheard; and roughly plucked the trunk from below the sitter. In a moment, and for the only time in the story of the lazaretto, savage instinct woke; a knife was drawn, the Harbour Master was slain, and before the pitiable homicide could be disarmed two more were wounded. Even justice feared to approach the settlement; the trial was held at a safe distance, on the island of Lanai, and the criminal sentenced to ten years in prison. Outside, the tale was

used to infamous purpose, and, whether from politica intrigue or in the wantonness of sentimentalism magnified as a case of inhumanity to lepers.

The murder stands alone, as I have said, in th criminal annals of Kalawao. Brewing *okolehau* o potato spirit is the common offence, and occurs, or i discovered, about once in the two years; there hav been besides a burglary or two, and occasional assaults always about women. For even here, in the anteroom of the grave and among so marred a company, th ancient forces of humanity prevail. And from Ragsdal and Prince Peter, when the collision of their vanitie embroiled the foreland, the partisans who gathered a their cry, filled with the ineradicable human readines to shed blood upon a public difference; the horseme who surrounded Strahan, calling for his life; Strahan himself, when he sat in the saddle and defied them and the men who brawled, and the poor pair for whom they quarrelled—all were lepers, maimed, defatured seated by an open grave. Yet upon this sheaf o anecdotes the influence of pauperism is plainly to b traced, while they might all be told, all understood and leprosy not mentioned. Our normal forces, ou whole limbs, even that expectation of days which w collate from actuarial tables—it seems there is nothin of which we may not be deprived, and still retain th gusto of existence. But perhaps mankind have scarc yet learned how mechanical, how involuntary, hov fatal, or (if the reader pleases) how divine, is thei immixture in the interests and the affairs of life.

Such is the story, such the Newgate calendar, of thi scarce paralleled society, where all are lepers, stripp of their lands and families, prisoners without offenc sick unto death, already dead in law, and denied tha chief regulator and moderator of men's lives, a dail task; where so many have besides been caught lik

bandits, lurking armed in woods, resisting to the blood, hauled in with violence; scarce sooner taken than tamed. They claim to be outside the law; it seems they were men that did not want it, and without judges and police could do better than ourselves surrounded with protection and restraint.

III

THE LAZARETTO OF TO-DAY

Upolu, Samoan Islands, January, 1891.

The ideas of deformity and living decay have bee burdensome to my imagination since the nightmare of childhood; and when I at last beheld, lying athwar the sunrise, the leper promontory and the bare town o Kalaupapa, when the first boat set forth laden wit patients; when it was my turn to follow in the second seated by two Sisters on the way to their brave employ ment; when we drew near the landing-stairs and sa them thronged with the dishonoured images of God horror and cowardice worked in the marrow of m bones.

The coming of the Sisters had perhaps attracted a unusual attendance. To many of those who "meddl with cold iron" in the form of pens, any design o writing appears excuse sufficient for the most gros intrusion—perhaps, less fortunate, I have neve attained to this philosophy—shame seized upon m to be there, among the many suffering and few helpers useless and a spy; and I made my escape out of th throng and set forth on foot for Kalawao. It was stil quite early morning, as I went with my bundles up th road. The air was cool, the level sunbeams struck overhead from the Pali, the birds were piping in th cliffside woods. I met many lepers riding hard, a though belated, toward the landing-place; others sa in their doorways, and with those I exchanged saluta tions, with these I sometimes stopped and fell in talk Some half-way over, Mr. Hutchinson met and mounte me; and I came at last to the Guest-House, and threw myself on the bed to sleep, tired indeed in mind an body, but at peace. It was not merely that the plung was made, and I had steeled my heart against painfu

surroundings; but already in the course of that morning walk, some of the worst of the painfulness had disappeared.

To the porch of a house in the outskirts of Kalaupapa I was summoned by a woman. She knew English, she was comely in face and person, of engaging manners spoke with an affectionate gentleness, and regarded me with undissembled sympathy. In the course of our alk it leaked out she supposed me to be the new white eper, and when I had corrected the mistake a singular hange appeared immediately in her face and manner. She had thought I was a leper, doomed, like herself, o spend my few last days in that seclusion, and when he found that I was clean and free, and might look orward to the average life of man, her feeling was egret. In view of my own horrified thoughts of that isease and of the place I was then visiting, in view of he mountain outlaws, and of that scene on the beach f Hookena so recently inscribed upon my memory, it as hard to understand her attitude. Yet I am peraded such is (on the whole) the attitude of the lazarto. Horror, sorrow, all idea of resistance, all bitterness f regret have passed from the spirits of these sufferers, nd the sick colony smiles upon its bed of death.

Nothing in the story of Molokai appears more lpable than that series of neglects by which the exiles ere progressively pauperised: and, perhaps, nothing as more fortunate. Rations and no work are the tractions of the lazaretto. Even he who has lain in e bush, and been long hunted, and perhaps taken at st in combat, savagely defending freedom, is soon asculated in that pauper atmosphere; and the ldest settle down contented to their life of parasites. heard two men discussing an escape. One was an ficial. "Ah," said he, referring to the fugitive, "he d not been long here!" And such I believe to be

the fact, at least with natives; if they seek to escape all, it is while they are new caught. Yet more significa is the case of the clean Kokuas. These, usually co nections of the sick allowed to accompany their wiv husbands, or children, are the working-bees of the s hive, the labourers, butchers, storekeepers, nurses, a grave-diggers in that place of malady and fold hands. The surroundings, the few toilers looked up by so many as delivered from all touch of need—t frequency of death, the brevity of prospect, the con quent estimation of the moment—might relax the fib even of ardent and industrious races. In the Polynesi Kokuas the result appears to be unmingled envy o better state. They are peris at the gates of a paradise rations. Dr. Swift had once in his hand a lancet charg with the virus of leprosy. "Come here," he cried, i somewhat appalling pleasantry, to one of the Koku "come here and I will make a leper of you." The m advanced, rolling up his sleeve as he came. *Pa valait bien une messe;* and, in the thought of t gentleman, rations are worth leprosy.

Within the precinct, to be leprous is the rule. T disease no longer awakens pity, nor do its deformit move shame in the patient or disgust in the behold Late one afternoon, as I rode from Kalaupapa, I s in front of me, on a downward slope that leads Kalawao, a group of natives, returning from so junket. They wore their many-coloured Sunday's be bright wreaths of flowers hung (in the Hawai fashion) from their necks; the trade-wind brought strains of song and laughter; and I saw them gam by the way, and the men and women chase and char places with each other as they came. They made fr the distance an engaging picture; I had near forgot in what distressful country my road lay, and I v amazed to see (as they approached) that out of t

small company two were unhumanly defaced. The girl at Hookena, a leper at large among the clean, held down her head. I was glad to find she would soon walk with face erect among her fellows, and perhaps be attended as a beauty. Yet more, she may even appear adorned and with applause upon a public stage; for plays and historical tableaux are among the chief diversions of the lazaretto. And one thing is sure, the most disgraced of that unhappy crew may expect the consolations of love; love laughs at leprosy; and marriage is in use to the last stage of decay and the last gasp of life.

On the whole, the spectacle of life in this marred and moribund community, with its idleness, its furnished table, its horse-riding, music, and gallantries, under the shadow of death, confounds the expectations of the visitor. He can not observe with candour but he must see it is not only good for the world but best for the lepers themselves to be thus set apart. The place is a huge hospital, but a hospital under extraordinary conditions in which the disease, although both ugly and incurable, is of a slow advance; in which the patients are rarely in pain, often capable of violent exertion, all bent on pleasure, and all, within the limits of the precinct, free. From his abnormal state another norm arises, and not the patients only, but their doctors and helpers, half forgot the habits of a healthy world. I have been present while the lay brother, Mr. Dutton, dressed the sores of his boy charges; he introduced them as they came with jesting comments on each case; and his pleasantries, which might have scattered a dinner party at home, were given and received with kindly smiles. "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." Chance had so arranged my life that I have been often constrained to visit infirmaries; in my case, the experience has been in vain; I have never crossed the doors of one without a contraction

of the heart; and while I viewed the hospital at Kalawa
with Dr. Swift, or stood by as Mr. Dutton dressed h
patients, I took in my breath like a groom. None th
less, and even as I winced, I felt that I was making
I must not say much of little, but more than needf
of a great deal; admired and envied in vain the no
chalance of my guides; and recognised with gratitud
that the lees of life, even in that place, were not witho
alleviation and resource.

The case of the children is by far the most sad; an
yet, thanks to Damien and that great Hawaiian lad
the kind Mrs. Bishop, and to the kind Sisters, the
hardship has been minimised. Even the boys in t
still rude boys' home at Kalawao, appeared cheerf
and youthful; they interchange diversions in the boy
way; are one week all for football, and the next t
devotees of marbles or of kites; have fiddles, drum
guitars, and penny whistles; some can touch t
organ, and all combine in concerts. As for the gi
in the Bishop Home, of the many beautiful things
have been privileged to see in life, they, and what h
been done for them, are not the least beautiful. Wh
I came there first the Sisters and the majority of t
boarders were gone up the hill upon a weekly tre
guava hunting, and only Mother Mary Anne and t
specially sick were left at home. I was told thin
which I heard with tears, of which I sometimes thi
at night, and which I spare the reader, I was shown t
sufferers then at home; one, I remember, white w
pain, the tears standing in her eyes. But, thank G
pain is not the rule in this revolting malady; and t
general impression of the home was one of cheerf
ness, cleanliness, and comfort. The dormitories we
airy, the beds neatly made; at every bedhead was
trophy of Christmas cards, pictures, and photograp
some framed with shells, and all arranged with c

and taste. In many of the beds, besides, a doll lay pillowed. I was told that, in that artificial life, the oldest and the youngest were equally concerned with these infantile playthings, and the dressmaking in particular was found an inexhaustible resource. Plays of their own arrangement were a favourite evening pastime. They had a croquet set, and it was my single useful employment, during my stay in the lazaretto, to help them with that game.

I know not if the interest in croquet survived my departure, but it was lively while I stayed; and the last time I passed there, on my way to the steamer's boat and freedom, the children crowded to the fence and hailed and summoned me with cries of welcome. I wonder I found the heart to refuse the invitation.

I used to have an easy conscience when returning from these croquet parties. Should any reader desire o share the rare sensation, boys' toys, music, and musical instruments will be welcome at Kalawao, and uch trifles as old Christmas cards and bright-coloured emnants will serve to make beautiful the rooms, the olls, and the maimed actresses of the Bishop Home. o much we may all do at a long range, and without isk of suffering. Nearer help is yet conceivable upon he part of some. And if a man be musical, cheerful, onversable, nothing of a rigorist, not burdened with family, and smit with some incurable, perhaps some isfiguring complaint, it might cost him a few deep reaths at the beginning, but I know not where and ow else he were so well employed, as ministering to e brief gaiety of these afflicted.

IV

THE FREE ISLAND

Upolu, Samoan Islands, January, 1891.

I wonder (I have just said) that I could refuse th invitation of these stricken children, but in truth, whe the day came, my heart panted for deliverance. Befor the " Molokai " was yet announced I was already i the saddle, and the first boat carried me on board. I was near conveying me back again as well. Some fla was in the wording of my pass, which allowed m specifically enough to enter the settlement, but sai nothing of my leaving it; the steamer had been fine once before, and I was at first refused a passage. I ha not known till then the eagerness of my impatience t be gone; it gave me persuasion; the Captain relente and it was not long before I was tossing at sea, eatin untainted food, drinking clear sea air, and beholdir the headland of the lazaretto slip behind upon th starboard quarter.

The name of the whole large island of Molokai sullied in the public mind, but Kalaupapa, Kalawa and Walkolu, which make up the leper territor form an inconsiderable fraction of its surface, and tl rest is a free country of clean folk. Even the promo tory itself has not yet been thirty years dedicated sickness; its sad associations are still young, and in t legends of the race these melancholy scenes a peopled with warriors and fair dames. Just beyo Walkolu stood the fort of Haupu, of whose siege a fall readers may find the hyperbolical story in a rece volume; it was in these profound waters, where ship may anchor, that the elastic Kana waded une barrassed, and the Lady Hina, from the battlements her prison, looked across the sea of Kalawao.

Our first place of call on the free island was the cl

of Pelekunu. Dinner—which we ate upon the hatch, and which may have been good or bad, I know not, to me it was nectar and ambrosia—dinner was scarce over ere we were close under the cliffs, passed between them through a rent, and lay tossing in the jaws of a fiord full of spray and clamour. A few houses stood along the beach; the mountain soared behind, a mountain so impracticable that to cross the island takes a hard day's travel. The starboard surf-boat was lowered, it pulled for the shore; right overhead, lads were running and leaping already on the ledges of the hill; the boat drew in; a man stood rocking in the bows; on the nearest vantage there stood over against him one of the lads of the shore; and these two, letter by letter, and watching the chances of the surf, exchanged the mails of Pelekunu. The scene rolled with the rolling of the ship; it passed amid so huge a clamour of the seas that as regards its human actors it might be said to pass in silence; it took but a breath or two of time, and it left (when we were forth again upon blue waters) no more than a roaring in my ears, and in the eyes of my mind a medley of tossing mountains, dancing boats, and bursting surges.

Beyond Pelekunu a vast face of mountain—three thousand feet, they said—plunges in the sea, from summit to base one unanimous, unbroken barrier to defy a cat, yet all green with contiguous forest, thick as a beast's fur, and growing, like fur, in swaths of divergent ply. This perpendicular bush in the time of the rains is all shot through with the silver of cascades. Even in the dry season, when I passed, the slot of them was like downward comb marks, and an attenuated grey mare's tail hung here and there, and dissipated as it fell. Island fellow passengers sought to point out to me a path about half-way up, by which men scramble, seeking the eggs of sea-birds that nest

populously in that hanging forest. I had never seen before, nor have I seen since, scenery so formidable as the island front of Molokai from Pelekunu to Wailau.

For Wailau we had a passenger, two pigs, and three sheep, besides the mails. Here a green valley runs back deep and tortuous among the mountains, the bed of a small stream; and about its mouth a single row of houses lines the beach, their windows flanking westward down the coast. Impassable surf broke at the very door-steps; and far to seaward the sound of its dissolution hung already in our ears. Communication with the shore was beyond hope. We kept away again, bearing along with us the passenger, who had enjoyed the advantage to behold his destination from the deck, and had now before him a fair choice, either to land on the lee coast and laboriously pass the mountains, or to begin his voyage again in the coming week, to meet perhaps a second disappointment.

We came ashore about sundown at Pukoo; a capital horse, which (had it been mine) I would not have lent to an apostle, was placed at my service; and the Captain and I rode till it was black night along the leeward coast. It was cool, and threatened rain, and the twilight was soon obscured by overhanging clouds. We rode fast on a good highway, and saw indistinctly flitting by us a succession of cane-brakes and taro patches, frequent churches—always in pairs, the Protestant and Catholic—and rare inhabited houses, piercing the darkness with their lights. About 8 of the night, the sound of a mill advised us of our destination; we turned aside from the highway, and came to a house where a prodigious number of men with strong Irish speech sat in a dark verandah; within was a long table, where I was soon taking tea with a proportion of ladies; and in the middle region, in a pleasant parlour, grown girls and laughing children flourished as

plenty (I thought) as mice. They were all of that class of Irish whom I can not tell, save for a trifling variance of brogue, from my own folk of Scotland; persons of thoughtful, careful speech, observant, subhumorously, and with those fine, plain manners which turn the laugh on class distinctions.

About half-past 8 of the next day, the Captain being long since gone to his ship, I took my leave of the McUrstens in a fine rain which speedily cleared off. My guide was one Apaka, a stout, short-whiskered native, mounted on a white punch that seemed to be his near connection. Maui behind us towered into clouds and the shadow of clouds. The bare opposite island of Lanai—the reef far out, enclosing a dirty, shoal lagoon—a range of fish-ponds, large as docks, and the slope of the sandy beach on which we mostly rode, occupied the left hand. On the right the mountain rose in steeps of red clay and sprouts of disintegrated rock, sparsely dotted with the white-flowering cow-thistle. Here and there along the foreshore stood a lone pandanus, and once a trinity of dishevelled palms. In all the first part of that journey, I recall but three houses and a single church. Plenty of horses, kine, and sullen-looking bulls were there; but not a human countenance. "Where are the people?" I asked. "*Pau Kanaka make.*" "Done; people dead," replied Apaka, with the singular childish giggle which the traveller soon learns to be a mark of Polynesian sensibility. "No people? No houses?" I would cry, at the turn of every bay; and back would come the antiphon: "*Pau Kanaka make.*"

We rode all the time by the side of the great fish-ponds, the labour (you would say) of generations. The riches and the agriculture of Molokai awoke of yore the envy of neighbouring kings. Only last century a battle was fought upon this island in which it has been com-

puted that thousands were engaged; and he who made the computation, though he lived long after, has seen and counted, when the wind blew aside the sands, the multitude of bones and skulls. There remains the evidence of the churches, not yet old and already standing in a desert, the monuments of vanished congregations. *Pau Kanaka make.* A sense of survival attended me upon my ride, and the nervous laughter of Apaka sounded in my ears not quite unpleasantly. The place of the dead is clean; there is a poetry in empty lands.

A greener track received us; smooth, shoreside grass was shaded with groves and islets of acacias; the hills behind, from the red colour of the soil and the singularity of the formation, had the air of a bare Scottish moorland in the bleak end of autumn; and the resemblance set a higher value on the warmth of the sun and the brightness of the sea. I wakened suddenly to remember Kalaupapa and my playmates of two days before. Could I have forgotten? was I happy again? had the shadow, the sorrow, and the obligation faded already?

The thought was still in my mind when the green track conducted us into Kaunakakai; a church among the acacias, a grove of cocoa palms, a pier in the lagoon, a few scattered houses, and a schoolhouse where we paused to gossip, the brown schoolboys observing us through the windows and exulting in the interruption. Thence we must mount into that iron desert of the foot-hills, which we had skirted all the morning. Clouds of dust accompanied our march; rock and red clay, rock and red clay, cow-thistles and cow-thistles, and no other growing thing, surrounded us; all the while the sea and Lanai, and the desert western end of Molokai, spread wider and paler below us as we went. The horses, in the course of the ascent, began to snort

and labour; the coat of the white punch was strangely altered into one of many hues, and his rider began to flail him with the bridle end. Next, we must descend into a narrow vale of rocks, where were candlenut trees and prickly pears in flower; it was deadly hot and dry in the valley, and Apaka's horse complained aloud. One more abrupt ascent, and we found we had climbed at last into the zone of rains and the sea wind. Downs spread about us clothed with grass and diversified with trees and cattle. The roots of the glens which here (on the backbone of the isle) lie near together, were all thronged with candlenuts shining like beeches in the spring; their slopes dotted with lehua, a small tree growing something like the cork, and bearing a red flower. Here and there were houses widely scattered, and chief among these the house of Mr. Meyer presides in a paradise of flowers and Monterey cypress, the doors standing open on trellised verandahs, the sweet Trade making a vital stir in all the chambers. Here he begins to grow old among his sons and fair daughters; and some 2000 feet below—a leap of half a minute—the lepers ride by the sea margin, and the boys of Kalawao play on their instruments and the girls of the Bishop Home arrange their bedside trophies.

For the whole slope of the isle and the channelling of water-courses run to the south; and to the north, a little beyond Meyer's door, the world abruptly stops. At the edge of the Pali, the lehua trees are grown upon by a strong creeper, in whose embrace many stand dead; a yellowish moss like sheep's wool flutters from their boughs; they go over the edge, which is sheer and sudden like a battlement, in open order, leaning from the wind; and become immediately massed upon the face in thickets. The base can not be seen; not many hundred feet below the wood comes to a profile, and stands relieved against the sea and the singular flat

perspective of the promontory, blacker and bleaker to look down upon from this high station; the black cliffs bounding it, the white breakers creaming beyond, and beyond again the green belt of soundings shading swiftly into the profoundest blue of ocean. A strong sun threw out the details; Kalaupapa, the home, the churches, the houses drawn up in line like bathing-machines, all distinct and bright like toys.

Here, where it began, only some 2000 feet higher, I bring to an end this visiting of Molokai. The whole length and breadth of the once busy isle I have either coasted by or ridden. And where are the people? where are the houses? where is the smoke of the fires? I see again Apaka riding by me on the leeward beach; I hear again the sound of his painful laughter and the words of his refrain: "*Pau Kanaka make.*"

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